Modern Screen

TOBER

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

O

ENTS

JAMES CAGNEY'S *True Life Story*

SEP 10 1937
PERIODICAL DIVISION

MYRNA LOY
AND
WILLIAM POWELL

SO YOU WON'T DANCE, GINGER ROGERS!



NO MORE WORRY

ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

Every girl should read Peg's story!





WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE . . . KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very *special* lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh . . . alive with beauty!





KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" . . . GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

Fortune's Favorite

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately*—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.



SEP -4 1937 ©CIB 351174

I'VE FOUND A WAY
to get
MORE LIGHT
AT NO EXTRA COST



I use the New, Brighter
G-E MAZDA LAMPS

This young lady has found a grand way to get extra value, for the new G-E MAZDA lamps not only give her more light for her money, but they help protect her eyes from strain, and her face from beauty-marring wrinkles.

Light up your home with new G-E MAZDA lamps. Thanks to General Electric research, they are now brighter than ever, yet they use no more electric current, and cost no more to buy. You'll be sure to get bulbs that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER, if you'll look for the G-E trademark when you buy.



60-WATTS AND SMALLER 15¢
75 and 100-watt sizes . . . **20c**

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



MODERN SCREEN

Copyright, 1937, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Leo Townsend.....Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

NOW SHOWING

THEY'RE GOIN' PLACES	10	MACK HUGHES
SO YOU WON'T DANCE!	32	IDA ZEITLIN
HE'S LEARNED FROM LADIES	34	CAROLINE S. HOYT
SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED	36	MURIEL BABCOCK
MANUEL, THE LOVABLE	38	IDA ZEITLIN
JEAN ARTHUR WHEN—	40	DORA ALBERT
PUBLIC COWBOY NO. 1	42	FRANC DILLON
BEAUTY GETS THE JOB	44	MARY MARSHALL
ACCIDENT MAN	46	MARTHA KERR
MAYBE IT'S LUCK	47	MARY PARKES
COLLEGE COURSE IN CLOTHES	48	ANN WILLS
THEY CAN'T BE NATURAL	50	ROBERT H. McILWAINE
JAMES CAGNEY'S LIFE STORY	51	GLADYS HALL

SHORT SUBJECTS

REVIEWS	6	FILM FARE
YOUR KNITTING	8	NEW DESIGNS
FAMILY FAVORITES	12	STAR RECIPES
GOOD NEWS	14	GOSSIP
BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME	20	PRIZE LETTERS
OUR PUZZLE PAGE	22	MOVIE X-WORD
INFORMATION DESK	24	THE BAROMETER
MOVIE SCOREBOARD	70	CRITICS' RATINGS

Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. Chicago, Ill., office, 360 N. Michigan Avenue. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; J. F. Henry, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 15, No. 5, October, 1937. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $1.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Postoffice, Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Sole foreign Agents: The International News Company, Ltd., 5 Breams Building, London, E. C. 4, England. Names of characters used in stories and in humorous and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used it is purely a coincidence.


Joan
CRAWFORD
Franchot TONE
Robert YOUNG
She was a cabaret singer...Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!
The BRIDE WORE RED
with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote
Directed by Dorothy Arzner
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★★ The Life of Emile Zola

A fine and beautifully made picture, "Zola" offers Paul Muni the best chance to display his virtuosity since "The Story of Louis Pasteur," which won him the Academy Award for 1936. The Academy may as well hand Mr. Muni a permanent award, for his portrayal of the crusading French novelist is even more poignant and finely wrought than his characterization of Pasteur.

Muni takes Zola through his early struggles, through his success with Nana, through the period of his smug satisfaction with wealth and position, and on to his fiery crusade against injustice, inspired by the cruel espionage case which sent Captain Alfred Dreyfus to Devil's Island. Muni rises to his greatest heights in a court scene. Usually this type of thing is an actor's holiday, but Muni, handling it with quiet and reserve, makes it an inspired piece of acting.

A large supporting cast contributes excellent performances. Joseph Schildkraut and Gale Sondergaard, as Alfred and Lucie Dreyfus; Gloria Holden, as Zola's wife; Erin O'Brien-Moore, as Nana, and Morris Carnovsky, as Anatole France, are all outstanding. Directed by William Dieterle.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ The Firefly

An operetta written by Otto Harbach and Rudolf Friml twenty-five years ago, "The Firefly" comes to the screen as a delightful and captivating musical which will more than please lovers of this type of entertainment. In case you weren't around a quarter of a century ago, "The Firefly" is a love story against a background of war between France and Spain during the time of Napoleon. That's all you need to know, since the story and the romance is at all times overshadowed by the music, which is the real star of the picture. Friml's music includes such beautiful melodies as "Giannina Mia," "A Woman's Kiss" and the lovely "Sympathy."

The picture shows Jeanette MacDonald definitely improving as an actress. Besides her unusual excellent vocal work, it offers her a chance to exhibit her dancing talent. In the male lead, Allan Jones is a surprise hit. He is in fine voice, and his pleasant personality makes him certain star material. Because Jones is so outstanding, the Nelson Eddy fans won't be too disappointed at the absence of Nelson as Jeanette's singing partner.

Outstanding in the supporting cast are Warren William, Douglas Dumbrille and a young Mexican boy named Robert Spindola, who looks and acts like Harpo Marx. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. —*M-G-M.*



★★★ It's Love I'm After

Here is high comedy stirred up to its frothiest state, and dished out by a pair of champion disher-outers—Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, with the able assistance of Olivia de Havilland, Eric Blore and a fine supporting cast.

The story is completely nonsensical, and the players follow through in the same vein. Mr. H. and Miss D. are a pair of Shakespearean performers, and they're actors both on-stage and off. They're as much in love with each other as they are fond of a good rough-and-tumble fight, all of which means that when they aren't in each other's arms they're at each other's throats. The plot starts rolling when Miss de Havilland, an over-eager Howard fan, tries to make love to him. Her fiance (Patric Knowles) and Howard cook up a plan which will make the actor obnoxious to her. Unfortunately, her love for him increases with his every new villainy. When he threatens her with "a fate worse than death" she shouts "Goody!" It's that kind of a picture. However, Bette Davis joins the battle and proceeds to alter the situation in a hurry. "It's Love I'm After" maintains a whirlwind pace that had a preview audience gasping for breath. Davis and Howard are gloriously funny, and they barely manage to steal the picture out of the competent hands of Olivia de Havilland and Eric Blore. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Warner Bros.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 70

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★★ Stella Dallas

As honest and forthright as it is dramatic and exciting, "Stella Dallas" ranks as one of the best pictures of the year. Well-deserved acclaim goes to Producer Sam Goldwyn, whose idiosyncrasies of speech are in such strange contrast to the splendid quality of his films. To make a talking picture superior to one of the most memorable films of the silent days is an achievement very few picture-making gentlemen have attained.

Perhaps the lion's share of the credit belongs to Director King Vidor, for he gets a brace of superb performances out of players whose efforts heretofore have never been particularly outstanding. Barbara Stanwyck, who has always been an actress of definite limitations, performs so skillfully in the title role that she is bound to receive serious consideration for this year's Academy Award.

Anne Shirley, as the daughter, is almost as good as Miss Stanwyck, and Allan Hale, as a drunken friend of the family, turns in a grand comedy portrayal. John Boles, as Miss Stanwyck's husband, is excellent, and Barbara O'Neill, as a society matron, is both attractive and capable. In addition, there is a splendid bit by Margaret Main, in the role of Miss Stanwyck's mother.

"Stella Dallas" has everything a fine picture should have. See it, by all means.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*



★★★ The Toast of New York

Delving into the battles and crises of the Wall Street financial wizards of the past century, RKO-Radio has emerged with an hour and a half of lusty, well-knit screen entertainment. How faithful the screen story is to history we don't know, nor does it matter. The picture, for the most part, combines good fun and exciting drama, which is often more than you can say for history.

Story deals with the rise and fall of Jim Fisk, who battled Cornelius Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew for Wall Street's financial throne. Edward Arnold makes Fisk a vital and interesting character, although it must be admitted that his portrayal is an exact duplicate of his "Diamond Jim Brady" of a few years ago. Mr. A. probably feels that as long as he can build a better Diamond Jim than his neighbor, the world will beat a path to the box office.

Best acting in the picture is furnished by Cary Grant, as Fisk's companion, and Frances Farmer, as Josie Mansfield, the gal whom Jim Fisk made New York's favorite actress. Grant adds to his acting stature with each new performance, and Miss Farmer, the most un-Hollywoodish looking girl in town, makes her role outstanding. Jack Oakie supplies ingratiating comedy, and there are fine portrayals of Drew and Vanderbilt by Donald Meek and Clarence Kolb. Directed by Rowland Lee.—*RKO-Radio.*



★★★ Topper

"Topper" is tops for laughs, and Roland Young is responsible for most of them. In fact, he steals the show—though this is the widely heralded "come-back" picture of Constance Bennett. Constance proves that she deserves another chance, however, by giving an excellent performance and looking pretty beautiful besides.

The film is one of the most original and cleverly presented that we've seen for some time. It's about a fun-loving couple—Constance Bennett and Cary Grant—who are killed in an automobile accident, and from then on the real fun starts. For they turn into two of the gayest and giddiest spooks ever to haunt the screen. Their one and only worry about being dead is that they may not be able to enter the Pearly Gates, neither having done any good deeds that he can remember. So they pick "Topper," Roland Young, as the object on whom they will perform their good deed. For Topper is the hen-pecked husband of Billie Burke, who's been taking all the fun out of his life for the past twenty years. But after the two ghosts, who can make themselves visible or invisible at will, get to work on the old boy, all is changed.

Photographic effects are outstanding—and each one of the occasions when Constance Bennett and Cary Grant fade into thin air is more uproarious than the last. In fact, this is a picture which you don't want to miss. Directed by Norman McCleod.—*Hal Roach.*

More Reviews on Page 107

Movie shoppers will find real treats in store for them here

CONSTIPATED? STOMACH UPSET?

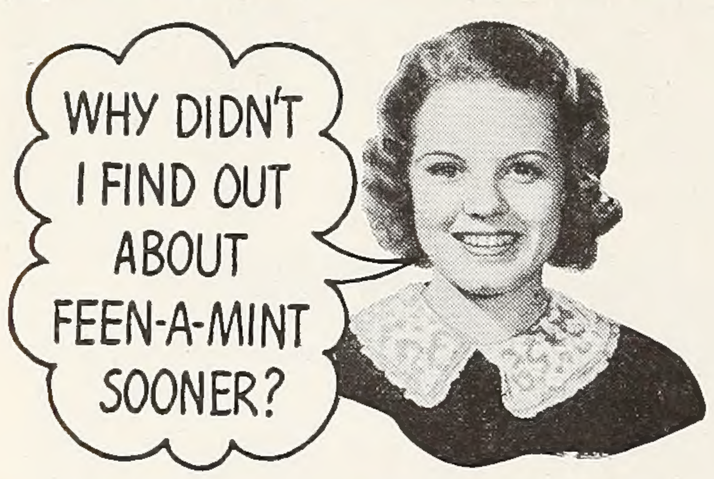


REMEMBER BOTH

when you choose a laxative

EVER notice how often constipation is accompanied by an upset stomach? It's doubly important then, to choose your laxative as you would your food. Avoid heavy, greasy indigestibles. Take FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. It's not a heavy, bulky dose. Has nothing to further burden an already overtaxed digestion. On the contrary, the very act of chewing increases the flow of mouth juices that aid digestion.

Moreover, FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless, laxative ingredient does *not* act in the stomach. Acts only in the *intestine*, which is where constipation exists—where you want the right results. No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.



Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the sunshine back in life. You will like its delicious flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxative *can* do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. Discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have *already* switched to FEEN-A-MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 107-H, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT

FEEN-A-MINT DOES



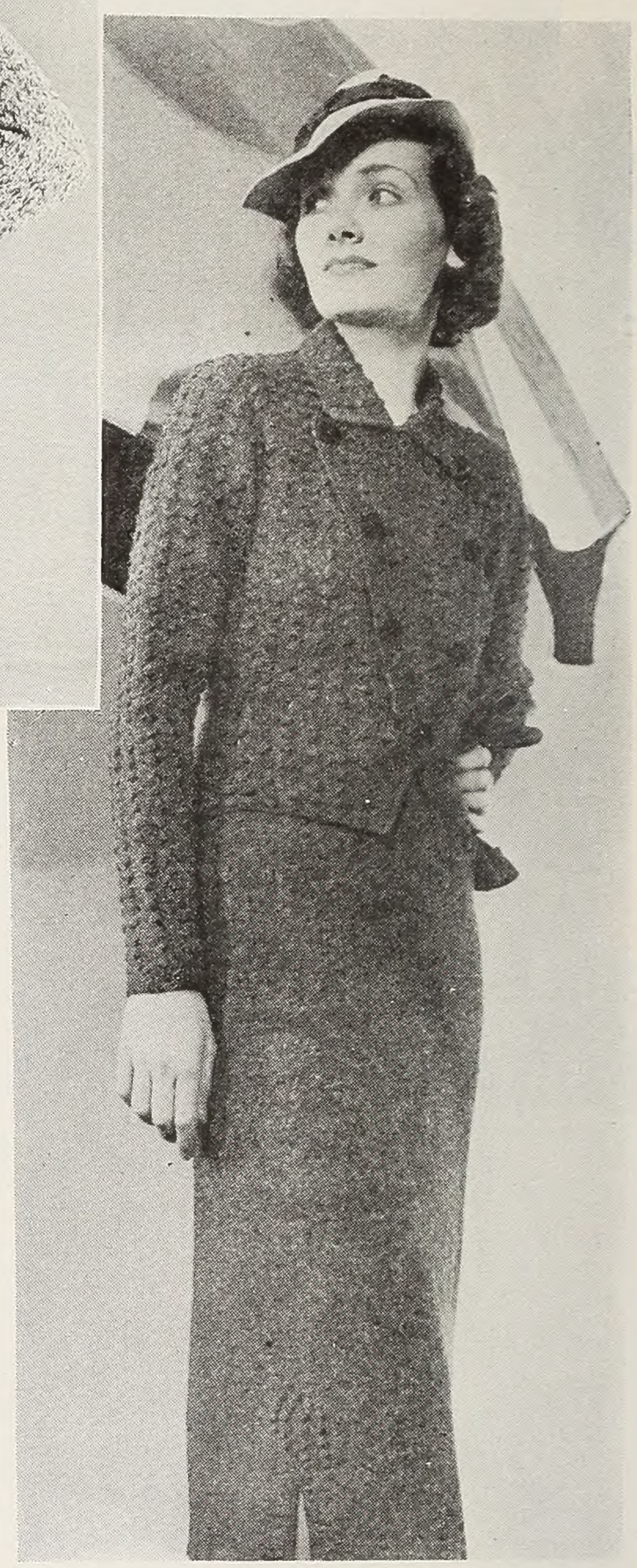
TEND TO YOUR KNITTING!

Smart Fall Fashions Right at Your Fingertips



6026—The simple stockinette stitch makes a chic tailored jacket.

6034—The newest version of the ever-popular two-piece dress achieves a nubby surface with the popcorn stitch, below.



THEY LOOK so smart and sleek and expertly tailored, anyone might assume that these new knit fashions are hard to make, but they aren't. They are so absurdly simple that a beginner can tackle them without qualms.

The two-piece dress flaunts four important new fashion details. Made of chiffon zephyr yarn it is soft as silk. Nubby surface, little girl collar, and the triangular bodice all proclaim that it came right from the Paris showings.

The hand-knit tailored jacket is going places this year over all wool frocks. Slightly widened shoulders, unbelted waistline, and elongated bodice give it an air of fine tailoring. Glenmoor tweed is the yarn. Send for your knitting instructions today. They're absolutely free.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for 6026.....
knitting directions for 6034.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

How a Society Bride's Sensational Dance Stopped a Divorce

Park Avenue Had Convulsions When Wealthy Lucy Warriner Stopped At Nothing (Well, Almost Nothing) To Break Up Her Husband's Engagement Party for His Next "Wife"





Who'd have dreamt that lovely Lucy Warriner would ever shock society—even to save her marriage.

Lucy and her singing teacher tried desperately to explain their night out.



Still happy socialites—til debutantes and divorces interfered.

Why did his wife have to hide Jerry in the bedroom when her best friend visited her?

WHAT would *you* do if your million-dollar fiancee surprised you in a very "pally" situation with a girl she had never met—and if that girl happened to be the wife you were about to divorce? Jerry Warriner wormed his way out by saying "Meet my sister". And "my sister" proceeded to put on a hair-raising act that scandalized society, and brought Jerry's house of cards tumbling round his handsome head.

Let's turn back the calendar and see how it all started. One fine winter afternoon, home comes Jerry with a vivid sun-lamp tan. From what should have been a Florida vacation! But was it? No, indeed! Jerry, the benighted soul, finally tried to explain that he had whiled away a week or two in a gin and poker marathon with his one-time pals!

Now that in itself might have been enough to besmirch the fairest picture of domestic bliss. But Lucy was a lady. She was determined to play dumb and not utter even one tiny little word of reproach. She was prepared to welcome her wandering boy with sweetness and light. Only Fate barged in, as Fate will do, and upset Lucy's neat little apple-cart.

"Yoo-hoo, Lucy! Surprise! I'm home", shouted Jerry. But only the dog barked. A glance at the table revealed the morning paper still untouched, and Lucy's letters unopened. When lovely Lucy finally did arrive, it was in last night's evening clothes, and with her tall, dark and handsome singing teacher in tow. Jerry, still smarting from Lucy's accusations about his "Florida" siesta, refused to listen to explanations, and the happy home life of the Warriners was shattered with a resounding crash.

Nothing would assuage Jerry's wounded sensibilities but a divorce, which he promptly proceeded to procure.

Time flitted by. Another 24 hours and the Warriner divorce decree was to become final. That was to be the cue for Jerry to announce his engagement to the madcap heiress—Barbara Vance. But Lucy stamped her pretty foot and shouted "No". She wasn't going to allow any such thing. She wasn't giving up her one true love to "the girl with millions of dollars and no sense", just because her husband refused to recognize facts. But oh, what to do? How to make Jerry see the light?

Then an idea struck Lucy as lightning strikes a tree. That night the wealthy Vances were throwing a hotcha party for Jerry and their Barbara. Society's darlings would be there en masse—and that, Lucy decided, was the time to strut her stuff.

How she posed as poor Jerry's sister, how she threw the party into an uproar with a dance that made the assembled dowagers' eyes pop, makes one of the most hilarious sequences ever thrown on the screen.

But what happens after that to Lucy and Jerry's romance is the really big surprise you'll find in Columbia's new picture, "THE AWFUL TRUTH"—the fastest, gayest, most exhilarating comedy in years. Irene Dunne plays the wife, Lucy Warriner, and if you saw "Theodora Goes Wild", you have some idea of her comedy capabilities. In one scene, Lucy is stopped on the road by two motorcycle cops because her radio is going full blast. She's lost the control knob and can't turn it down. The policeman tries to fix it. "We don't have to do this", he says. "It's only a favor to you".

"It's no favor", says Lucy. "We enjoy the music".

COP: "Have you people been drinking"?

LUCY: "No. Have you people"?

COP: "What's your license number"?

LUCY: "I don't know. They change it every year. What's the license number on your motorcycle? No fair looking now"!

And so it goes merrily on. Cary Grant is Jerry Warriner—handsome, debonair, and with a charming wit that gets him out of the tightest places. You'll be quoting and requoting his clever lines.

Don't miss "The Awful Truth". It's a grand screen play, the work of Dwight Taylor and Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl", remember? And none other than Leo McCarey, of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame, directed. When is it coming to your theatre? You'll see it in the papers. Keep your eyes peeled for the announcement.

(*Adv't.*)

THEY'RE GOIN' PLACES!

Profiles, pluck and perseverance are making them stars of tomorrow

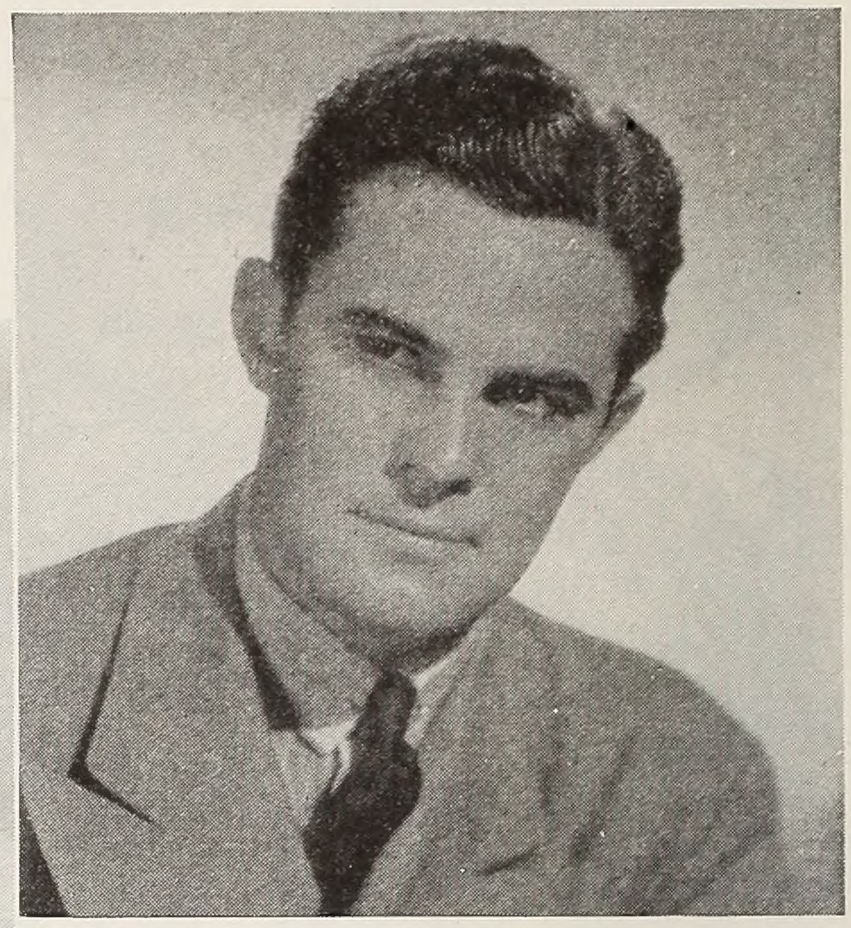
BY MACK HUGHES

Here's Robert Allen, making good on second trial.



Robert Kent's had five leading ladies—the Dionne Quints.





Robert Baldwin's stepping along cinematically and headed for success.

DID YOU ever think of capitalizing on your appearance? You know, there's no reason why you shouldn't, if you're lucky enough to be one of those fortunate "born good-looking" people. If you had a voice you'd train it and go on the stage, even prepare for opera if it was that good, wouldn't you? So why not do the same with a set of features that you were graced with at birth?

Everyone likes to look at anything attractive—a beautiful girl, a handsome man or even a magnificent horse. And so, it follows that the logical thing to do is to sell your profile, if it's of the salable variety. This is just what a few of the newcomers to pictures have done.

Maybe you've been wondering who this attractive young man or that beautiful girl you've seen in the movies recently, is. Well, keep them in mind, for you're going to see more of them in bigger and better parts within the next year. For many of the boys and girls you've seen so often on the magazine pages are now in Hollywood being groomed for movies. Among them are several young men fortunate enough to be six feet tall and handsome enough to arrest the attention of movie scouts.

First on the list is Douglas Blackley, better known to fans as Robert Kent. For years Bob was one of the leading models in New York. This in itself is no mean stunt where only a hundred out of 5000 people in the profession manage to make a living. However, Bob was what is known as a godsend to photographers. He was camera proof. This means that he could be "shot" from any angle and still look good to the client—the man who selects the copy. Naturally there is one goal this leads to—motion pictures.

Doug was full of hope and determination, which makes a sound base for ambition and, as a result he began studying with movies in mind. He soon became the pet of the artists, for he could express moods for them. But, he was still as far away from Hollywood as when he began and the harder he tried to crash the gates, the colder were his receptions at the picture offices.

Now if you think that a few disappointments could discourage young Kent, you're wrong. They only served to prod him on. After all, his life as a model had not been easy to get started. He was used to self-discipline. For, if he was to face a camera there was to be no night life for him. Regular hours and little play had been his lot.

He finally landed a job in stock for the summer and, with this training, he invaded the sanctums of moviedom again. One scout said that he would cover Kent's performance and that if he could really act, he'd have a chance at pictures. Luck was against Bob for, no sooner was he in Maine than his appendix acted up and he had to return to New York. Much to his surprise the scout had missed the show and called him in to do a test from a scene in it. Needless to say, he made the grade and left for Hollywood. Since being there he has steadily worked and among his more recent pictures was "Reunion," with those loveable little girls, the Dionne Quints.

Another handsome gent who got a chance at talkies was Ted Bauer, now christened Robert Allen. His was a far different story and quite as interesting, even though the results are a little astonishing.

Allen was for many years the highest paid model in New York. He worked more often than others. One day he posed for a soap ad—a nice, homey scene in a bath tub, and once it was published he was immediately called into consultation by the movie moguls. Soon after this conference, Bob went to the Coast and his company had big plans for their "Soap Boy."

However, being young and im-

(*Continued on page 82*)

IT'S GAY! IT'S SWEET! IT'S HOT! IT'S SWELL! AND WHAT A STORY!



Let 52nd Street tell you of romance, of music, of pathos, of drama...from the time that it was *the* center of fashionable New York — until it became the after-dark capital of the world... Around a grand romantic story by Grover Jones, who gave you "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—there is exciting entertainment with the stars who came out at night on Jam Canyon . . . They sing! They swing!—They dance!





52ND STREET

with

IAN HUNTER • LEO CARRILLO
PAT PATERSON • ELLA LOGAN
SID SILVERS • DOROTHY PETERSON
MARLA SHELTON • ZASU PITTS
AL SHEAN • COLLETTE LYONS
and KENNY BAKER

A WALTER WANGER Production

Swell Songs

"I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight"
"I'd Like to See Samoa of Samoa"
"Don't Save Your Love for a Rainy Day"
"Sing and Let Your Hair Down"
"Nothing Can Stop Me Now"

Plus many entertainers who made 52nd Street famous

Jack WHITE
ROCCO and SAULTER
Georgie TAPPS
COOK and BROWN

Directed by
HAROLD YOUNG

RELEASED THRU
UNITED ARTISTS

FAMILY FAVORITES



Courtesy New York & New England Apple Institute

BY

MARJORIE DEEN

"If you're looking for a sure-fire family hit in the food line, then make it with apples," advises Billie Burke. And she has oodles of knockout suggestions and recipes to tempt you. These home-kitchen-tested, accurate recipes appear in handy form on Page 74.

TASTES vary. That statement is as true of foods as it is of film folks, and it explains why there are so many stars and so many recipes. Yes, one fan's darling is another person's pet peeve, just as surely as 'one man's dish is another man's poison.' But everyone will be in complete agreement when it comes to Billie Burke and the special dishes she recommends. They're swell.

"If you're looking for a real family favorite in the food line, then make it with apples," advised Miss Burke, who is pretty much of an all-round family favorite herself, due to her ability to please the women in the audience, amuse the children and make the masculine contingent feel strong and protective.

WHEREAS, with very many foods, you'll find that some people will like them prepared in one way, some in another, just about everyone likes apples in any form," Billie continued with an air of conviction that permitted no contradiction on my part. But who was I to argue, since I agreed with her so completely? Besides, I fully appreciated the timeliness of her suggestions and would have tried to lead the conversation around to just these very fruits had Miss Burke failed to mention them herself.

These coming months find apples engaging the attention of every good housewife. Shining red eating apples, polished and piled high in a bowl on the dining-room table or buffet . . . firm, juicy green ones stored in a cool spot to be made into pies and puddings . . . golden ones for salads . . . apple dishes too numerous to keep track of, but delicious, every one!

Certainly the collection of made-with-apples dishes that I have for you should be welcome right now. Some are Miss Burke's, some derive from other sources, but all are worth your attention. So be sure to turn to Page 74 where you will find a number of them. Look them over and save those that have special appeal, for future reference, if not for immediate trial. If you don't, you'll surely regret your oversight when your green grocer says to you one of these fine mornings, "Some apples today, Madame? They're particularly fine and the price is 'way down."

But let's not go shopping or recipe hunting just yet. Instead let's return to Miss Burke, busily at work in as charming a kitchen as you could well imagine, preparing a special apple concoction for her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld. This lovely gal is a softie for her man's home cooking.

When her amazingly young-looking mother is working at the studio, Patricia accepts with good humor the fine meals prepared by the real cook of the household, I learned. But when the picture is completed (she had just finished making "Topper" when I saw her), and before the next one starts (she'll be doing "The Bride Wore Red"), then young Miss Ziegfeld insistently



Apples get star billing any day in Billie Burke's kitchen, and there's a good reason

requests her mother to make a "personal appearance" in the culinary department to fix up one or two of the special dishes for which she is famous. It's an occasion that is all too rare, according to Patricia, but she vows that it's a real treat. So Miss Burke, always the devoted parent, proudly complies.

Of course, Miss Burke mentioned Apple Pie first. You will find her recipe for this particular treat on Page 74, as I told you before, but as I repeat again for fear you will overlook this fact and fail to notice that we are now giving you at least four home-kitchen-tested, detailed and accurate recipes in each and every issue of MODERN SCREEN.

The filling suggested for Miss Burke's favorite Apple Pie can be used either for the two-crust variety or the single-crust, deep-dish type. It has an excellent flavor—spices and lemon and almonds assure that—and is especially delicious served hot. Try brushing the top with unbeaten egg white before baking, as suggested, for this procedure produces a browner crust. The second time you make it (you see, I take it for granted that in this case one good turn certainly deserves another), follow the egg yolk suggestion noted at the end of the recipe.

And see if you don't like this pie with the Fluffy Lemon Sauce poured over each spicy slice. The sauce happens to be one that goes with the Apple Tapioca recipe, you'll notice, but I tried it out on the pie with such success that I hasten to pass on the suggestion to you.

That particular Tapicoa recipe I just mentioned is certainly pretty special when this same sauce accompanies it, especially if the pudding is made with "pink" Apple Sauce and is garnished with thin apple slices with the skin left on to add another note of color. Both these dishes—the pie and the pudding—are pictured for you on the opposite page, together with a few of the other apple treats that I'm going to tell you *(Continued on page 75)*





Bird alive, how people's eyebrows do go up—if there's the faintest hint of tattle-tale gray in your linens and things.

But why risk it? Why put up with half-clean-clothes—when Fels-Naptha Soap makes it so easy to hurry out ALL the dirt.

That's because Fels-Naptha brings you *two* peppy cleaners instead of one. Its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* loosen the grimiest, deep-down dirt. When the wash is over, your clothes are so sweet and white it's a thrill to iron them.

You'll love the gentle way Fels-Naptha treats your hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in every *golden* bar.

Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today and try it! You'll have easier washes! Lovelier washes! And none of that pesky tattle-tale gray! COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

You can't say that Shirley isn't a full-fledged star. Yes, she attended her own premiere escorted by—her mother. 'Twas her very first first-night.



GOOD NEWS

BY

LEO TOWNSEND

Photos by Frank Muto

Above, what's this, a new romance? Virginia Bruce and Brian Aherne get set for the rhumba. And, right, Miriam Hopkins and Director Goulding caught night-clubbing.

When Madeleine Carroll and Hubby Captain Philip Astley left Hollywood for a short vacation in the mountains, Madeleine asked her neighbor to look after her thoroughbred Dalmation. The hound, said Madeleine proudly, was a marvelous watch dog—and now her friend is the last to doubt her word. For when he arrived that night, his charge met him at the front gate with bared fangs. When the master of the house attempted to open the gate, the conscientious guardian lunged at him. So he spent the night at a hotel, while the dog proudly guarded his home and fireside.

■ ■ ■

Tyrone Power's girl the other evening was his grandmother, Mrs. Adelaide Reaume. He took her to a popular cocktail hang-out which features swing music. When Tyrone introduced his grandmother to the band leader, she informed that gent that she played a bit of popular music herself. The delighted band leader invited her to sit down at the piano and go to it. So Grandmother sat down and startled the customers by swinging out with "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." Those in on swing terminology say that Grandma was really in the groove and took those numbers right to town!

■ ■ ■

Overheard conversation between Freddie Bartholomew and his director on the set.

Director: "Okay, Freddie, just go in and try this scene. It's new, so I won't be too critical."

Freddie: "Just what do you mean by critical?"

Director: "Well, it's like picking things apart—criticizing."

As days and nights grow spicier, so does our gossip . . . all 'bout who's rushing who and who's rushing where in Cinemalan

The Stanwyck-Taylor duo still keeps Hollywood intrigued. Barbara looks sorta nautical, and Bob has that off-to-sea look, too.

Freddie: "Oh, I see. I had an idea the word criticism meant evaluation."

■ ■ ■

At the preview of her picture, "Topper," Connie Bennett arrived looking very attractive in a polka dot suit, black skull cap and a string of sables. With her came Lady Ashley, now Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., also looking very attractive in a polka dot suit, black skull cap and a string of you-know-whats. No hair pulled. The gals are close friends, and they had planned their twin showing beforehand.

■ ■ ■

Jack Haley's small son came back from the Beverly Hills playground where some of the movie children play and reported a conversation he overheard. One little boy, it seems, was bragging about what a swell new Dad he had. A little girl in the group piped up: "Yes, he really is nice. Brother and I liked him a lot last year when *we* had him." All the Haleys are willing to swear on a stack of scenarios.

■ ■ ■

Now that Gene Markey and Joan Bennett are divorced, Gene has gone back to his former lady fair, Gloria Swanson. Six years ago, before Gene married Joan, he was Gloria's constant companion. Herbert Marshall, who used to go with Gloria, is still seen about with Lee Russell. And Joan has been dividing her time between several gentlemen. It's all rather complicated.

Eddie Cantor is the proudest man on his lot. During the production of "Ali Baba Goes to Town," he is occupying the late Will Rogers' bungalow, the first person to use it since Rogers' death. Because of the long-standing friendship between her husband and Eddie, Mrs. Rogers asked him to use the quarters when she heard he was making a picture at her late husband's studio.

■ ■ ■

We may be all wrong, but at the moment this is written Alice Faye has temporarily shelved Tony Martin for Wayne Morris. "Kid Galahad" introduced himself to Alice at a night spot and asked for a date, and she gave him several. It was all as simple as that. But we don't recommend the practice. Your first date sometimes turns out to be with the bouncer.

■ ■ ■

At the premiere of "Wee Willie Winkie," with Eddie Cantor at the microphone introducing the glitterous and the glamorous as they came in, Shirley Temple pronounced the occasion a joyous one. Said Shirley to the radio listeners, "This is the happiest day of my life. This morning I was promoted to Grade Four-A in school, and this is my first world premiere!" That's a lot to happen to one little girl in a single day, even when it's a little girl who has more money in the bank than any other little fourth-grade lady in the land, and probably more than some of the old-timers 'way up in the sixth and seventh grades.

■ ■ ■

Most fun of the evening, for the crowds outside [illegible] was the arriva[illegible] attired in kilts and whiskbrooms and clutched the microphone recite a poem which went like this:

Oh, dear little Shirley,
Please be a good girlie
And you can see "Wee Willie Winkie,"
But never go out with Mortimer Stinky.

■ ■ ■

During the "Broadway Melody" retakes, Bob Taylor spent almost as much time with a jeweler as he did before the cameras. Finally he selected a lovely diamond bracelet, and someone asked him the inevitable question, "Is it for Barbara Stanwyck?" "No," said Mr. T., "it's for a cousin in Chicago." Note to Miss Stanwyck: Has your gentleman friend any relatives in Chicago?

■ ■ ■

Most amusing yarn of the month is the tale concerning a prominent screen and radio comedian. During a joyous tour of the late spots recently, he spied a hot dog stand which took his fancy. He stopped in merely to purchase a hamburger, but by the time he parked his car he forgot his original intention and wound up by buying the hot dog stand and presenting it to a total stranger.

■ ■ ■

Saw Shirley Ross in the Derby whipping out a sack of tobacco and brown cigarette papers. Rolling her own—but only for Art's sake. She has to roll 'em for her role in "Blossoms on Broadway."



On - again, off - again, on - again still describes the Ty Power-Sonja Henie romance But, right, Tony Martin and Alice Faye are still very much *that* way.



oria Stuart, oking very lerina-ish in r dotted iss, enjoys ng whirled und on ye e floor by by Arthur eekman.

ol his extra-curricular ities. However, he nitted, but he spent an ppy two months hop- his friends weren't ecting him of going y.



You've probably heard that before "Broadway Melody" was released it went through a long period of retakes. Numerous reasons for the refurbishing have been floating about, but the most authentic is that when the picture was first completed the producers discovered that George Murphy had stolen the male acting honors from the romantic lead, Bob Taylor. So "Broadway Melody" went back to the sound stages for a slight operation on Mr. Murphy's role.

■ ■ ■

Coiffure Note (Men's Dept.) : The fluffy hair worn by George Raft in "Souls at Sea" was a weighty problem for his studio, as well as for its wearer. Mr. R., who has always played slick-haired guys, suddenly found himself confronted with an order from the front office to refrain from oiling his locks during the shooting of the picture. George, who likes to wear his hair slicked down on his social engagements, felt that the studio was trying to

Went out to look over the Stanwyck and Taylor ranches the other day out in Reseda, in San Fernando Valley. Barbara's rural retreat, now in process of construction, will be a more or less sumptuous affair. Two houses are already being completed, and more barns than you can shake a horse at. Down the road a piece, as we ranchers put it, is the forthcoming Taylor menage. It is much smaller than Barbara's, but Bob calls it home. Its main advantage is that it's only five minutes from the Stanwyck estate.

■ ■ ■

Trouble in Culver City: Freddie Bartholomew's Aunt Cissy—his legal guardian—is said to be conferring with lawyers regarding the financial status of her young charge. Aunt Cissy, they say, complains that Freddie's salary is much lower than the $1300. weekly which he's supposed to be getting, and she feels that an immediate adjustment is in order. Otherwise, she says, she'll pack up Freddie and put him back in school in England.

You really should have been out at Jimmy Stewart's on Moving Day. It seems Jimmy's mother and sister came to Hollywood for a visit of several months, so Mr. S. rented a new home to accommodate the family. The day they arrived he was in the middle of packing. Mother S. took one horrified look at her son's efforts and banished him from the house, while she emptied all his trunks and put things back in a more organized manner. All of which leads Jimmy to believe that a boy's best friend, after all, is his mother.

■ ■ ■

"Life of a Lancer Spy," which is full of British accents and the clicking of British heels, is now finished. What we wanted you to know is that one of the extras, portraying a soldier, took his orders seriously. When they told him to click his heels, he clicked them so hard he wrenched his back.

■ ■ ■

One of the bigger social events of the past month was the opening of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Owned by Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines, most of its members are from the movie colony. Some of the highlights on opening night were: Gloria Stuart buying champagne cocktails for the photographers, Groucho Marx executing his own version of the rhumba with Eleanore Whitney, and Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, arriving in light flannel slacks and yachting regalia.

■ ■ ■

Day after the opening of the Tennis Club, Groucho Marx and Ellsworth Vines engaged Charlie Chaplin and Fred Perry in the battle of the century. Groucho arrived on the court first and promptly zipped himself into a sleeping bag, for a nap, while waiting for his opponents. Most of the actual tennis was played by Perry and Vines, who volleyed ferociously at each other, while Groucho and Charlie engaged in amiable conversation over their section of the net. P. S. Groucho's team lost.

■ ■ ■

Questions without Answers: What Blonde star, at a recent party, wrote out a check for $1,000. to cover her gentleman friend's losses at poker?



Warner Bros.

take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul MUNI

this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF

EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut

Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern

Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

*

International Premiere Engagement

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY: Matinees 2:40 • Evenings 8:40

AIR-CONDITIONED

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE

BROADWAY at 51st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Seats Selling Eight Weeks In Advance ~ All Seats Reserved

Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax

Matinees ~ Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees ~ Saturday and Sunday and 6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax. • Mail orders accepted.

*

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.





Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney must have "called the calling off, off," for they're going places together again!

Someone showed us some statistics—and it must have been true because it was in print—which proved that Warner Baxter had earned more money in pictures in 1936 than any other male star in Hollywood. If you think this sounds a bit on the fantastic side, remember that Warner has been under contract to one studio for a good many years, and that his salary has been increased every time option time came around.

■ ■ ■

Travel Note: Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond (she was the former Jeanette MacDonald, said to be in pictures) returned from their Hawaiian honeymoon with two beautiful sets of tan and twenty extra pounds of unwanted flesh. The extra poundage was equally divided—ten apiece—and it is our duty to report that their first week in Hollywood banished it in a hurry. The Raymonds are now completely moved into the new home Gene bought before the wedding. The only other item about them is this: if Gene ever finds himself out of work, he can be consoled by the fact that the little wife, starting October 1st, will be pulling in $5,000. weekly on a radio program.

■ ■ ■

The opening of Bing Crosby's Delmar race-track was really a one-man show. President Crosby greeted early customers at the gate. Later, Bing acted as master of ceremonies for a radio broadcast from the track. Official starter was Bing Crosby. Now guess whose horse won the first race. You're right.

■ ■ ■

Everyone's still wondering who won that baseball game between the Comedians and the Leading Men. An annual affair, with the profits going to charity, this year's contest drew 20,000 breathless fans, most of whom came for a glimpse of Robert Taylor, who captained the Leading Men's team. When the loudspeaker announced: "Robert Taylor is now approaching home plate," the spectators gasped. Mr T. approached home plate, smiled for the assemblage, and disappeared for the afternoon. It seems he doesn't play baseball. There was a rumor that the Comedians had won!

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple sadly disappointed some visitors on the set of "Heidi" the other day. When she learned there was company on the set she thought it would be a fine idea to entertain them, just as any other little girl would, with her repertoire of two piano selections. So Shirley pounded away on the piano, and the visitors gave up all hope of seeing what they came for—a sample of little Miss T.'s million-dollar histrionics.

■ ■ ■

The romance between Loretta Young and Producer Joe Mankiewicz marches on, with both principals showing a lot of interest in each other. On a recent week-end in Santa Barbara, Loretta was wearing a diamond engagement ring and a platinum wedding band. She claims they were props, however—wore them in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," and simply forgot to take them off. Maybe!

■ ■ ■

The Rosalind Russell-Bob Montgomery feud must be over. At least, they've taken to kidding each other again. It seems, in this case, that Rosalind owed Bob ten dollars on a bet. Next morning, on the set of "Live, Love and Learn," Mr. M. received a luscious-looking salad bowl, in the center of which was a whole pineapple. And when our hero reached for the pineapple, the top half came off and out rolled hundreds of pennies. He hasn't had time to count them, but he suspects when he does they'll add up to ten dollars.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.



Ramon NOVARRO
in
The SHEIK STEPS Out

with LOLA LANE • GENE LOCKHART • KATHLEEN BURKE • STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN
directed by Irving Pichel • original story and screen play by Adele Buffington • Associate Producer Herman Schlom

A Republic PICTURE



Good News! the

KLEENEX* HABIT

saves towels from make-up stains

● There's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues saves towels, arguments, money!

Here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex Tissues are so very soothing and non-irritating. And they absorb grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room And in the Car, too.

For handkerchief use during colds . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*— to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

***KLEENEX**
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

BETWEEN YOU

Our readers' candid opinions on stars and movies. Have you sent in your prize letter?



Before and after scenes at a double-feature movie, according to one reader's nightmares.

$5.00 Prize Letter

Too Much Is Too Much

I love a good movie. Give me one good movie, a newsreel and a comedy, and I have had a swell afternoon or evening's entertainment. But multiply that menu by two, and I've had too much. The theatres seem to be vying with each other in seeing which can give the public the most for their money. It seems to me, however, they are merely cutting their own throats, because I know we often choose some other form of entertainment rather than spend such a long period in one spot. And I'm not alone in this sentiment, believe me. Many others have told me they feel the same way.

We often go just for one feature on the bill, but what happens? We have to sit through the second whether we like it or not in order to see our choice. I have to leave my baby at home with a girl who's paid by the hour, and with such endless programs, the price of the show is doubled for me. There are hundreds of mothers in this same fix. What's more, double features cause so much eyestrain that I invariably go home with a headache and that doped feeling.

I'd much rather get my money's worth on one good feature that I could dream about rather than get a nightmare from trying to think about half a dozen heroes and heroines The brain can absorb just so much at one time.

How soon will theatre managers realize that they aren't nourishing us, but are overfeeding us, and as a result, we're getting a bad case of movie gout?—Mrs. W. R. Giedt, Chicago, Ill.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Dating the Stars

I'm a middle-aged housewife. Not hard to look at but certainly not fascinating. Yet I have a different date every day. My husband, modern to his fingertips in that respect, doesn't object in the least. In fact, he encourages these dates. He says they keep me in a happy, pleasant frame of mind, and keep our own romance alive.



What more could a girl ask than to have her pick of "star dates"? It's all in knowin' how, m' deahs!

Here's an exclusive peek at my date book:
Monday: Skiing with Melvyn Douglas. He's fascinating, don't you think?
Tuesday: Saw Errol Flynn for two hours today. He makes love divinely.

Write a Letter— Win a Prize

Have you sent in your rave or complaint about players and pictures yet? If you haven't, get on the bandwagon. Write to us and maybe you will be one of the lucky prize winners. This is your open forum in which you can state your opinions as frankly as you please. It is important to stars, producers, and us that we know what you think about movie personalities and movies. We welcome your contributions. There are no rules; no deadlines. Send in your letters or poems today—as many as you like. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

'TIME

Wednesday: Kidded along delightfully by Bob Montgomery and enjoyed it immensely.

Thursday: Nelson Eddy sang to me today. Has a marvelous voice, so rich and vibrant.

Friday: Going places with Bob Taylor



One reader thinks the Astaire-Rogers team is swell 'cause slushy necking scenes are absent from their pix.

and are the women jealous! Terribly. They, too, adore him.

Saturday: Night-clubbing with Ben Bernie. Dark clouds are forgotten; there's only the silver lining when I'm with the Old Maestro.

Sunday: Ending a perfect week with Bill Powell. Such a man-of-the-world! So sophisticated and magnetic. One of the most enjoyable dates so far.—Virginia Lee Hall, Ronceverte, W. Va.

$2.00 Prize Letter
More Taylor Talk

Clark Gable was compared with Rudolph Valentino because Valentino was good. Robert Taylor is compared with Gable because Gable is good. And now Tyrone Power is being compared with Taylor because Taylor is good! Of course, Tyrone is handsome and charming, but is that any reason to say that Bob isn't? In reel life, Taylor takes the roles that are given to him and portrays them to the best of his ability. In real life, he is a modest, unassuming bachelor, who lives a good, clean life. Take it from me, Bob Taylor is a one hundred per cent American and one of whom we can be very proud.—Jim Hart, Charlotte, N. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Robert Kent Rave

At last, we have what America really wants, that lovable, and what's more important, *real* young actor, Robert Kent. The most surprising thing about him is that you can actually believe he's true. He's not so handsome that you get him confused with the scenery, but he's plenty handsome enough to give your heart the flip-flops. And lovable. Ahhhhh! There's where he really scores.

There's much talk about Miss America, the typical American girl. What about the typical American man, Robert Kent? Show me a more sincere actor, if you can. Show me one who could have been more appealing as Bill Smith in "That I May Live," or as Nick Mare in "Angel's Holiday."

You can take your matinée idols, girls. I'll take Robert Kent, the genuine, any old day in the week.—Rochelle Collins, Jackson, Miss.

$1.00 Prize Letter
It's the Little Things That Get You Down

Maybe it isn't right to criticize pictures that you enjoy, but when you feel you know a character in a book through and through, you expect that character to be the same in pictures. I'm referring to Bill Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy and Jimmy Ellison as Johnny Nelson.

I wonder if producers know that Nelson always wore two guns, and that neither he nor Hoppy would have been caught dead with anything but wooden-handled guns. They considered pearl handles fit only for dudes or show-offs, not for men who depended upon their guns to keep themselves alive. And Bill Cassidy got the nickname "Hopalong" because of his limp. But where, oh where, is that limp when you see him on the screen?

These are small things but they are important. I've heard more than one person say he's disappointed in the movie version of books because of these discrepancies.—Mona Cummings, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Slushy Necking Taboo

The utmost credit should go to the person who prevents slushy necking scenes from

(Continued on page 98)

Glare-Proof! *for smart young vagabonds*

Pond's 3 "Sunlight" Shades flatter your face in strong open daylight



Bright light . . . Black shadows . . . Now there are "Sunlight" shades to soften that glare on your face. Specially blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun . . . Flattering! Away from the old sun-tan shades.

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Summer Brunette **Sunlight** (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PK, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Dec. 1, 1937)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



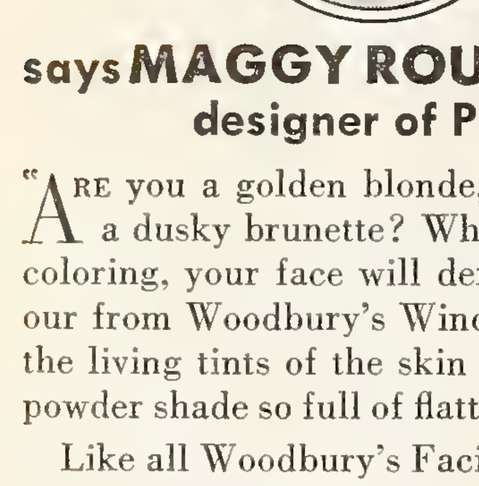
"WINDSOR ROSE is magically flattering to almost every skin"



says MAGGY ROUFF, fashion designer of Paris

"ARE you a golden blonde, *ma chérie*, or a dusky brunette? Whichever is your coloring, your face will derive new glamour from Woodbury's Windsor Rose. It is the living tints of the skin that make this powder shade so full of flattery."

Like all Woodbury's Facial Powder, the new Windsor Rose is germ-free* . . . helps guard against blemish-causing germs. See what lovely things this powder can do for you! Seven glorious shades to choose from. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

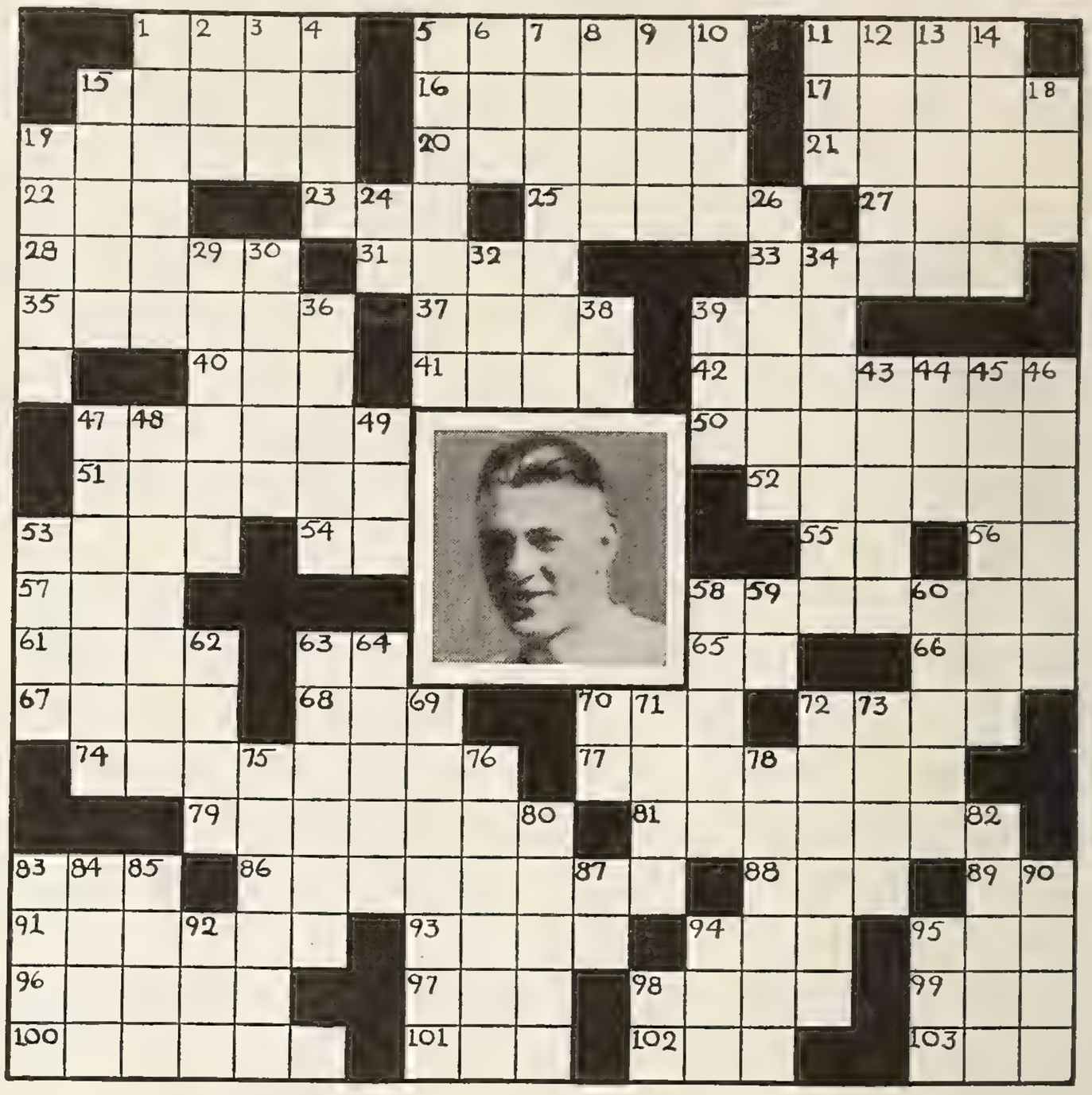
MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9182 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

OUR PUZZLE



ACROSS

Puzzle solution appears on Page 112

1. & 5. The hombre featured in the puzzle
11. First name of a comic in "Way Out West"
15. She skates on "Thin Ice."
16. Mexican dancer in "Border Cafe"
17. Stage and screen star of "What Every Woman Knows"
19. First name of star of "A Family Affair"
20. She's in "The Emperor's Candlesticks"
21. Former Ziegfeld comedian, born in Australia
22. Make a mistake
23. Good tennis score
25. Belief
27. Refuse to admit
28. Singer in "The Hit Parade"
31. He was in the thick of "Trouble in Morocco"
33. Deep chasm
35. State, north of California
37. Movie theatre magnate
39. Kind of beer
40. In the style of
41. Patsy's fun-making pal in "Nobody's Baby," first name
42. What you take when you go on a long trip
47. Foolish old age
50. To hide
51. More level
52. He's from Oklahoma; you saw him in "Woman Chases Man"
53. She has two ex-hubbies, one is Derwood Truax
54. Note of the scale
55. First part of first name of screen hero often co-starred with McLaglen
56. Providence is in this state: abbr.
57. The title of the late Guy Standing
58. White expanses for showing movies
61. Eugene O'Neill wrote "Desire Under the - - - -"
63. Initials of Warners' new dancing star
65. River in Italy
66. Louise - - -imer
67. First name of actor married to Mozelle Brittone
68. Weapon
70. Eddie Cantor is in "- - - Baba Goes to Town"
72. She did a comic dance in "That Girl From Paris"
74. Huge
77. Singing star of "Music for Madame"
79. Bert Wheeler's goofy crony
81. This gal inherits riches
83. Mineral spring
86. Mule driver
88. Cry like a cat
89. In that direction
91. The Spring-struck father in "Call It a Day"
93. This state has the great salt lake
94. First half of Mexican actress' last name
95. She put IT on the map
96. What you don't have to be if you're handsome in pictures
97. This kind of maid takes to the sea
98. He's in "Paradise Isle."
99. Francis Lederer farced in "- - - Rainy Afternoon"
100. Dick Powell's charmer in "The Singing Marine"
101. Japanese coin
102. "- - - thing Goes"
103. First name of Bebe Daniel's spouse

PAGE DOWN

1. The girl in "They Gave Him a Gun"
2. First name of blond actress who put up a battle for her child
3. Wendy Bar - - -
4. Howl or bark
5. Glamor girl in "Lloyd's of London"
6. Maureen O'Sullivan played the part of D- - - in "David Copperfield"
7. Left out
8. Virginia - - - - is George Raft's heart trouble
9. This is paradise
10. Unusual
11. Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott played in "- - -"
12. Late
13. He's still Ginger Rogers' husband
14. Tubular glass lights for display advertising
15. The guy who gives the jobs
18. Crafty
19. This baby had a feud with W. C. Fields
24. Cry of pleasure
26. Of greater height
29. Colored marbles
30. The fans made a hero out of this villain of "The Texas Rangers"
32. Katie O'Shea in "Parnell"
34. Character actress in "The Thirteenth Chair"
36. His golden voice ornamented first talkie trailers
38. "- -ikiki Wedding"
43. Wear out by friction
44. Man is a bi - - -
45. Everlasting
46. Withstand
47. This epic-maker created "The Plainsman"
49. Period or epoch
53. Out on the deep
58. Church steeple
59. Company: abbr.
60. Policeman in "The Man in Blue"
62. Disney's first full-length will be "- - - white"
63 Siren in "Swing High, Swing Low"
64. Comic
69. Resting places for relics
70. Exit
71. He's sc-r-eamingly funny to some
72. She hails from Vienna, and was the other woman in "As Good As Married"
73. Afresh
75. Dark, handsome actor in "Armored Car"
76. Sofa
78. This is what newsreels are
80. Long for
82. Detective in "The Thirteenth Chair"
83. Screen name of wife of gent in puzzle
84. Brownish-purple
85. Uninvited guests at the picnic
87. Whazzat?
90. Unwanted man in "Personal Property"
92. Shirley Temple is queen of the - - - stars
94. She sings and her name's - - - ne
95. First name of yokel in "Mountain Music"
98. Laugh

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!

- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.

- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably!*

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

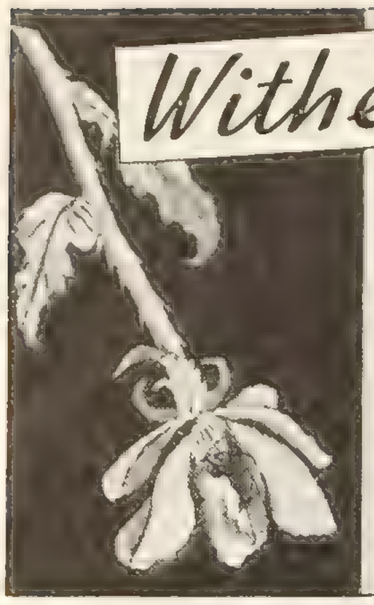
Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Withered!

Don't let Skin-Thirst do this to you!

Like the fragile rose, your own skin, when starved for life-giving moisture, becomes dry and ugly. As early as 16, dreaded "Skin-Thirst" begins. Guard this vital skin moisture with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil for your protection.



OLIVE OIL is the guardian of skin beauty

The protecting touch of Olive Oil in each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder keeps it from "sponging up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful complexion. Keep your beauty fresh and lovely —protected against "Skin-Thirst"!

Six luscious shades at drug and department stores 50c

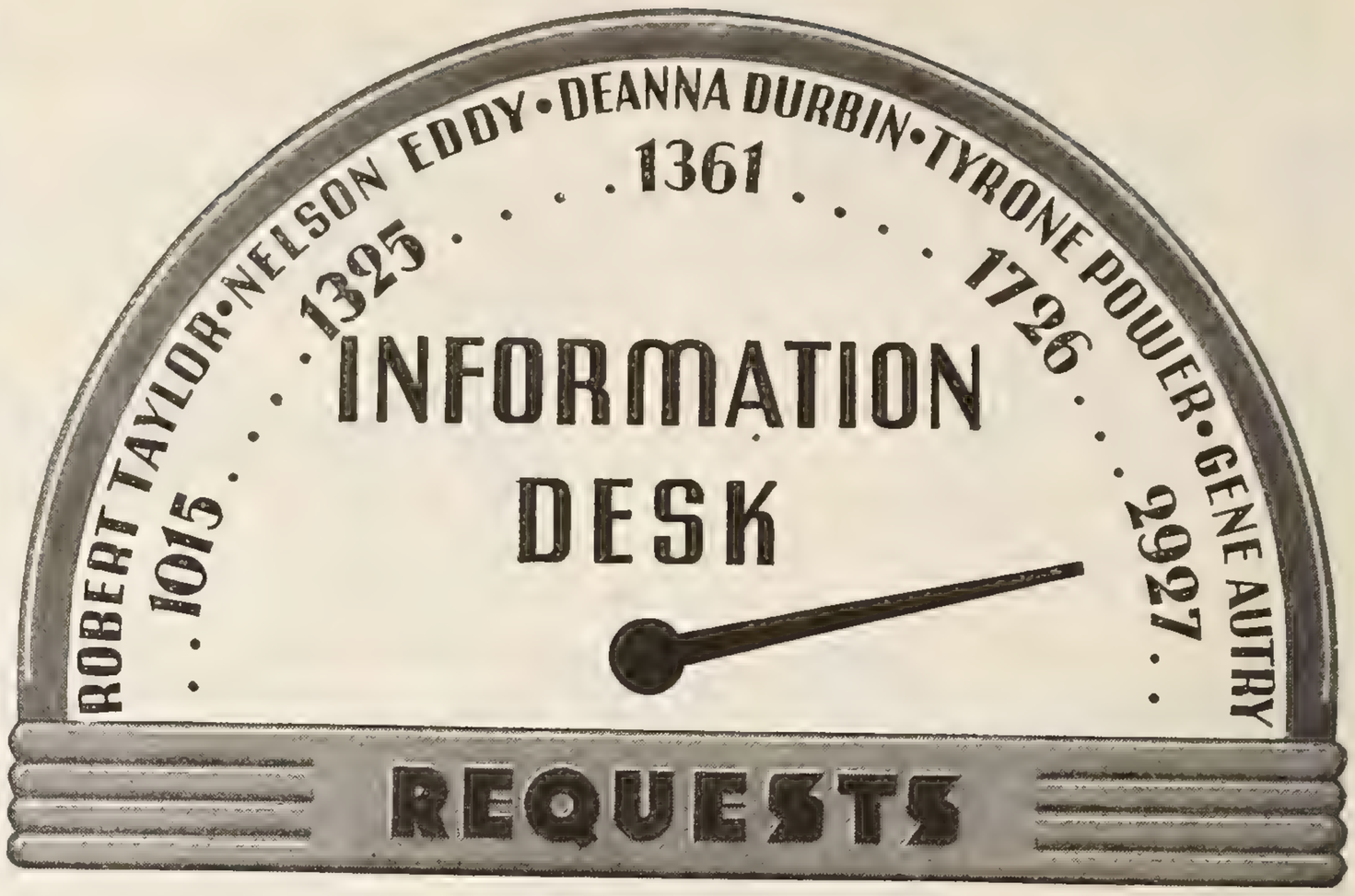
For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL





Darryl Zanuck looks at our Barometer to gauge the box office value of his players

At the right, we are printing a letter sent us recently by the Vice-President of 20th Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck, which should be of great interest to all our readers. He, like so many prominent producers, is coming to depend more and more on our trusty Barometer, for he is a man with keen business sense and realizes that you, who write to the Information Desk, are the public who must be pleased in the theatres. He knows that it is a fair, impartial survey which tells accurately, from day to day and from month to month, which stars are most popular with You. Help complete the tale the needle tells, the tale producers must read and recognize, by sending in your own requests—as many as you please.

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
1041 N. FORMOSA AVE.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

June 12, 1937

To the Information Desk:

One of the most important problems in the success of a producer is the development of new stars. A barometer which accurately shows the popularity of individual players and gauges the fluctuation in their public standings can be most helpful in the solution of this problem. The Information Desk is a novel means of supplying this data along methodical lines. As a producer I am very interested in its reports.

Sincerely,

Darryl F. Zanuck



DEANNA DURBIN (First printing. Total number of requests 1573.) Canada now has the Dionne quintuplets and Deanna Durbin. Of course, you heard **that** voice in "Three Smart Girls." It's got the country ga-ga. Deanna was born with the prosaic name of Edna Mae Durbin in Winnipeg, Canada, Dec. 4, 1922, but she didn't stay home very long. At the ripe age of one or so, she and her family packed up and left for Hollywood, not however, for the reason you're thinking. No, the Durbin family didn't give a hoot about breaking into the movies, either singly or in a group. They merely wanted to duck those storm-bitten Canadian winters.

It didn't take the Durbins long to find out that they had a voice on their hands. When Deanna was a tiny tot, she began singing children's songs, not with the usual piping parlor tones of the usual infant, but with rare richness and clarity. By the time she was ten, her sister, Edith, a nationally known fencer, and a teacher in a Los Angeles high school, was so positive Deanna had the spark that mattered that she took her savings and led the child by the hand—quite willingly—to the nearest voice teacher. "As early as I can remember anything," Deanna says of those days, "I've always known I was going to sing." Sing she did.

Two years later, she was making public appearances at clubs, benefits and church entertainments. There she was spotted by an actor's agent and hustled off to see Andres de Segurola, former Metropolitan Opera star, whose pupils include such toppers as Marion Talley and Mary McCormic. The Señor raved about the Durbin throat, and from him, the girl was speeded to M-G-M, to be tested for the part of Mme. Schumann-Heink as a child, in "Gran." But the picture was never made, for the opera singer took ill. Deanna was placed, instead, in a nondescript short called "Every Sunday." Her three-months' contract expired and, believe it or not, the powers-that-be let her go, not realizing the bargain girl they had on their lot. But Deanna sallied forth and soon won a long-term contract

from Universal. Meanwhile, Cantor put her on his Sunday broadcasts at one thousand per. Nice goings for a fourteen-year-old.

You know the happy ending of this story, all about the stir she created in "Three Smart Girls." From that she was hurried into "100 Men and a Girl," and her studio bosses are hatching all kinds of wondrous plans for her future. But there's a dark shadow across the little girl's path of happiness. She's a normal kid, and she'd like to have real pals, even as you and you. But fame, and lots of charted hours, make it kind of tough to chum around with girls and boys the way she did when she was going to Manchester Avenue School and the Brete Harte Junior High School in Los Angeles. Recently, a girl she used to know, who's moved out of town, came back just to visit Deanna. And was Deanna happy!

Singing and roller skating are her chief delights just now. She says she wants to be an opera singer, that movie acting's just child's play to her. She hates spinach and algebra. She goes to school four hours a day, and besides, takes singing and dancing lessons. She has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs 105 pounds, and is five feet two. But, by the time this appears, she may have grown an inch, for she's at the shooting-up stage. Wherever she goes her pet cocker spaniel, Tippy, is sure to follow. Yes, and she's got a sports sedan, which, however, she can only ride around the studio lot, until she grows up.

JANICE ROTHCHILD, Watertown, N. Y.: You want to know when you will get your chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces, and marriages of all the important stars. Well, if it hasn't already arrived, you will get it as soon as we can mail it out to you. Your deluge of requests has simply overwhelmed us, but we're doing the best we can to give you what you want.

ERROL FLYNN (Last printed May 1937. Total number of requests since then 647.) You've heard so much about the great big adventure man, Errol Flynn, who thinks nothing of skipping out on his studio to get in on a Spanish war or visit his native Ireland or go in search of gold or go to pick up a new Chinese dialect, and then come back to write books about his jaunts and so on, that you, like us, must be pretty fed up on that part of him. Did you know that Errol and David Niven are charming hosts at cocktail house-warming parties out Hollywood way? Flynn, the Irishman, and Niven, the Englishman, get along famously in the bachelor quarters they keep together whenever Lili Damita is away. And they don't believe in letting the guests scramble for themselves, either. They entertain them in regal fashion. Hence, their home is a gathering place for the few old-fashioned souls left in town who don't want to be alone, but enjoy a good rousing shindig with plenty of capering, highballs and shop talk. Perhaps Flynn's flair for hosting dates back to his boyhood wish to be a bartender, who knows?



Like most Irishmen, this one believes firmly in luck. Says he has no superstitions, but he won't go under ladders, won't start pictures on the thirteenth, always

(*Continued on page* 105)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, free of charge, a brief life story of

.....
in your department

Name

Street

City State

If you would like our chart with heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET



118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT

This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up *at once!* Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

WHAT A FIGURE!



IVORY FLAKES

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE



Your eyes
will open wide with wonder!

The picture you dreamed some day you'd see . . . lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!

SONJA HENIE · TYRONE POWER

Thin Ice

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel

ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS
SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!



There's an ever-new fascination and vitality about this dark-eyed Mexican Miss. The exotic Del Rio charms will be seen in "Life of a Lancer Spy."



GARY COOPER

Vacations are unheard of where Gary's concerned, for he's the producers' and leadin' ladies' favorite. "Souls at Sea" and "Adventures of Marco Polo" are his latest.

She's "The Toast of New York"—and the whole U. S. A., for that matter. So, when Fran's in the cast, the other players must watch their lines and business.

FRANCES FARMER



Hank's just like that nice young man next door. That's why he's tops with all of us. You'll be seeing him next in "I Met My Love Again" with Joan Bennett.



The Irish-English Wendy was born in Hongkong—which makes her what? Spanish? No! Just a good actress. And that's enuff! She's made fourteen pictures.

50

BY IDA ZEITLIN

What's the idea, Ginger, of

Left, as you like to see Ginger—light and gay and dancing on air in one of those grand musicals that she and Astaire have made famous.

And, right, as Ginger wants you to like her, emoting along with the Helen Hayeses and the Hepburns. Yes, she made a screen test for "Mary of Scotland" and was so good she fooled people. Next, with Katie Hepburn in "Stage Door."

YOU WON'T DANCE!

wanting to park your dancing shoes for the highfalutin' drama?

WE WANT Astaire and Rogers! We want Astaire and Rogers! We want Astaire and Rogers!"

The cry went up the moment they were introduced as an incidental comedy duo in "Flying Down to Rio" and danced off with the show. It grew and swelled and lifted them together into third place among movie moneymakers, topped only by Shirley Temple and Clark Gable. According to the box-office barometer, you still want Astaire and Rogers as a dancing team. You're going to get them. Box-office won't be denied, but neither will progress and change be denied. And you're not going to get them exclusively as a team.

Astaire's contract calls for two pictures a year, one with Ginger. Ginger's contract calls for four pictures a year, two of them musicals, one of the two with Fred. By the laws of arithmetic, that gives you Ginger in two pictures, and possibly three, minus the partner with whom she climbed—floated, rather—to the top. And those two non-musicals give Ginger her chance to prove herself in another field.

It's a chance she has long set her heart on. But Ginger's is a tranquil heart. She is not the kind to grit her teeth and claw and kick and storm for what she wants. Gayety is her essence on the screen. Offscreen, it's an inward serenity, which comes from an acceptance of things as they are. She is ambitious, but she's also reasonable. She takes what comes, and what came was dancing.

Now it looks as if something else were coming—a chance to act in a variety of parts. And Ginger's like a girl going to meet a long awaited friend. She's done nothing to force his coming, but now that he's here, her eyes are warm with pleasure and her arms wide open in welcome.

By which I don't mean to imply that she didn't—and doesn't—like to dance. "But you can't go on dancing forever. Even if you could, you wouldn't want to. You get tired of doing the same thing over and over, people get tired of seeing you. And, then, there's the whole world of the screen closed to you except for one type of thing."

Her quiet voice held no hint of impatience. Indeed, she gives you the feeling that impatience has no part in her make-up. If you detect anything below the surface, it's a note of soft laughter, as though, however firmly she holds her views, she has that gift of perspective which saves her from being ponderous about them.

"Look," she said, a little smile in the blue eyes that met mine squarely, "I don't think I'm another Duse. Would you make that clear? I'm like a producer who puts an untried actress under contract. He's not sure whether the little dear has talent or not. He just hopes and keeps his fingers crossed. That's me. Some day I'm going to act. Even if I have to wait till I'm old and grayhaired, even if I have to do it in my own little theatre, in my own little backyard, with the chickens and ducks for an audience, I don't care. I think it'll be fun."

Ginger was ten when it was first borne upon her that acting was her metier. "I played the lead in a little thing my mother wrote, and my own death scene had me in tears. We were in this fort—my husband, who must have been all of twelve, and I—surrounded by Indians. Crash comes an arrow through the window, and stabs him in the back. He falls over the table (*Continued on page 76*)











Fred's marriage to Lillian Lamont has convinced him that a man alone is a man lonesome.

Fred talks about his mother first—simply because he knew her first. Good reason?

When he made his first film with Colbert, look who she was—and who he wasn't!

HE'S LEARNED FROM

THOUGH THERE was no sunlight in sunny California that day, Fred MacMurray wore dark glasses. "They're for protection just the same," he insisted.

"Against me?"

"Against the interview. Make me feel less conspicuous. I can hide out behind 'em and pretend I'm in a dark corner, kind of talking to myself."

He wasn't kidding either. Leaning back in his chair, one long leg crossed over the other in an attitude of relaxation, he looked anything but at ease. There was a hunted air about him, and once or twice when the door opened, he started up like a man condemned and hoping that this might be a reprieve.

I've met players before who were made uncomfortable by the necessity of talking about themselves. MacMurray tops them all. So acute is his embarrassment that your first impulse is to put him out of his misery and say, "Forget it." Having conquered that noble but impractical idea, you cast about for some way of easing the situation. In this case he had provided the cue himself.

"Well, why don't you pretend you're talking to yourself? I'll turn my back if you like."

He guffawed briefly because of his ever-present consciousness of the ordeal still ahead. "Am I that bad?"

"Besides, you won't really be talking about yourself. It's the women in your life."

"Out of the frying pan into the fire. O. K. Let's make a stab at it." His eyes sought the ceiling for inspiration. "Well, I guess the most important thing I've learned from women is that they're nice people to have around." He began to look more cheerful. "How's that for a starter? Not that I'm saying it just to get started, you know. I really mean it." Because of the glasses, I couldn't be sure whether he was ribbing me or not. But he went on gravely enough.

"And, look, I'm not talking about women generally. Maybe they're all nice to have around. I wouldn't know. I'm not the kind of guy that loses sleep trying to figure them out and add them up. I suppose they're as different from each other as men or horses or books or restaurants. I only know about the ones I've had around me, and they're the ones I'm talking about.

"Take my mother first, because I knew her first." His grin flashed out. "Well, I learned from her that mothers like their kids." It was characteristic of MacMurray, shying away as he does from any hint of emotional display to use "like" for "love." "And whatever two-by-four thing the kid manages to do, his mother thinks it's pretty nifty. And I learned that grandmothers and aunts are almost as bad. I spent the summers with mine. Mothers worry more about discipline. Aunts and grandmothers think you're too cute for words and let you get away with murder. Sure I took advantage of them. What brat wouldn't?

"Don't expect me to say I was a nice little, good little boy, and my mother made me that way. Because if I did, I'd only be proving what an awful liar I grew into. I was about as good as most boys. We'll let it go at that."

Fred MacMurray gives the very fair sex plenty of credit for



"You have to suffer to be good-looking," Carole Lombard told Fred. And she was right!

THE LADIES

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

He hesitated, pushed his fingers through his crisp hair, looked for a moment like a little boy lost. "This is going to be tough." Then he set his lips and pushed on. "A kid's a kid, and doesn't think much about things. Whatever happens, he takes it pretty much for granted. My mother had to work to support us both. That's the way things were. I'd never know 'em any different, so that's the way I thought it had to be. It wasn't till I got old enough to have some sense that I began thinking about it. And then I realized what women'll do for their kids, that the kids come first, and they come second or fourth or not at all.

"I had scarlet fever once. We lived in a rooming house in Madison, and I had to go to the contagious hospital. My mother worked all day, and I remember her coming way out there every night just to look at me through the window. They wouldn't let her in. She must have been pretty doggone tired too, but she never missed a day. Of course I watched for her, and I suppose I'd have thought it was pretty funny at the time if she hadn't come. But I can't help thinking of it now, when I sometimes hear people gabbing about selfish women. Say," he brought himself up short, "I don't sound like a preacher or something, do I?"

He took a fresh grip on himself. "Then there was the time she fell and broke her hip. I was trying to break into the studios as a prop-boy or juicer or offstage tootle, anything I could get. I couldn't get to first base. I couldn't even peek through a *(Continued on page 93)*

making him what he is today



Shyness is the chief MacMurray characteristic, but the women in his life are helping Fred to overcome this great handicap.



Ten years ago, "Seventh Heaven" made Janet Gaynor a star overnight.

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

THERE IS a lot of stuff being written these days about "A Star Is (Re)Born" in the person of red-headed Janet Gaynor. People in Hollywood are saying, "Oh, isn't it wonderful, Janet Gaynor is in again! She has staged the most marvelous comeback!"

Tish, tosh, as Mr. Wodehouse might say. Janet, whose astute mental processes have safely steered her through a precarious predatory Hollywood and a career fraught with dangerous shoals, has simply given added proof of her good head work.

For, little Gaynor, for whom everybody was recently so sorry because they thought she wasn't getting the breaks, always has been a potent load of dynamite as a Career Girl. "A Star Is Born" is only another milestone along the pathway she marked out for herself some years back. She deserves lots of credit.

In the same breath with being impressed by her comeback, Hollywood is remarking a trifle disparagingly that the leading role in "A Star Is Born," first of the pictures to show a Gaynor different from the sweet, sugary ingenue of the past, was actress proof, that any one of a half dozen competent stars could have played it to perfection, that she had the benefit of marvelous color photography, the expert guidance of David Selznick, who produced a "David Copperfield," a fine director and skillful, handsome leading man, Fredric March.

ALL TRUE, perhaps, but as in any success story which reveals its protagonist had the lucky breaks, it is worth while pointing out that the lucky person knew where to find and what to do with those breaks. That he, or she, calculated carefully what was best to do and—did it.

The Gaynor's finest piece of head work in the more than ten years since "Seventh Heaven" had its premiere (May 6, 1927) was when she landed firmly on her two little feet in "A Star Is Born." Here's the story:

When Winfield Sheehan, Janet's friend and mentor, departed from Fox, Janet had two pictures left to make under her contract. She was getting older, her cycle as an ingenue was about completed, the new studio boss was a man who concentrated on realistic, hard-hitting stories with masculine drive and punch. Even though he might have admired her accomplishments, he was not attuned as a producer to her special qualifications.

Janet sensed this. She realized her future lay elsewhere. But where? Through skillful manœuvering, the first of her two last films was handled on a loan-out basis.

She went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, greatest woman star studio in the film industry, to appear with Robert Taylor in "Small Town Girl." This studio, so lucky with other feminine stars, failed with Janet. The picture was not the success they thought it would be.

THEN Darryl Zanuck decided to make "Ladies in Love." Like the gambler he is, he tossed Janet into a picture with three other big woman names—Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, and the new ingenue threat, Simone Simon, whom the gossips said was being groomed to supplant Gaynor. If this Zanuck *coup d'état* had been successful, it would have been hailed as a daring stroke of genius. It flopped, and so it was just a very bad idea. And that was that.

Janet's box-office draw seemed to be slipping, but she was still in demand. Script after script came to her. She talked with this producer and that. But she bided her time. She came to the conclusion that David Selznick, young and brilliant, was the man she wanted to guide her future. When "A Star Is Born" script was proffered, she knew she had what she wanted. She had the producer she sought; she had a modern story, with a role that was meaty and gave her the opportunity to be both youthful and yet show maturity; she had a chance to appear in a color film that would reveal her beauty as black and white photography had never done. She found what she had been looking for, and she took it.

So what is all (*Continued on page 80*)

Janet Gaynor, a star reborn? Tch! She's merely marked another milestone along the path she planned for herself years ago



Today, another picture is credited with Janet's "comeback."

Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a love scene from the most talked about film of the year, "A Star Is Born."

MANUEL, THE LOVABLE





When you read this story, you'll know why a Metro executive said, "If Spence doesn't play Manuel, nobody else will!"

John and Susy, the Tracy youngsters, with charming Mrs. T. They're pretty proud of their favorite actor.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

AN AUDIENCE came streaming out of a theatre. The women were dabbing wet handkerchiefs at their tear-swollen faces. The men, of course, were dry-eyed, smiling down at their companions with the superior control of their sex, though it must be remarked that their smiles held a special gentleness. One of them pulled out a large white square and offered it to his lady. "Have a dry one," he said. She used it, then turned to stuff it back into his breast pocket, but paused halfway. "I suppose those are dewdrops," she sniffled, and wiped two tears from the corners of his eyes.

If you should witness a similar scene, you needn't bother looking at the name on the theatre marquee. It will be "Captains Courageous." For of all the stories recently told on the screen, only this one of the Portuguese fisherman and the boy he saved from more than one kind of death has so shaken its beholders. Maybe next day the carpers will begin to pick flaws, shake their wise heads and complain that this should have been left out and that put in. But while they're watching it, even the most supercilious are drawn under its spell of tenderness and truth. If, as one writer put it, God is "a sense of warmth about the heart, a rush of tears to the eyes," then as surely as through any human experience, God reveals himself through the heart of Manuel.

Tall words maybe, but I offer no apologies. To me it was a new experience in picture-going and calls for new language. Producers, writers, directors, actors joined to make it a new experience, and where the responsibility of one begins and the other ends, it's impossible to say. Yet to the onlooker, it is Manuel's spirit which dominates the story—Manuel's spirit, as given substance by Spencer Tracy, long recognized as a fine actor, but now lifted to a high place of his own.

Tracy struggled against playing the part. He pleaded with Bud Lighton, the producer, and Victor Fleming, the

Simple, honest, with a core of sweetness—spells Manuel on the



"It's Freddie Bartholomew's picture," modestly asserts Spencer Tracy, speaking of "Captains Courageous."

director, to be let off. "Ill be leaping all over the Continent with my dialect," he protested. They assured him that the exact dialect didn't matter. Manuel had lived for years among Gloucester fishermen. He might have acquired any one of a dozen mongrel dialects.

Then he found another argument. "I've always played rough-and-tumble parts. This story's religion or something. Those scenes where he talks about his father—suppose I don't bring 'em off, they'll be horrible—sitting there in the boat, talking about fishermen's heaven, a guy thirty-seven years old—you'll have your audiences reaching for bigger and wider hats."

They prevailed upon him to take the script home and read it to Mrs. Tracy, whose judgment he trusts. She urged him to give it a trial.

"Suppose they don't believe in me," he said. "It's got to be on the level. Otherwise they'll laugh."

Then *she* laughed. "At the idea," she explained later, "that he could ever be anything *but* on the level. I was in the stock company where he got his first part. He had no tricks, no technique, he didn't know how to make up and he looked awful. What carried him through was the great sincerity and naturalness which he had from the start. If Spencer has any fault in acting, it's that he doesn't let himself go. He's always afraid of being hammy, so rather than overplay he underacts. Whatever he's done, I always felt he had more to give, and in this part he'd have to let himself go and give it."

He made some tests, and, when they were run off, he groaned. All he could see was the curly hair. "They'll think it's Harpo Marx," he growled. "Do me a favor, Vic. Test a couple of other guys. The part calls for something—I don't know—something good, fine sweet—"

"That's why, Spence," they grinned.

"Yah!" said Spence.

It was Sam Katz, Metro (*Continued on page 101*)

screen—and aptly characterizes courageous Spencer Tracy off

JEAN ARTHUR—*when*



Those who knew her before she

BY DORA ALBERT

ON THE stage a group of actors were rehearsing. If you had known much about Broadway personalities, you would have been able to recognize several of them as veterans of the theatre. Dorothy Gish, for instance, and the sophisticated, dapper-looking Osgood Perkins.

There was one girl, though, whom you would not have recognized, for she had never appeared on Broadway before. A beautiful girl with blue eyes and shimmering hair.

As the rehearsal ended, the director said, "We'll have the dress rehearsal tomorrow."

The girl with the bright blue eyes clenched her hands at her side. Fear, panic, discouragement flashed in her eyes.

"Mr. Perkins," she said in a frightened, throaty voice, "please may I ask you something?"

He turned around, amazed at the panic he heard in that voice.

"Please don't think me silly," the girl said, "but I'm scared. All of you are experienced actors, and I don't know the first thing about the stage. Why, I don't even know about stage make-up. How am I going to find out what kind of make-up I'll need for the dress rehearsal tomorrow? Could you help me?"

"Well, err-r—ahem," said Mr. Perkins, "naturally I know nothing about make-up for women, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you to a friend of mine who can help you. She's quite expert."

HE SENT her to a New York actress. She listened very humbly to everything the woman had to say and followed her directions implicitly.

The timorous, frightened girl was Jean Arthur, star of "Easy Living," whose name, today, is a synonym for temperament in Hollywood. Hardly a month passes that you do not hear stories about her outbursts, her quarrels with directors, with her studio, with the members of her cast. You hear of her breaking three appointments in a row with some harassed writer, of her offering to pay

Did you know that Jean Arthur once served as leading lady to three monkeys? Yep, it's a fact.

met Fame reveal some intimate facts about this unpredictable star

another writer *not* to write the story of her life.

When I talked to people who knew Jean before she was a success in pictures, I discovered that the Jean Arthur they knew was very different from the girl Hollywood knows today. Everyone—writers, directors, actors and producers—agreed with absolute unanimity that the girl they knew was anything but temperamental.

Recently, when Jean was appearing in a picture and didn't like the wig the director gave her to wear, she tore it off, threw it on the floor and jumped on it. And when the director remonstrated with her, she said, "I don't like this dress either," and started to wreck it.

A somewhat similar situation arose when Jean Arthur appeared in her first play, "Foreign Affairs," but she behaved very differently about it. She confessed to a member of the cast that she didn't like her costume, which she was afraid was drab and uninteresting. But she wore it just the same. Today, Jean Arthur fights tooth and nail for her rights.

WHEN HER first play failed and the cast was paid only a portion of the final week's salary, she did not go into a tantrum, but was very meek and did nothing.

The Broadway producers to whom I spoke—Chamberlain Brown, Herman Shumlin and L. Lawrence Weber—all agreed that Jean Arthur had been grand to work with before her success in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and other potent box-office pictures.

"The first day she appeared for rehearsals of 'Lysistrata," Mr. Brown told me, "she knew all her lines by heart."

"And is that unusual?"

"Very. Miss Arthur is an exceptionally painstaking worker. All the members of the cast liked her, and so did I. Some time later I tried to get her for a revival of 'The Trial of Mary Dugan,' but she was leaving for the Coast."

"She was a conscientious trouper," Sam Jaffe, who appeared with her in "The Bride of Torozko," told me. "Nothing was too much work for her, and she was never satisfied with her performance. She used to hang on every word Mr. Shumlin, the producer, said."

WHEN JEAN was appearing in "The Curtain Rises," her most successful play on Broadway, she was ill and run-down but never murmured a word of complaint. No one would have guessed that she was ill, save for the fact that the moment a scene was over, she would have the maid spread something on the floor, and she would lie down and rest, so that she might save the little strength she had for her work.

"When rehearsals were called," Benjamin M. Kaye, the author of "The Curtain Rises," told me, "she didn't mind how many hours she had to work over a piece of business. Once when I asked Jean and her husband to come to my house to go over the script, she told me apologetically that they had a theatre engagement and asked if I would mind if they came when the show was over. Of course, I said it would be all right, and as soon as the play was over, Jean rushed right up.

"She was thinking about the script all the time, and occasionally she would make suggestions about it. They were always suggestions that would improve the play, and it apparently never occurred to her, as it does to so many actresses, to ask for revisions that would build up her own role."

Before success struck Jean Arthur, she was very naïve. She had a childish, unsophisticated quality that charmed everyone.

"One day I complimented her on a tea gown she wore in 'The Curtain Rises,'" Mr. Kaye continued. "A look of pleasure flashed over her face, and she said happily, 'I'm so glad you like it. It cost only six dollars.'

"Once she came to my house with her husband to discuss a certain act of the play. In the act it was necessary for one of the characters to recite some blank verse, so I looked over a number of books to find a suitable bit, but finding nothing appropriate, I made some up.

"When Jean came over, I read it and asked her how she liked it.

"'Why, it's perfect,' she enthused. 'How did you ever find a quotation that fitted so well into the act? Who wrote it?'

"When I told her I did, she looked at me slightly baffled and said, 'You didn't (*Continued on page 78*)



And here she is as the star of "Easy Living" with handsome Ray Milland as her romantic interest. Frank Ross is still head man in Jean's private life.



Gene Autry's 3 R's were ridin', ropin' and rhythm. He's such an ardent cowboy that he doesn't own a citizen's suit of clothes.



This star of the plains was not discovered by a movie talent scout! Your patronage made him famous as the singing cowboy.

PUBLIC COWBOY

BY FRANC DILLON

HE'S THE most popular cowboy star on the screen, but Hollywood never heard of him until recently! Box-office check-ups and magazine contests in the past several months prove that he's among the first ten box-office attractions, but ask anyone on Hollywood Boulevard who Gene Autry is, and you're more likely than not to get a dead pan.

While New York has its Empire State Building and San Francisco its bridge—in Tioga, Texas, they have a little log cabin to which the citizenry point with pride when visitors hit the town. It's the log cabin where Gene Autry was born; the only star, too, to be born in a log cabin. Right now, Tioga is considering changing its name to Autry Springs in honor of its foremost citizen.

It seems fantastic that a star so popular could be unknown in Hollywood, but it is easily explained. Hollywood looks down its nose at the cowboys. A Western picture hasn't much drawing power in the film colony except at a children's matinee.

But do the cowboys feel slighted? Don't be silly. With all the rest of the country at their feet, they probably don't even know that they have been overlooked. They live in a world of their own and wouldn't exchange places with any of the top dramatic stars if they could.

Boys born in log cabins are supposed to become presidents, but Gene is probably a bigger influence on American youth than he would be if he were sitting in the executive chair in Washington, D.C. Ask any small boy of your acquaintance about Gene, and you will probably find him better informed about the cowboy than he is about Abe Lincoln.

Gene maintains a business office, as few stars do, on account of the thousands of fan letters that come to him. It was no different from any other office, when I stopped in one morning, until Gene made his appearance. Whereupon it took on all the color of the Western scene.

He drove up the alley behind the building, jumped out of his car as though he were dismounting from a galloping horse and ran up the fire escape four steps at a time.

"Hello!" he said from the doorway, glancing about and including everyone in the room. He threw his white, ten-gallon hat on a desk and sat down behind it. His shirt was green checkered and a silk handkerchief, neatly tied, served for a necktie. He wore tan jodhpurs, boots and a white jacket, which had been well tailored from a gay Navajo rug on which was a design in red and black.

He has blue eyes, light brown hair, a calm, pleasant expression and is as mild as a glass of milk. It is hard to realize that, really, he is a tough guy. He wouldn't be caught dead trying to balance a cup of tea on his knee, but

A horse was Gene Autry's only companion on the road to stardom,





That white, ten-gallon hat goes right along with Gene whether he's pedalling a bike or strumming his latest composition on a guitar.

NO.1



give him a horse, a rope, a gun and his guitar, and he'll stir up a Western picture in no time.

He is like a breath of the plains. And when he sings his cowboy songs, he sings them as they should be sung—to the cattle on the range. He isn't unmindful of his audience—oh, never! He is too good a showman for that. But the plains are in his heart, and he sings as he was taught by his father. His first three R's weren't reading, writing and 'rithmetic, but riding, roping and rhythm.

"I can't remember the first time I rode a horse," he told me in his Texas drawl, which his years on the stage haven't rubbed out.

"Some actors are ashamed to act in Westerns," he said with an amused smile, "but to my mind there's nothing to be ashamed of. I have more fun, I'm sure, than I would making any other kind of picture. I like to be outdoors, to ride and to sing. I'm no Caruso," he added slyly. "I'd never charm audiences at the Met. I understand they don't care for yodelling.

"Another advantage in making Westerns is that a Western star has a better chance to stay in pictures a long time," he continued. "Five years is pretty long for a dramatic star to stay on top, but most of (*Continued on page 83*)

Gene never appears in a picture nor on the stage without Champion. See them soon in "Yodelin' Kid from Pine Ridge."

for Hollywood's usual ballyhoo was decidedly absent



Don't try to change your type to suit some silly fad, warns Ann Sothern, who learned that lesson early in her career.



When a good break comes along, be ready to live up to it. Alice Faye proved she could, as the box-office ticker indicates.

BEAUTY GETS

SLIPCOVERS are coming off. Fall millinery is going on. Last year's coats are being taken to that little furrier downtown who can do wonders, my dear—and so reasonably! And thousands upon thousands of young people all over the land are sitting down to portable typewriters and writing, "I am making application for . . ."

Heaven help us, it isn't going to be much easier for all those youngsters this year than it was last. Harder, maybe. However, though this fact isn't proven by statistics, I definitely have the feeling that it's easier for a girl to get a job than for a man to get a job. A girl can almost always find something, so cheer up, ladies. The aim of dis yere article is to give a few pointers in job-getting, in job-holding and in job-advancement.

I don't want to fall into the trite, easy trap of saying, "Preserve a neat, well-groomed appearance" and other self-evident bromides. Sakes alive! Any fool knows that a neat, well-groomed appearance is desirable, whether you're trying to get a job or a man. There's more to it than that, though I shall not, of course, neglect neatness and good grooming in this article any more than I expect you to neglect them in your own lives.

It occurs to me at this point that the finest type of college girl has come to be regarded as the likeliest type of employee. There are a number of organizations who wish to employ college girls only. And what is it the college girl has which so strongly recommends her? Not the A.B. degree, dears, that isn't it at all. It's a combination of wholesomeness, youthful dignity, that clean, scrubbed look—as well as brains. It's compounded of suitable, sensible clothes—though never so sensible that they're dreary; make-up, yes, but make-up sparingly used on a clear, healthy skin. It's compounded also of good teeth, well-kept hands, a nice speaking voice and manners. The college girl doesn't dye her hair, wear pointed brassieres, nor go without a girdle if she needs one. She doesn't wear great gobs of mascara nor ill-matched lipstick and rouge. She looks like a lady—a modern, frank, able-to-take-care-of-herself lady, but nevertheless a lady. Certainly, one doesn't have to go to college to look like a lady. I'm telling you what recommends the college girl.

Some weeks ago, R. H. Cochrane, President of Universal Pictures introduced me to young Jean Rogers,



It takes more than neatness and good grooming to land that job—



All beauty contest winners don't rate film contracts, but there's a reason why Jean Rogers' case was different.



If you would be trim-looking, wear your hair as Kay Francis does. A long bob is too partyfied for the office.

THE JOB

BY MARY MARSHALL

newly put under contract to the studio, and with practically no experience to her name. Telling me why he had chosen Miss Rogers out of the legions who seek his office, Mr. Cochrane said in effect that he had chosen her, for one reason, because she looked and spoke like a lady. If you think I'm overstressing this, it's simply because we've all grown careless in these modern days. We have come to think that it's rather chic to be slapdash and overcasual in speech and manners and rather chic to be a bit garish about make-up and dress.

When you inexperienced girls go job-seeking, make your appearance set as high a standard for you as you can. Another trite, easy dogma of the beauty and fashion writing tribe is to emphasize the tailored suit. A good suit is simply swell, but if you can't afford a good one, don't compromise on a cheap one. Far better a nice-looking, if inexpensive, black or navy blue dress, with slight touches of white, palest pink or red, according to which does the most for you. Or a quiet print frock, with a plain jacket matching the background of the print. Remember that you'll have considerable walking (and sitting) to do, so give a thought to comfort. We still have some warm days ahead and you don't want to go applying for a job all hot and mussed up. Carry a purse-size bottle of skin freshener with you and take time out on the weary trek to fix your face and hair. By all means wear gloves. They'll keep your hands clean and add to this neat, well-groomed appearance. Give thought to your shoes. They should be comfortable, so that your face won't show the pain you're suffering from those too-tight pumps. But they should be good-looking, too, and not too all-fired sensible. A walking oxford, with a built-up leather heel; a one-strap affair with built-up heel—the strap wide enough to hold your foot firmly on the long walks. Not high, slender heels, but straight, medium heels with a broad base.





I'd suggest that a long, fluffy bob be shortened or curled up to look shorter. You want to look trim and efficient and there definitely is something partyfied about a long bob. (*Continued on page 91*)

or man—and these glamorous movie stars tell you exactly why





Mr. Morris, don'tcha know it's not perlite to squirt a lemon in Bette Davis' eye, even though it's in a scene from "Kid Galahad"? And right, a portrait of Wayne, the new heart throb.

ACCIDENT MAN

That's what Wayne Morris calls himself

BY MARTHA KERR

I'M THE big accident man around here," Wayne Morris told me over the lunch table in the Green Room at his studio. He sat in his shirt sleeves, almost two hundred pounds of good nature. His blue eyes have little laugh wrinkles around them and his light-brown hair is the kind that won't stay put. Six feet two, he's slim as a reed, and his shoulders are so wide you think you are looking at two people. And what a smile! It seems always to be on the verge of popping out.

He doesn't know the why or wherefore of his popularity and is sure it's accidental, but will tell you enthusiastically that he "sure likes accidents."

Wayne wasn't discovered in the boxing ring, as you might suppose after seeing the way he took care of himself in "Kid Galahad." Neither did he arrive in films by the New York stage. It all happened in this simple fashion: his family moved to Pasadena, and he had no friends there. He was nineteen, in good health, enthusiastic, with lots of time on his hands. Anything could have happened. He had tried several things.

Two years of college proved to him that he was never cut out for a student. He'd spent one summer vacation as a forest ranger. He'd earnestly tried the printing business in order to follow in his father's footsteps. He'd shipped as a sailor on a tramp steamer bound for Australia and learned that the life of a seaman was a bit too salty for him. But never, in all his life, thus far, had he considered acting. He wasn't even a movie fan and not particularly interested in the theatre either. He was, however, lonesome, and it was because he was a stranger in Pasadena that he upped and joined the Community Players. Figured he wouldn't have to work too hard, might have some fun and at least would make some friends.

When he got dressed up in a luxuriant crop of whiskers for his first bit on the stage, he knew he didn't rate as an actor. "But I was someone to carry the beard around," he laughed.

He stayed with the Community Players for three years, appeared in forty-three roles, in forty-two of which he played an old man.

IT was a happy break that when he played his forty-third role, a boy his own age in "Yellow Jacket," a film scout saw him and immediately offered him a contract to work in pictures. Believe it or not, Wayne refused the contract because he had five more months to go before graduation.

"So you see," he said soberly, "it really is an accident that I'm here. They could easily have forgotten me, but when I graduated, the contract was still waiting, so I signed."

The preview of "Kid Galahad" a year later did things for Wayne. His role was one of the plums of the season, and he had proved that he was able to handle it. The critics were delighted with him, and what a kick jaded Hollywood got when in marched the "Kid," literally surrounded by the proud Morris family. There were his mother, father, grandmother, brother and his brother's girl, to say nothing of several cousins.

"In case I turned out to be a flop in the picture, I had my own claque," said Wayne. "And I was nervous, I'll tell you," he added modestly.

They say that after the pre- (*Continued on page 86*)

MAYBE IT'S LUCK

but whatever it is, Dorothy Lamour's crashing movies is fantastic

BY

MARY PARKES

DOROTHY LAMOUR looked like a little girl trying to appear grown up when she came into the studio one afternoon recently, fifteen minutes early for her appointment. Her quiet entrance and shy manner seemed as out of place in the busy publicity offices as did her dainty costume. She was wearing an afternoon suit consisting of a black crepe skirt and powder blue linen jacket, hand-stitched with heavy black thread; a little bonnet-like hat that added to the illusion of extreme youth, and a string of silver fox furs that reached from her shoulders to the floor.

"They're building me up as a Glamor Girl," she laughed, as though apologizing for the furs on a warm day. But when did silver foxes ever need excusing? And certainly there is no indication that Dorothy needs to be "built up" as a glamor girl, for she came that way.

They are saying around Hollywood that Dorothy is a lucky girl. Being chosen to play the only important feminine role in "Hurricane," a big spectacle of the South Seas, was one big break, and signing a very lucrative contract to sing on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour every Sunday afternoon was another. Both these commitments are extra-curricular work, supplementing her long-term movie contract.

DOROTHY is the first to admit she has a lot to be thankful for. She has what it takes, but for years she couldn't get closer to Hollywood than Chicago. Privately, she must pucker those full, red lips in a wry little smile when she remembers the long, hard struggle she had to get within shouting distance of a motion picture studio.

Born in New Orleans of French parents, Dorothy has the happy combination of the warm, rich coloring of her race, the charm and grace of a Southern-bred girl, plus a natural ability to act. Her retiring manner and lovable disposition, her eagerness to coöperate and please in her work, have endeared her to everyone she meets.

"Carole Lombard is my best friend," she declared. "I never could tell you how she helped me when I worked with her in 'Swing High, Swing Low.' Morning after morning she came to the studio an hour earlier than she had to, just to make sure that my make-up and clothes were right. Everything was new to me, but she took me in hand and told me what to do. She talked to the director and had my part built up; she talked to the cameramen and saw that I was properly lighted. I don't know what I would have done without her."

Later, when she was told it was bad publicity for a glamor girl to have a husband, she said, "I can't stop talking about my husband. Why, he taught me all I know about singing, and I want him to have the credit."

Dorothy was destined for success, for she has a spirit to win which first demonstrated itself when, at the age of three, she stood on a busy street corner in Birmingham, Alabama, singing a war-time *(Continued on page 88)*



It makes Dorothy shudder when she thinks how many times she was tempted to bob her hair. Her thirty-inch tresses played an important part in her cinema break.



For gala nights Mary's chiffon embroidered in crystal beads is a glittering success.



Phyllis Brooks wears this wool ensemble of navy blue and luggage tan.



Mary Carlisle's box coat of stiff velvet serves for both daytime and informal wear.

FASHION IS the major study of every pretty girl going away to college, even though the grim halls of higher learning don't give her credit for it. Her high school does not recognize the necessity of training her in the whys and wherefores of what to wear, either, but help is right at hand. A motion picture theatre will give a bright girl enough knowledge of figure-molding economics, trends in modern dress history, and the science of grabbing the spotlight at campus social events to win highest honors from her fellow students.

The new picture that gives the best tips on the sort of young and dashing clothes that are best for campus wear is "Double or Nothing." Bing Crosby is the star, but if you are looking for fashions, you won't have eyes for anyone but Mary Carlisle. Designer Edith Head has a special gift for designing young clothes that are both well-bred and giddy, demure yet dramatic, and the clothes she has made for Mary Carlisle are every girl's dream of what a campus wardrobe should be. A girl can get fashion tips, too, from some of the clothes that blonde Phyllis Brooks wears in "In Old Chicago."

Now, you girls who are just going into a job this Fall or staying at home can profitably join us in our motion picture theatre classroom, of course, but the lessons to be learned here are really more vital to the girl who is going away to be seen in a brand-new setting. The moment she sets foot on the campus, the big examination will take place. Is she a knockout or a dud? Dressing effectively is going to play a big part in the verdict on her.

An essential of dressing effectively where you are making a first impression is—don't be obvious. Don't be so demure and cute, so casual and sportsy, or so slinky and sleek that you can be summed up at first glance and pigeon-holed as a type. It's better to select a costume that is extreme in only one way, one that is extremely becoming. You may be the best athlete from your prep school, but at college you want to look like the all-around type that is set to go places—football games, formal dances, long hikes, or dinner for two at the college inn, so don't spoil your prospects by giving a first impression of

COLLEGE COURSE IN CLOTHES

Mary Carlisle and Phyllis Brooks answer what every co-ed wants to know about Fashion



Mary's ruffled organdy blouse gives demure prettiness to her suave velvet lounging pajamas.

BY ANN WILLS

a girl who would be swell at sports but never dramatic enough to make a grand entrance at the first frat dance.

The ensemble that Phyllis Brooks is wearing in the accompanying photograph, or the dress and box coat that Mary Carlisle wears are ideal for that first appearance on the campus. They are what college girls call "soft" clothes and what all the smartest are wearing in revolt against spectator sports dresses and tailored shirtmaker frocks. There is no such thing as a spectator sports frock, according to college girls. Either you are an active participant, wearing sweater and skirt, or shorts, or a ski suit, or you are a languid lily on the sidelines, in which case you should show up these muscular athletic girls by wearing the softest and most feminine outfit consistent with good taste for daytime wear. *(Continued on page 96)*



Randolph Scott sorta busted loose while making "So Red the Rose" recently.

Katharine Hepburn's cried "Wolf" too often to suit newspaper photographers

BY ROBERT H. McILWAINE

If players act their ages, they're called colorless, so

THEY CAN'T BE NATURAL

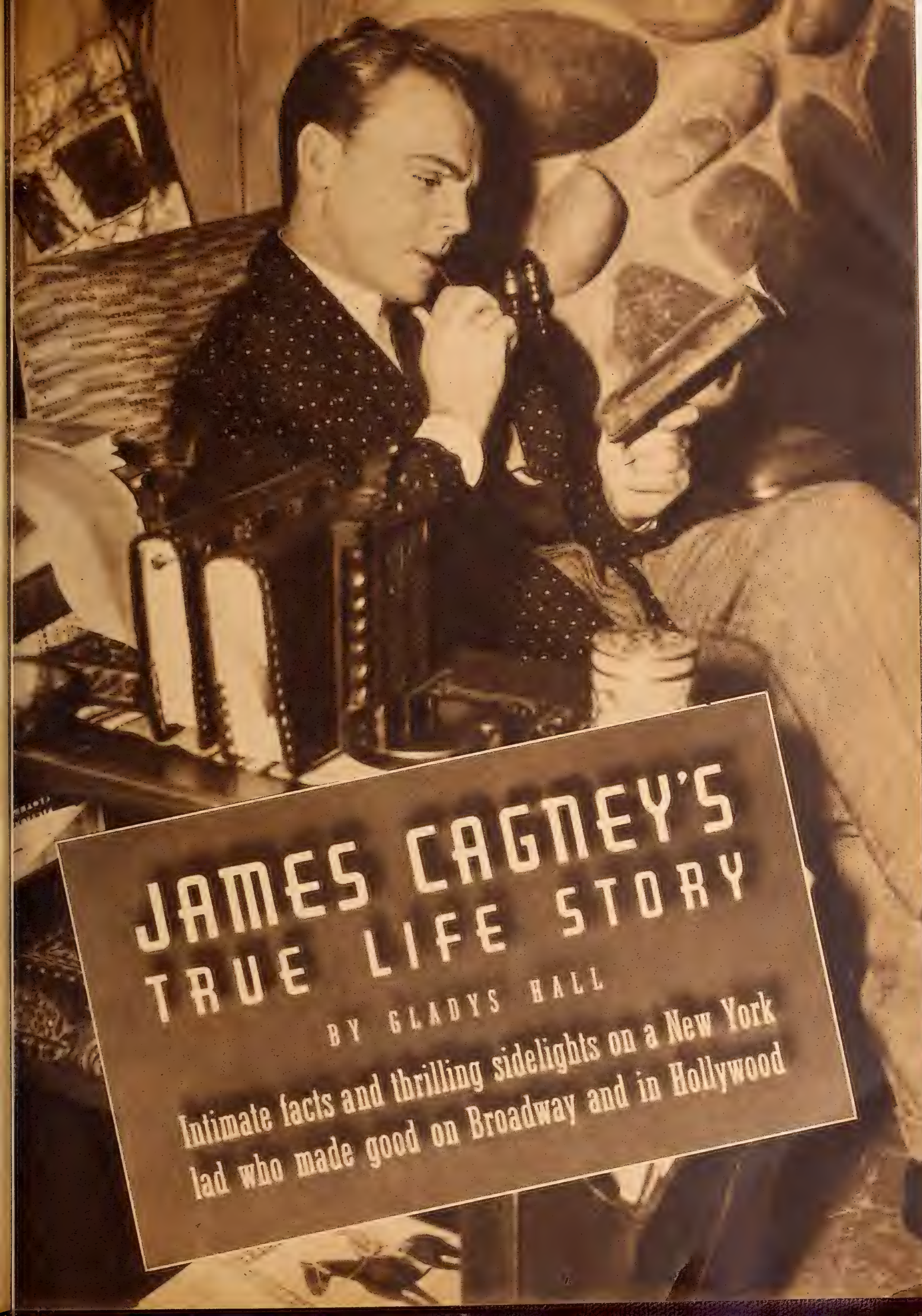
SOME FOLKS claim that nobody loves a fat man, while others say the same of a show-off. However, everyone loves a glamorous movie star, although there is hardly one among the stellar ranks who is not a show-off—in fact, equal even unto any village cut-up—when it comes to being the self-appointed center of attraction.

In all the village of Hollywood, there isn't much that could be termed completely natural. Just why, in all probability, is due to the influence of what is known as "the industry." Even the gentry surrounding the city of make-believe seem, to an outsider, to be exhibitionists. Perhaps for this reason we have come to think of Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard, Margaret Sullavan, and even a few of our handsome Lotharios, as being somewhat on the smart-alecky side. Consequently, when the opportunity presents itself to see them, in the flesh, you're occasionally surprised to find they would like to be human, but are not very often permitted to take advantage of this luxury.

Publicized as Hollywood's foremost show-off, Katharine Hepburn wears the crown with nonchalance. Born in New Haven, she could easily be publicized as the Connecticut Cut-up! However, there is a more human side to Katie and at the risk of playing Pollyanna, I'm going to take her side and tell a few of the things she put up with before she started "dishing it out." Yes, she has taken it in the past—and usually on the chin.

During the lean days when a burning desire to act sent Katie on the rounds of theatrical offices, she led a dog's life. Literally fired from many companies and ritzed by the thespians fortunate enough to be set, Hepburn didn't get a chance to show temperament. One look at her chin will prove that she was determined to get to the top and show them that she was good.

She wasted no time in doing this, once she was in Hollywood. With her first picture, she became an overnight sensation. No sooner was the country resounding with cheers (*Continued on page 99*)


JAMES CAGNEY'S
TRUE LIFE STORY
BY GLADYS HALL
Intimate facts and thrilling sidelights on a New York
lad who made good on Broadway and in Hollywood

IN A CORNER saloon on Eighth Street and Avenue D, in New York, some thirty odd years ago, the genial Irish proprietor was treating his genial Irish cronies to beers, to fat black cigars and pipe tobacco, to chunks of boisterous pride, back-slappings and begorras. For, on that day of July 17th, a second son had been born to the Cagneys of Avenue D. And, shure, the proprietor was none other than James Cagney himself, now, by the Blessed Saints above, James Cagney, Senior. Black Irish was the elder Cagney, but with the free hand, the heart of gold that passed out many a free beer to those who were down on their luck.

Many a burden was lifted from the heart that bore it by the father of the son who, also, would lift the burdens of the oppressed, fight the fight of the downtrodden. "Father was a star in his own right," said the grown Jim Cagney. "His world was his public, too. His home-comings were always events to us kids. I can remember him, swaggering in, hat a little cocked over one eye, especially if he had a beer or so in him, fending us off as we hurled ourselves against him, saying gruffly, 'If I thought you meant it, I'd let you have it,' giving us a light upper cut to the chin with one fist, then swallowing us up in bear hugs and kisses as tender as our mother's." He died when Jimmy was eighteen. That was in 1918.

BUT ON that hot July day on Avenue D in a darkened bedroom of the flat which the Cagneys—mother, father, Harry and now the baby, James—called home, a woman with lines of pride, erasing the lines of pain, looked down on the fuzz of red hair, the dark eyes, the steady pointing fingers of the mite who was the just-born James Francis Cagney, Second.

Said his mother, "He will make his mark in the world, this one."

This was surely a prophetic remark. At the age of five, the small boy was spending hours upon his small, flat stomach, tongue thrust in cheek, breath coming a little short, drawing, copying. He made copies of advertising sketches in the few magazines which found their way, second-hand, into the Cagney home. He put the things he saw and some of the things neither he nor any man ever saw, but only dreamed, on paper.

He seemed to care as much for drawing as he did for the teeming, multifold activities of the crowded streets on which he lived his childhood. He always spoke softly, scarcely above a whisper, so that you had to bend close to hear what he was saying. "Whispering Jim Cagney" they call him here in Hollywood. "Speak up, will ya," was what they shouted at him on the sidewalks of New York.

"I always talked softly," says Jimmy, "and I can explain it. I didn't want to attract attention to myself. I thought that, by speaking softly, I would pass unnoticed. It seems contradictory, I know, because of the theory that actors are actors inasmuch as, primarily, they are exhibitionists. I believe that to be so. Yet, it is true that my whole life has been spent in an effort to avoid being noticed. On the stage or screen, it is different, because—I am not myself when I am acting."

In due course of time the elder Cagney dispersed other free beers and delighted begorras—at the births of Edward, William, and, lastly, Jeanne, the last baby, and the only girl.

All the children went to the public schools in the districts in which they lived. There was nothing at all remarkable, Jimmy says, about his school days, except, perhaps, that in a neighborhood where good boys were lean pickin's he was a good boy. He was quiet and well-behaved. He seemed to be born with gentle manners. He learned his lessons well and earned good marks. He never played hookey nor "sassed" the teacher. He was never told to "see the Principal." He was never a problem child.

NOT THAT he didn't join heartily in the life on the streets. He did—on Eighth Street, later on 79th (in Yorkville), and still later on 96th Street—the extent of the city migrations of the Cagneys.

He was an ardent member of his gang, the Up-The-



Baby carriages have come a long way since 1901 and so has little Jimmy Cagney, who celebrated his first birthday in all this finery. Pretty elegant?

Blocks. There were, also, the Down-The-Blocks and the Middle-Of-The-Blocks. Furious and often bloody was the rivalry between these gangs. Jimmy held his own, but always quietly and, when possible, bloodlessly.

He trained with some of the kids in the cellar clubs, kids who were "training" to be fighters. "I never liked punchers," he told me. "I liked boxers. If a kid could box, I didn't care whether he could break an egg with his punches or not." He was known as "Cellar-door Cagney" because of his prowess in doing tap dances on the slanting cellar doors, where so much of the life of the neighboorhood kids was lived. He played marbles, shot crap, swapped junk and boasted with the best of them.

He had, also, the care and responsibility of his young brother, Bill. He became very adept at ways and means of getting rid of Bill, who tagged him patiently, perpetually, with the small boy's hero-worship of an elder brother. Now, with beautiful irony, young Bill is his brother's manager in Hollywood. "And he still tags me," laughed Jimmy.

Jimmy's first pal was a lad named Moishie Weisslitz. They were seatmates in school and gangmates in the Up-The-Blocks. Then Moishie moved away.

"We didn't meet again for nearly twenty years," said Jimmy. "Then, one day, my wife and I were on a Long Beach, Long Island, train. I said to Frances, 'There's a fellow sitting ahead of us whom I haven't seen for twenty years. He won't remember me, but I'm going to speak to him.' I'd only seen the back of his neck and his ears. I went over, tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Hello, Moishie.' And without so much as looking up, he came right back with 'Hello, Jim.'

"That's friendship. Most of my best friends," said Jimmy, "have been Jews."

From the very beginning, there was something innately fastidious and gentle and sensitive about the boy who was to become known as a tough guy on the screen. There is



At fourteen, a tried and true member of the gang known as "The Up-The-Blocks," Jim took time out from his many activities for this informal shot.



Baseball, boxing—the clean sports—appealed to Jimmy then. They appeal to him now, too. He neither smokes nor drinks, for he saw too much of it.

something fine and exceptional about a man who, as a boy, went through so crude a childhood and emerged with only pity for the bitter bread he saw broken all around him.

When Jimmy was six or seven the family moved to 79th Street, and later to 96th Street. Living on the last-named block made an indelible mark on Jimmy. "There was a pall of tragedy over that street—96th between Third and Lexington Avenue," says Jimmy today. "I used to sit on my mother's lap, in the early gray mornings," he continued, "watching for my father to come home. I'd see a little chap, like a skinny gray shadow coming out of the crevices of the walls, foraging in the garbage cans for his breakfast. He was snagging food for his sagging little belly. He was a boy who sat next to me at school. And he was the chap who, later, went to the chair for murder. He first got twenty years to life for a stick-up, was sent to Dannemora and there carved up another prisoner—and burned for it.

POVERTY," said Jimmy, "was the exact cause of that old schoolmate of mine going to the chair. He was one of seven kids. His father was a bricklayer. Bricklayers work only in certain seasons. His mother was too busy to take care of the kids.

"It's a funny thing, but the elder brothers in such families—the boys who have to take care and do take care of the younger ones—always turn out okay. This fellow was a younger brother, and he got the chair. He was at Sing Sing when I went up there with a semi-professional team to play the Sing Sing team. I saw him. He and I had played ball, under different conditions, on the sidewalks of New York. Yet, were the conditions so different for him? I think not. I think they were shaping him, inexorably, beyond his volition, for the end he was to meet. I don't believe it was his fault. He was weak-bodied, on the verge of tuberculosis, mentally deficient, and poverty did the rest.

"There was another chap, too, a still younger brother in the same family. He did a stick-up, too. An Italian club. They caught him. Shots were fired, and a cop was killed. He was badly wounded. While he was bleeding to death, dying, they kicked him down five flights of stairs and out into the street. When he asked for water they said, 'It's water you want, is it?'—and with that they flung swill in his face. When he asked for a blanket because he was cold, they said, 'Cold, are you?'—and gave him for a coverlet—the corpse of the policeman he had shot. He was tubercular, too. After that kicking and mauling, he was paralyzed from the waist down. He went to Sing Sing, too. You see, these fellows never had a chance. They strike, blindly and bestially, at the blind and bestial forces which have, first, struck bludgeoning blows at them.

"Yep, there was something sinister about that street. There were always crêpes on the doors on 96th Street. A miasma hung over the place. One side of the block was lined with wretched tenements. On the other side, where we lived, the houses and flats were fairly substantial. That is New York. On the 'bad side,' there were always ambulances backed up to doorways to pick up the broken bodies of kids who had fallen off the roofs, or who had been bashed up in family rows. There was always a hearse picking up some little body which hadn't been able to stand the gaff. There were always 'contagion' signs, placarding the doors. The air was constantly made hideous by the shrieks and screams of the kids and the sobs and moans of the mothers. And in those gray mornings, there were the pale shadows of the thin-bellied little chaps ferreting out food from the garbage pails.

"We escaped contamination, if that is what it is," said Jimmy, "thanks to our mother. Thanks to the fact that she made a twenty-four-hour job of being a mother. She was, and is, a very definite and forceful character. Irish and courageous. Her mother was an Irish girl. Her father,



"Penny Arcade's" Broadway audiences didn't realize it then, but the gent simply known as James Cagney and the gal called Joan Blondell were potential pitcher stars.

A talent scout caught up with Jimmy and Joan with a movie contract in each hand. Here's Mr. C. in "Sinners' Holiday," the screen version of "Penny Arcade."



born in Oslo, was a sailor and machinist. A grand old man, fierce and vigorous. He lived with us when I was a kid, and I was scared to death of him. Our worst punishment was to be told, 'You'll have to sleep with Grandpa tonight.' For old Henry Nelson slept 'with one eye open,' and if I so much as twitched a muscle, he was thundering at me.

"My father's people were Irish and had been in the paint and varnish business in New York. They were hard-working, respectable, God-fearing and, at one time, well-to-do.

OUR MOTHER'S chief ambition in life was to 'get the kids an education.' She had terrific drive, and she drove, consistently and without detours, in that one direction. When a relative left her a modest legacy, she wouldn't touch it.

"She put it by as an educational fund for us. She took a great, intelligent interest in medicine. She was the direct cause of Harry and Edward becoming doctors. And splendid doctors they are, too, the one in Woodside, the other in Jackson Heights, Long Island. When she was ill she would describe and make notes of her own symptoms so that she could discuss them, intelligently, with the boys.

"She used herself as a case history. When she was in the hospital for an operation she did the same thing. She kept a chart of her own condition, the causes contributing to it, the medical and surgical care, the results, good and bad. When, later, she suffered from a heart condition, she took the same detached and scientific interest in that. Never strong in body, she more than compensated for that by the strength of her mind and character.

"And she was a mother twenty-four hours of the day. That was her job, and she did it, full time, over time. She pitted herself firmly against the forces of our environment—the streets, the schools, the boys we met, the things we were bound to hear, the influences we couldn't wholly escape.

"She talked with us, not at us. She told us that what you give in this life you also get back in kind. She taught us that what you do is done, again, to you. She showed us, clearly, that ugliness, crime and vulgarity pay their own dividends in ugliness, crime and vulgarity.

"She decorated our lives," said her son, "as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. We always had jolly Christmases, stockings hung up on the gas jets, candies and toys, a turkey dinner. We only had one or two Christmas trees, because, in those days, Christmas trees were lit with candles. One Christmas ours caught on fire and old Grandpop Nelson had to snatch it, a burning brand, from the front room and heave it into the street. After that we never had another. Walk-up flats in congested areas of New York are too serious as fire hazards.

"She did a fair share of 'entertaining,' too. I can remember 'company' coming in for tea, and how I was always sent to the corner bakery for lady fingers. Lady fingers were my passion. My mother often says that lady fingers were my only lapse. For I'd be sent on an errand to bring home a dozen, and when I got home, there were seldom more than three or four left! I often think, looking back, that those 'company afternoons' were held to give us kids a chance to show 'good manners.' We had to bow, speak politely, and exercise the gifts of hospitality."

YES. A mother twenty-four hours of the day was Carolyn Cagney. And as witness thereof her children speak for her—her two sons who are doctors; Jimmy, whose success is self-evident; Bill who is his brother's manager.

It was Bill, incidentally, who gave up a career of his own in the movies because of his strong resemblance to his brother. It wasn't fair to Jimmy, Bill decided for himself.

"If I had been rotten and some of the fans had mistaken me for Jim, it wouldn't have done him any good. Even if I had been successful the resemblance was still too strong to make it jake." And so, he gave it up.

Oddly, so Jimmy told me, his brothers and sister all resemble him, but not one of them resemble each other. The Cagneys have been, always, "all for one and one for all." "Our motto," Jimmy continued, "was 'united we stand, divided we fall.' I can't remember a time when, if any one of us had three bucks, he didn't throw it immediately into the kitty. We never thought of doing anything else. Boys who worked for their own 'pocket money' were beyond our understanding. I'm glad of it. It's good for a fellow to work. It's better for a fellow to work in order to live. It teaches him that there's more to life than just having fun.

"And doing things together, as Mother drummed into our heads, sharing everything, working for a common end, instead of each going off in separate directions, gave us the feeling we were strong. The trouble with most poor families is that they don't have that community feeling, and alone they're helpless in a tough world."

Yes, Mrs. Cagney's job is well done. Successful, every one of her children. (Young Jeanne is now at Hunter College.) They are not only successful in their professions, but successful as human beings, too. This is the real tribute they pay Carolyn Cagney, who had all of the harsh, inimical forces of the New York streets and their pitfalls to battle and conquer. Jimmy, by the way, neither



It's all very amusing to Jimmy now, but his first appearance on any stage was as a Chinese pantomimest at a neighborhood Settlement House. He insists that there were no complaints from the cash customers.



Another scene from his first legitimate stage offering, which also boasted the late Ross Alexander and Paul Guilfoyle. Though it took a little time, all of them eventually found spots for themselves under the Klieg lights.

smokes nor drinks. He saw enough of that when he was a lad.

Jimmy's first "girl" was one named simply Annie. He never knew her last name. His chief recollection of her is that she wore pigtails and was shiningly clean. Their first encounter came about like this: Annie passed him on 79th Street one day, and knelt down and tied up his shoe laces for him. "I untied them," said Jimmy, shamelessly, "just before she came along." Jimmy and Annie "kept company" until one or the other moved away. He carried her books to school, helped her with her homework, stood up for her when other boys teased her, made offerings of sticky, all-day suckers, wads of gum and, once, a scarlet ribbon for her pig-tails.

From Bill I learned that Jimmy was "a one" with the girls and that his method was, consistently, the same as his method with Annie. He first brought them, by subtle suggestion, never by force, to their knees before him. And then, once the domination of the male was established, he asked no more service, but gallantly and humbly served.

When Jimmy was ten the family moved to Ridgewood, Long Island. Jimmy will never lose that feeling of rapturous release. There are many city-bred lads, he told me, who are so used to the crowded sidewalks of New York that they are lonely in the country. Not Harry, Edward, Jimmy and Bill. They took to the fields like young field animals.

They climbed trees and loved the feeling of dirt roads and meadow grass under their bare feet. They acquired a mongrel dog and he was, undoubtedly, the forerunner of the Chow dogs Jimmy owns, loves, raises and personally cares for in Beverly Hills, today. The little frame house in Ridgewood is the forerunner, too, no doubt, of the seventy-acre farm Jimmy has just bought at Martha's Vineyard. The love of the country, the sea, the fields and the woods is a powerful, absorbing love with Jimmy today.

But that happy life in Ridgewood didn't last very long. It was too far for the elder Cagney to commute. He was already ailing.

So, with dismal shrieks and protests and more than a little silent suffering in the wrenched heart of young James, the Cagney family moved back to New York, to that 96th Street which was to become stigmata to him.

JIMMY began to grow up. He passed his grammar grades successfully. He went to Stuyvesant High School and continued there with the drawing he had never given up. While in high school he helped pay attendant expenses by working, part time, at the neighborhood Settlement House. He worked "on the door." He saw to it that the boys used the pool and the gym. At the Settlement House, he met Mr. and Mrs. Burton James, who were to take the first really constructive interest in his drawing, in the potentialities in that compact, soft-spoken, somehow sound, young personality. Mr. and Mrs. James too, echoed that first prophetic remark of Jimmy's mother, the prophecies of Eighth Street and 79th Street and 96th Street.

It was Mr. and Mrs. James who arranged for Jimmy to meet people who could look at his drawings with eyes of discernment. That he had ability seemed to be beyond doubt. An architect, perhaps? A designer of theatrical scenery? A cartoonist? Why not? Such suggestions pleased and interested Jimmy, little more. For Jimmy never thought beyond the present. Jimmy had neither time nor opportunity for dreams of future aspirations or possibilities. Life was too much a matter of expediency with the Cagneys. It was a matter of "How many dimes and quarters for the kitty today?", not "How many mythical millions ten years later?" Millions in the future wouldn't put bread and Irish stew on the Cagney table then. No, Jimmy couldn't reckon in futures, no matter how glittering.

Mr. and Mrs. James and Cagney became fast friends, however. They formed a Dramatic Club, there at the Settlement House. They put on plays for and with the neighborhood boys and girls. Jimmy designed and painted scenery for them. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. James asked Harry Cagney to play the lead in the Chinese pantomime they were producing. But Harry, already deep in pre-medical work, couldn't take the time. And so Mr. James asked Jimmy to substitute for his brother. Jimmy did. That was his very first appearance on any stage—as a Chinese pantomimist. "And no bells rang out, wild or otherwise," grinned Jimmy reminiscently, "in my belfry or in anybody else's. I was all right, I guess. There were no complaints."

Between work in high school, his drawing and his work after school, Jimmy had little time for other interests. He played a couple of parts in other amateur theatricals, in "Lost Silk Hat," "The Rising of the Moon," and other plays. He read omnivorously, and he learned the joy and satisfaction of discussing the books he had read and what he got out of them; he learned the joy of discussing life and theories and abstract ideas with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. James. He remembers, especially, a long evening spent in arguing the special merits and demerits of Shaw's "Man and Superman."

But when, after a protracted illness, the elder Cagney died, with two brothers in medical school, with his mother also ailing and a baby sister (not to mention young Bill, who was already contributing his quota of dimes and quarters to the Cagney kitty), with all of these many and pressing responsibilities, Jimmy knew only one law—the law of getting a job, the law of being constantly on the alert for another job, for other jobs, with more pay to 'em. It didn't matter, in Jimmy's scheme of things, whether you liked a job or not. It only mattered how much dough it paid.

During summer vacations Jimmy held down two jobs, one by day, one by night. He wrapped bundles at Wanamaker's by day and jerked sodas by night. During school sessions he served as a bell-hop at the Friars Club by day, hours 5 p. m. to 3:30 a. m.; then school at 8:30 a. m. and bundle wrapping or soda jerking again in the scant interims. He also worked after school at the New York Public Library. Jimmy learned, there, to love the very smell and sight and feel of books. He felt kinship with them.

"It was all good for me," Jimmy said. "No, I don't feel sorry for myself. On the contrary, it made me realize that there was something beyond just having fun in life. There is."

After graduating from high school, Jimmy got a job as a junior architect. He did tracing and lettering which his long years of apprenticeship with a pencil had qualified him to do. While working in the architect's office, he still held his job at the Settlement House, nights.

Then came the War. Jimmy enlisted in the Officers

The grapefruit Cagney pushed into Mae Clarke's face in "Public Enemy" made history, and the picture made Jim. So you can't blame him if he likes to call this his favorite fil-lum.



Jimmy, the Missus and Joan Blondell took the same train for Hollywood the day they signed on the dotted line. "Smart Money" was the second film to co-star Jim and the pretty Joan.





'Way back in 1932, Loretta Young was Cagney's heart interest in "Taxi."

"The Crowd Roars," with Eric Linden, was another smash-bang Cagney thriller.

boys doing female impersonations. It was a knockabout act, purely burlesque. We had a lot of fun, and it never occurred to any one of us to be ashamed of it. It might seem strange and unbelievable, taking into account my habitual desire to go unnoticed. But again, this illustrates what I mean when I say that I am not shy or self-conscious when I am on the stage or screen. For there I am not myself. I am not that fellow, Jim Cagney, at all. I certainly lost all consciousness of him when I put on skirts, wig, paint, powder, feathers and spangles! Besides, that was the time, right after the War, when service acts were still fresh in the mind, when female impersonators were the vogue."

Jimmy's family, however, thought that he was wasting his time. The young medical students, his brothers, and the mother who had wanted professions for her sons, could hardly be expected to look with favor upon a relative of theirs dangling about in pink tulle. So Jimmy, with a shrug, departed from the stage and became a runner in Wall Street. From runner he was promoted to "window man"—one of the invisible brethren who sit aloft, behind apertures, and make signs to the Bulls and Bears down in the dust of the arena.

It was when he was eighteen that Jimmy's first serious romance touched and colored his hard-working life. There isn't much time for romance to wedge its thin, tenuous, thrilly way into a life compounded of three and four jobs a day—school, study, burdens and responsibilities that put blinders on young eyes, a grappling iron on a young heart. Romance, to find a niche in such a life, must touch it with extraordinarily poignant finger tips, insinuate itself with an extraordinarily penetrating passion. In other words, it had to be pretty real to quicken the pulse of young Jim Cagney.

This young love of Jimmy's was a college student. She must be nameless, for she is, now, happily married and the mother of two children. At first, all their talk was of books, art, music, of the things they both loved. They took long bus rides under Autumnal moons. They went to the movies and held hands. They walked up and down Riverside Drive. While Jimmy was working at the Friars he got a pair of free passes, occasionally, and then he took his girl to the show. Their only spats arose because Jimmy wouldn't take her to dance halls. Dancing was "sissified,' he said, and 'only cake-eaters dance.'

Training School. With his $30. a month from this source, he entered Columbia University and there took a general course, majoring in Art. He did not do pre-medical school work, as has been said. The Armistice signed, Jimmy obtained his discharge from the Army and took the first job that presented itself—bundle-wrapping again and again at Wanamaker's.

NOW, IT was becoming more and more imperative that the Cagney "kitty," as they always called it, be fed something heartier than dimes and quarters. There were the two brothers in medical school, working their way through. They had Carolyn Cagney's legacy, to be sure, to make it possible, but they needed an occasional lift, even so, what with expensive text books and laboratory fees. There was young Bill coming along and there was, unwavering, the mother's determination that "the kids" have their educations.

While bundle-wrapping, Jimmy confided in one of the clerks that he wanted a job "with more dough." Had to have it, in fact. The young clerk advised him that he could give him a steer "if you could only sing and dance." Jimmy said, "I couldn't do either, of course. But I said I could—also, of course. The 'steer' this chap gave me landed me on a trapeze where I hung by my neck for the sum of $25. a week, which was just $9. more per week than I had been getting. And, as a consequence, was a little bit all right with me. I would have hung by my nose from the moon for nine dollars more a week.

"Then, for about eight weeks, I was one of six



They were sort of engaged, says Jimmy. They talked of what they would do with their lives together when Jimmy made good. They would have a little house in the country, kids, fields, flowers and books, painting their joined lives with gentle glory. Then Jimmy left Wall Street and, again, went on the stage. Jimmy's girl did not approve of young men who went on the stage. She saw no future in that kind of thing. No future, at any rate, that she wanted to share. So she said goodbye to Jimmy under the shadow of Grant's Tomb. And she took up, in time, with a tall, slim young man who went to dance parlors with her and didn't think dancing was sissified. Jimmy felt as if all the skyscrapers in New York had dislodged their brick and mortar upon his bruised spirit. "I thought my heart was broken," he says. "It wasn't, but I thought it was. And thinking is as painful as being. It wasn't broken at all. But I didn't know that then."

IT WAS shortly after Jimmy was promoted to "window man" on Wall Street that he quit, very suddenly, to answer a call for boys for a musical show. "How I was picked," laughs Jimmy softly, "I'll never know. Must have been a scarcity of boys, amounting to a famine. There were no mail-order dancing schools in those days, y'know."

The show, which was the first legitimate one to present James Cagney to the world (though more or less anonymously since his name was only one of the group of chorus boys) was "Pitter Patter," with Helen Bolton and Ernest Truex in leading roles.

And there, in that show, Jimmy Cagney met the girl



He was a chorus boy and she a chorus girl when Frances and Jimmy said their "I do's" to the preacher in little ole New York.

Hot clinches never appealed to Jimmy—a sure-fire punch was much more to his liking—but here he is in a romantic pose with Virginia Bruce from "Winner Take All."

However, a typical Cagney special like "Mayor of Hell," which was long on action and short on love, was right up his alley. Here he is with lovely Madge Evans.

who was to become his wife.

"In the chorus of 'Pitter Patter,'" said Jimmy, "I, a chorus boy, met Frances Willard Vernon, a chorus girl. Yep, 'twas love at first sight, practically. Frances was fresh from an Iowa farm. She had made a short stop-over at a girls' school in Chicago. And then, stage-struck, which I had never been, she came to New York and got a job in the chorus.

"She was so shy, so obviously frightened to death of New York, life in the Big City, the theatre and theatrical people, that I was attracted to her out of the desire to protect the kid. It was much the same feeling as that of taking a little child into the dark and proving that there is no bogieman concealed there.

"She was the country I loved, the fields and the streams. She gave me that sense of rapturous release I had had when, as a kid, we moved to Ridgewood. I was the City she feared. I didn't want her to know the things I knew. It was up to me to see that she didn't. It was a job I loved—and then I knew that she was the girl I loved.

"Our marriage was all very quiet and, to the world, uneventful. An obscure chorus boy and girl getting married in New York isn't news. We weren't news at all, except to one another. But we were very much in love, and that is always headline stuff to the parties concerned.

"After we were married, we did a vaudeville act together. We toured a lot of the tank towns, under the name of 'Cagneys' Circuit'. We also did a few musical shows. I taught Frances to tap, and she became one of the best women taps dancers in the business. The pupil was better than the teacher. I kept hoping that the day would come when she could retire, be billed only as 'Mrs. James Cagney.' I kept hoping, too, for the day when we would have kids of our own to struggle for, plan for, as my mother had for us."

Perhaps the only real tragedy in the life of Frances and Jim Cagney is that they have never been blessed with "kids to fight for." They have wanted them and hoped for them and still want them so very much.

They lived in Greenwich Village after they were married. But Jimmy did not pick up any of his so-called "radical ideas" in the Village. For that was 1926 and the Village, per se, was no more. The avid young intellectuals, the poets, the long-haired men and short-haired women, the eager young soap-box addicts who burned to redress the wrongs of the world were gone.

"Our friends," said Jimmy, "were, principally, newspaper men and their wives. Some of them were chaps I had known in the old days in New York. Robert Sill, then New York correspondent for the *Boston Herald,* was one of them. Sill and I had been kids together on 79th Street. He had, for a time, shared the job at the Settlement House with me. Arthur Klein and I had been friends since we were in our early teens. Charlie Leonard, now chief of advertising for United Artists, was a bell-hop at the Friars, when I was 'hopping' there. Then there was Morris Gilbert of the *New York Times;* Jim Fair of the *Pittsburgh Gazette Times;* Ik Shuman of the *New York Times;* Bryan Field, Jimmy Kiernan and Si Fishkind, also of the *Times.*

We worked very hard and talked a lot and had a lot in common. And we also had more than our share



Like the rest of the male contingent, Jimmy tried the spinach on the upper lip. Whatever the rest of us thought, Joan approved, for "He Was Her Man" for seven reels.



Because he excelled as a hoofer, Mr. C. could do a mean fox-trot when the occasion demanded, as was the case in "Devil Dogs of the Air," with Margaret Lindsay.



Bet you never knew what a "G-Man" was 'til that Cagney man put those government sleuths on the movie map. That's Mag Lindsay with him.



Talented as a thespian, our Jimmy can wield a pencil and turn out an artistic piece of work, too. Above, "The Irish in Us" with June Trotter.

of fun. Frances and I laid the groundwork then, I suppose, for the kind of life we have always led and still lead. We seldom go to parties, either in New York or in Hollywood. Our social activities, now as then, consist in having a few good friends at our home in Beverly Hills when we are there, or on our boat, sitting up all night and chewing the furious fat. Frank McHugh, Pat and Eloise O'Brien, the Chester Morrises, Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich and a few others, are good friends of ours. And always Bill, of course. In the summer my mother and Jeanne are with us. We've tried to persuade my mother to live with us, but she's more content where she is, near New York and my brothers who, being doctors, can care for her when she needs it."

It was shortly after Jimmy's marriage that he left the gaslight circuit and came, so to speak, to Broadway. But before Broadway came an adventure, seldom told, little suspected, in Jimmy's career. For, some five years before Jimmy came to Hollywood to stay, he made a trip to Hollywood and did not stay. He didn't remain because he couldn't get work; because he would have starved if he had remained. He came, with his wife, to visit his wife's mother and sisters, and, perhaps vaguely at the back of his mind, with the idea of breaking into pictures. He tried vaudeville. He and Harry Gribbon, then one of the screen's funny men, got up a vaudeville act together. They tried it out at San Diego. It ran for one night, and it folded.

He put an ad in the local papers. The ad read "Dancing Instructor" or words to that effect. He sat for days behind his tiny shingle waiting for the pupils who did not come. Finally, one did. A tall, burly Scot, with a newspaper-wrapped package under his arm. The package revealed a pair of clogs. Then and there the Scotchman did such an elaborate routine that Jimmy, honest, though on the thin edge of hunger, said, "I can't teach you anything."

And said the single "pupil," "I know you can't. That's why I came. I make a practice of answering all ads for dancing lessons just to show the 'teachers' up!"

So, after some four or five months, after casting offices would have none of him, after he realized that he could not get a job, even as an extra, Jimmy and the Missus pooled their last dollars, eked out enough for a pair of tickets to New York—and hit, humbly at first, the vaudeville circuit again. Few people know that Jimmy ever made that first ill-fated pilgrimage to the movie Mecca.

There came a chance for an audition for the role of a roughneck in Maxwell Anderson's play, "Outside Looking In." Jimmy made the audition and played the roughneck. Which was, presumably, the forerunner of the "tough guys" he has played, so consistently, ever since—so contrary to his true nature. For Jimmy Cagney is the very antithesis of a tough guy. His soft, whispering voice, his mild and gentle manner proceed from a warm and tender heart, from instincts more silken than burly and rough.

The man who founded the Humanitarian Party speaks for himself. Jimmy says that his activities in the much publicized humane directions have been fulsomely exaggerated. But Jimmy, as your true "tough guy" never is, is modest. Exaggerated or not, the idea of the Humanitarian Party did originate with Jimmy. Whenever there are strikes, labor troubles, floods, or disasters of any sort—either Acts of God or acts of men—Jimmy always steps generously to the fore and gives, unstintingly, of time and thought and more tangible commodities.

He is, now, an officer in the Screen Actors Guild here in Hollywood. The Guild was designed, he said, "to improve the lot of the 'little fellows' in pictures." A project which would, naturally, press close to his remembering heart. Remembering the little gray shadows, scavengering from garbage pails. Remembering all the sordid sights of his poverty-stricken youth.

Next, Jimmy scored in the hit play, "Women Go on Forever" with Mary Boland. While he was working on Broadway, he gave lessons in tap "on the side," for the purpose of augmenting the family in-

Maybe we're wrong, but remember all the fussing and feuding that went on over that picture contract? You wouldn't say that this get-up for "Frisco Kid" had anything to do with it, would ya?

come, so that the Cagney "kitty" in his own home and in his mother's home would not be lean of dimes and quarters.

The next season came, and he staged the "Grand Street Follies," playing a prominent role in them. They ran for two seasons.

The year, 1929, brought Jimmy his big chance, a role in George Kelly's memorable play, "Maggie, the Magnificent." And Jimmy played opposite a blond girl by the then unknown name of Joan Blondell. They both scored hits, and both were signed for "Penny Arcade" for the next season. In the meantime, Warner Brothers bought the play and Joan and Jimmy and Mrs. Cagney came to Hollywood. The picture version of the play went into production and emerged as "Sinners' Holiday," and was the beginning of screen fame for Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney.

EVEN THEN," Jimmy says now, "I had no fixed idea of what I wanted to do or to be. Vaudeville, plays on Broadway, picture work in Hollywood were all 'just jobs' to me. Never has there been a moment when I have paused and said, 'Now I am an actor. This is my profession. Here I am, all set.' I would, all along the

"Ceiling Zero" was the last picture that Jimmy made for Warners. June Travis is the gal.

Every man, be he movie star or your very best beau, dreams of having a den all his own.

Happy days are here for the Cagneys. They're not stepper-outers, but life isn't dull, either.

Jim never knows what to expect when the phone rings. It might be the Humanitarian Society or a pal asking for advice —or the Warner Brothers!

Like many Hollywood stars, Jimmy turns to his wife when weighty decisions must be made on his screen stories, casts and directors.





Wifey plays secr'try, friend and companion to Jim, who often chooses the rocky road.

Frances Cagney can whip up a right tasty meal, too, when it's maid's night out.

Vacationtime for the Cagneys means a trek to their farm at Martha's Vineyard, where Jimmy can relax.

Yep, a piano-tinkler, too. When you go a-visitin' with the Cagneys, there's no tellin' what Jim will be up to.

Jimmy's getting set for some fine and fancy shootin'! The Missus views the proceedings with proper interest.



Above, Mom Cagney and l. to r., Cousins O'Connor, Jim's wife, Frances, Boots and Bill Cagney, Jim and Sister Jeanne.



Jim learned early the necessity of keeping the Cagney "kitty" filled and doesn't mind admitting that when he signs a new contract, money is an important factor.

line, have taken any job that turned up, whenever it came, whatever it was; whether in the theatre, in a canned soup factory, in pictures, in the circus.

"I might easily have become a knockabout comedian. I may end up yet with the red nose and the baggy pants.

"Not that I don't take my work seriously. I do—very. But the point is, I'd take any work seriously, raised, as I was, to know darned well that work is serious. I took my bundle-wrapping seriously. I took my job at the Settlement House seriously. I bell-hopped with complete concentration. I was a female impersonator for all I was worth, with everything in me—and glad to get it to do.

"I can't say that I haven't gotten a certain satisfaction from some of the pictures I have made. Those which pleased me more than others have been 'Public Enemy,' 'Winner Take All,' 'Jimmy, the Gent' and 'Ceiling Zero.'

"I am not the characters I play. I believe that, in order to do anything well, you must have perspective, a certain amount of objectivity, of detachment. This is necessary in order to give a clear portrait of a character. If I were a 'tough guy,' I couldn't play one even as well as I hope I do. It has been more valuable to me to stand on the sidelines and, with a certain degree of impersonality, register the reactions I have noted. The idea of playing oneself is essentially fallacious. The fact that I am supposed to be a tough guy in real life doesn't bother me in the least. It's amusing. It doesn't matter."

What does matter to Jimmy is the right or the wrong of something that does matter. Soft-spoken, mild-mannered as he is, he will fight to his own victory or his own

destruction, if need be, for that in which he honestly and truthfully believes.

The present situation bears testimony to the above. And the present situation, according to my understanding, is that Jimmy is free of his contract at Warner Brothers, having won his case when it first came to court several months ago. In the Fall, so it stands at this writing, Warner Brothers' appeal to the decision handed down by the Superior Court of Los Angeles County will come before the Supreme Court of California. If the high court upholds the original verdict, Jimmy will have no further question thrown upon his right to continue to work for whomever he pleases. If their appeal is sustained, the effect will be to reinstate the contract under which Jimmy was working for them. In that case, if he continues to work in motion pictures, he will have to do so as an employee of Warner Brothers for two more years, which is the length of time that the annulled contract had to run. He is not at all certain, however, at this writing, that he will care to continue on the screen, if he has to work again under the contract which he fought so strenuously to have abrogated.

Yes, a fighter is Jimmy, bearing the memory, never a healed scar, of broken minds and broken bodies spattering themselves to bloody bits against forces which trod them under the heels of so-called righteousness they could never hope to elude. Might is not right to Jimmy. And he will fight, but only for what he feels, deeply and with conviction, to be right. And then he will fight so long as there is breath in his body, heat in his heart and memory in his mind.

Jimmy made "Great Guy" for Grand National. He will soon complete a musical, in which he does considerable dancing, titled, "Something to Sing About." He has signed for two more Grand National pictures, the first of which probably will be a story called "Dynamite," a dramatic tale of illegal oil traffic in Texas.

Either before making "Dynamite" (if they work out the right story for the title), or immediately following it, Jimmy will go to his new farm at Martha's Vineyard for at least two or three months' vacation.

"I want to spend most of the year, every year, at the Vineyard," Jimmy said, "and come to Hollywood only to work—in pictures, I mean. For I shall work on the farm, too, of course. I'll hoe and sow and plant and reap and care for the animals and do the chores. I won't be idle. Couldn't be. No need to be. I'll still take my vocal lessons, as I do now, three days a week. I'll keep up my study of musical theory and harmony. I'll have my four guitars, violins, two pianos.

"I play them all—and all very badly. I still draw occasionally, though my drawing is, now, more instinctive than consciously planned and executed. I have sublimated the old yen for drawing into drawing characters for the screen, I guess. It amounts to much the same thing. Such drawing as I do nowadays, I usually do on a tablecloth while I am lunching or dining—little, intimate quick sketches of my table companions.

"We'll have friends to stay with us and the family, of course—my mother, my brothers, Bill, my little sister, Jeanne, on her vacations from Hunter.

"I have a lot of reading I want to do. I've just read 'Inside Europe,' 'Way of a Transgressor,' 'Away from It All,' Webb Miller's 'I Found No Peace' and W. E. Woodward's 'New American History.' I'll have time to do more reading up there.

"I want to keep on making pictures, of course, under the right conditions. Two a year, if possible. If you want to do your best, that's plenty.

"I'll work wherever I am, whatever the work may be," smiled Jimmy, that slight, almost silken smile of his which seems to brush lightly across the gravity of his face. 'That habit can't be broken at this late date. I'll never forget the Cagney 'kitty'—never."

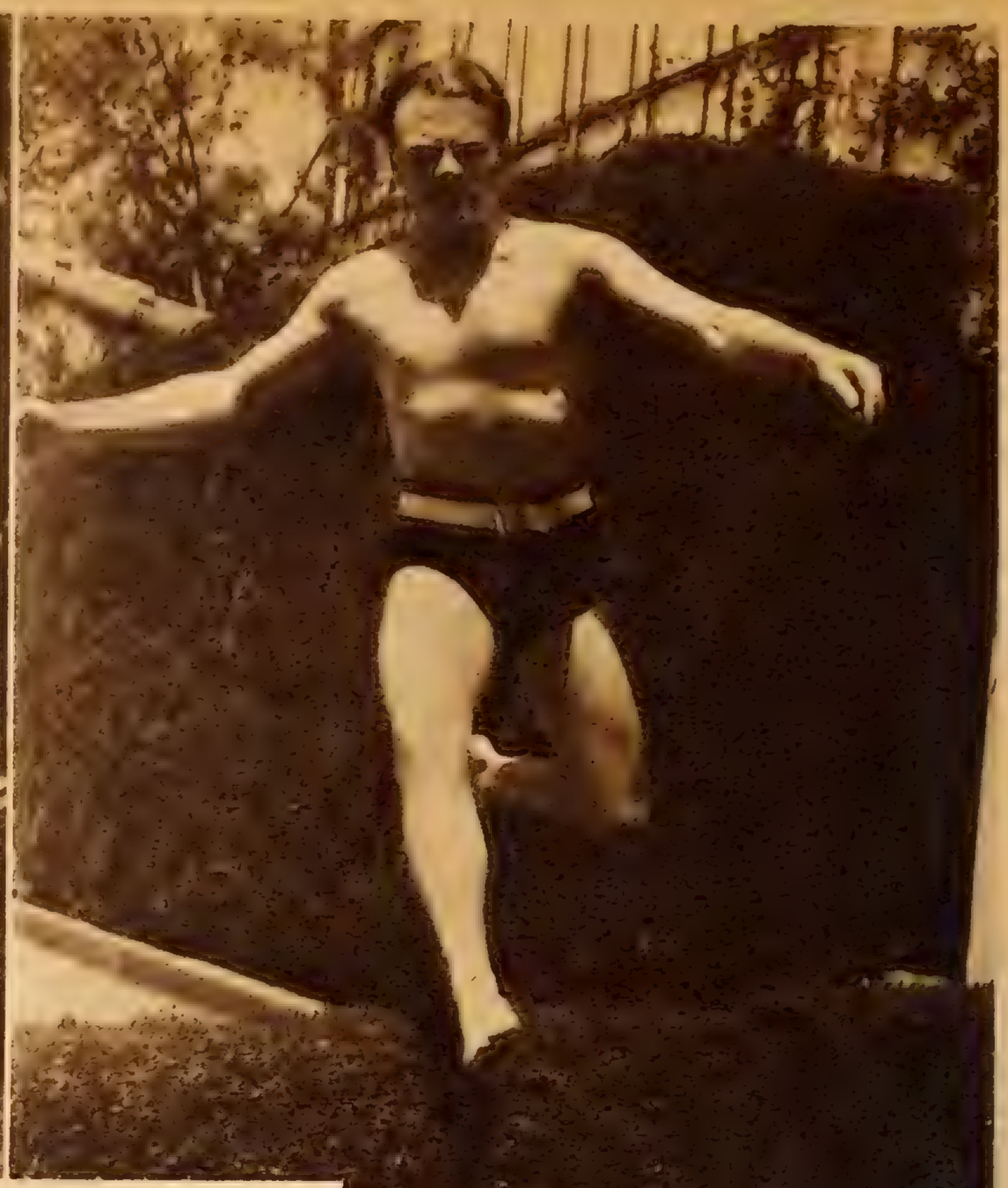


A little of the Cagney technique goes a long, long way, as his poor victims can testify. He demonstrates it for a scene in "Great Guy."



This whirl of pep danced day and night to perfect those dance routines for "Something to Sing About" with Evelyn Daw.





When it comes to sports, Jimmy doesn't have to take off his new Fall millinery to anyone! He can run up a ping-pong game (above left), do a little hedge-hurdling, skip rope and tear off a tennis game that would interest even the expert Fred Perry!







Beginner's Luck-1937

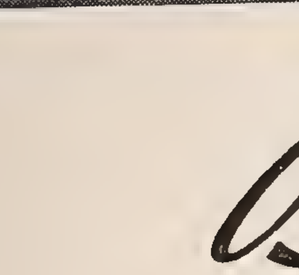
SPECIAL CHILD CLINICS . . . SPECIAL DAILY CARE . . .

EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE

NO WONDER TODAY'S CHILDREN GET A BETTER START!

WHAT a lucky start in life the youngster of 1937 gets!

No leave-it-to-chance care for him.



Special clinics guard him in every step of his growth and development. Special foods—special soaps—special toys—in fact, from his first day on, everything he gets is made especially for him.

Doesn't it stand to reason he should have a special laxative, too? A child's little system is not like yours. It is much too frail for the ruthless effects of an "adult" laxative.

For that reason, many doctors suggest Fletcher's Castoria. It is, as you know, purely a child's laxative—made especially *and only* for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs—nothing that could cause cramping pains. Nothing, in fact, that could possibly harm a child's delicate system.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel, gently urging the muscular movement. It is safe—sure—yet thorough.



A famous baby specialist has said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children don't balk at taking it. That's important! For, as you know, you can easily upset a child's entire nervous system by forcing him to take a bad-tasting medicine.

More than 5,000,000 mothers have learned to rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle from your druggist today? The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every bottle.

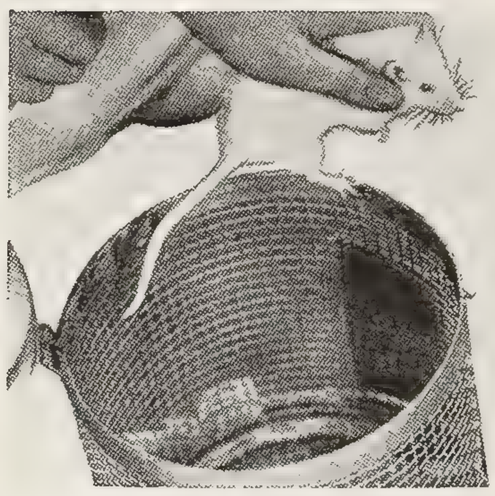
Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Laxative Made *Especially* for Babies and Growing Children



LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .



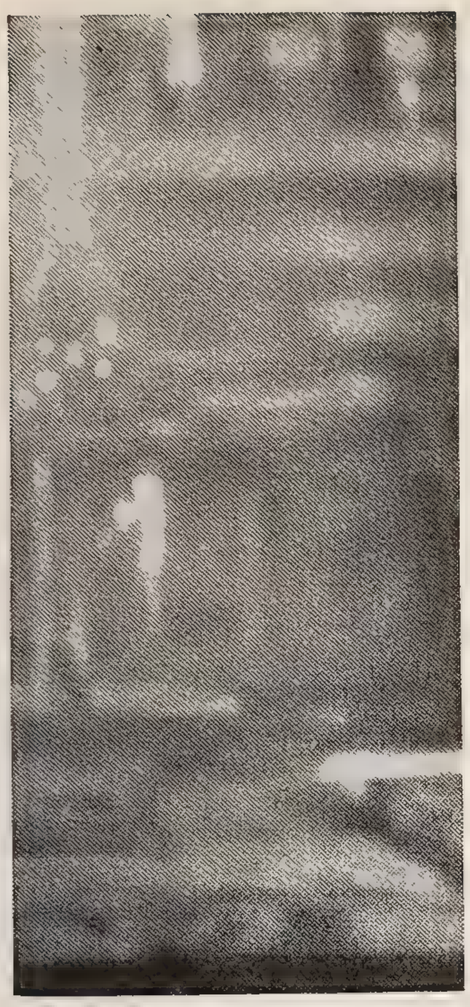


1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company







3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing". . .

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

1 1 1

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*



NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

Ruby Keeler

TESTS 2 TALCUMS



RUBY KEELER, popular dancing screen star

Names "Y" Her Favorite

Ruby Keeler tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented.* Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented.*

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

PURITY TEST: In a test with ten well known face powders, MAVIS talcum was found to be finer in texture and smoother on the skin, than seven out of ten face powders. Get your MAVIS today at your favorite store.

#1 Original MAVIS

MAVIS FOR BODY PROTECTION



#2 New MAVIS Mildly Scented

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Any Man's Wife (Republic)	2★
*Armored Car (Universal)	1★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*The Big Shot (RKO)	1★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Borderland (Paramount)	2★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
*Confession (Warners)	2★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Damaged Lives (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil Is Driving (Columbia)	2½★
Dangerous Holiday (Republic)	1½★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Easy Living (Paramount)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	3★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Exclusive (Paramount)	2½★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
A Fight to the Finish (Columbia)	1★
*The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
Fly-Away Baby (Warners)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Heart's Desire (GB)	2½★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
*Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
*It's Love I'm After (Warners)	3★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Meade's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
Kidnapped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Gamblers (Paramount)	2★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Knight without Armor (United Artists)	3½★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
The League of Frightened Men (Columbia)	2★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
*The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
*London by Night (M-G-M)	1★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love in a Bungalow (Universal)	2★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steele is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	2★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
*On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Saratoga (M-G-M)	3★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Singing Marine (Warners)	3★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
*Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
*Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two Who Dared (GB)	2★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
*Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wildcatter (Universal)	2★
*Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
*You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
in "IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

Hollywood's New Kind of *Make-Up*

NOW READY FOR YOU

HERE'S Hollywood's way to almost instantly gain alluring beauty... originated by filmland's make-up genius, Max Factor. It's color harmony make-up ...powder, rouge and lipstick in the most beautiful shades you might ever imagine, harmonized in color to bring a new entrancing beauty to your face, individualizing the color appeal of your type, whether blonde or brunette, brownette, or redhead. Your first make-up with Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony will amaze you...you will realize then why famous Hollywood stars depend upon Max Factor for Make-Up.





Color Harmony Powder

Here is a face powder so perfectly created in color harmony shades that it enlivens the beauty of your skin without appearing obvious... soft and fine in texture, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up that will give you confidence to face any close-up test . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.



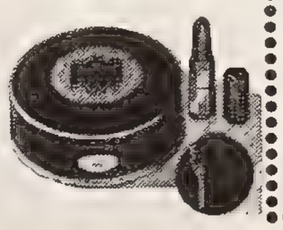
Rouge for Your Type

The right color in rouge...it's so important to natural-looking make-up. That is why Max Factor created lifelike colors to harmonize with each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. You will be amazed how lovely your color harmony shade will look... Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.

Moisture-Proof Lipstick

Try it once...and you will never use any other lipstick, for this is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test. Moisture-proof, super-indelible...the color remains uniformly lovely for hours. In color harmony shades that are most attractive for each type... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

★ *Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type...* MAIL COUPON.



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.....FREE
24-10-35

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



Carole Lombard and Clark Gable as interested as the day they met!



Ronald Colman's behind those glasses and Benita Hume's beside 'em!

Hollywood Art Note: The theatre trek snapped off some of the town's best-ies for awhile, at least, recently. Among those who took run-out powders from movies and bright skekels to get in some stage experience on B'way were Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, Elissa Landi, Doris Nolan, Constance Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March. Freddie has been threatening to go Arty on us for some time and took the summer lull on the Gold Coast as the occasion to do so. Meanwhile, Frances Farmer played stock in Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and Westport, Conn., while Mary Astor got in her heavy training closer home. Traveled a mere hundred miles per day to Santa Barbara—all to appear on a little theatre stage.

■ ■ ■

More About Trouble and Freddie Bartholomew: The studio's cancelled Freddie's role in the picture "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," and plans to cast him in Kipling's "Kim" were also suspended recently. Aunt Cissy holds out for $2,500. or did at this writing. Reason? Out of his present salary for forty weeks a year, which as we said before, amounts to about $1,300., $1,000. a month goes for income taxes; ten per cent for agents' fees; $400. a month for his parents, and $800. a month for his maintenance.

■ ■ ■

Freddie isn't the first starlet to be nicked when splitting-up-time came 'round. It's an old Hollywood custom. Former child players like Mary Astor still smart over the fact that when they were too young to understand finances, their salaries were divided up too generously between others, while they were left holding empty pocketbooks. Only last year Shirley Temple's father was sued by an agent who claimed that back in 1932 a contract was drawn up whereby Shirley was to be trained by him and receive all of fifty dollars a week—when working! Although the contract has since been bought back by Shirley's father, he demanded all of her earnings over fifty per from that time forth.

■ ■ ■

After retirement, what then? is the newest guessing game being played by Hollywood stars. What with going in



Twin sisters? No. Constance Bennett, Mrs. Doug Fairbanks and polka dots out together.

for babies and ranches, the town's not the spendthrift happy-go-lucky community of yore. Players nowadays are doing some heavy thinking about their futures after they're through with movies or the movies are through with them. All of them, of course, are buying annuities for old age. Some, like Clark Gable, expect to go in for farming in a big way.... Lew Ayres wants to branch out as a director, Irene Dunne to become an honest-to-goodness housewife. And Groucho Marx, believe it or not, yearns for a career as an author!

■ ■ ■

Most Embarrassing Moment Note: Barbara Stanwyck was emerging from the preview of her latest picture, "Stella Dallas," disguised in an old hat pulled way down over her eyes. Officer Glenn Abney, mistaking her for an autograph hound, eyed her suspiciously, gripped her arm and started to bounce her from the lobby. Bob Taylor rushed to tearful Barbara's rescue, gripped the arm of the law and started to bounce him from the lobby. Other arms of the law rushed over and started to bounce each other from the lobby. When the fun was over, Robert, in high fury, wanted to sue Policeman Abney.

"Nothing doing," said his girl, Stanwyck. "I don't blame the officer, but I certainly wish something could be done for the autograph fans who get in the same predicament that I did."

Sam Goldwyn, who'd hired Abney and nine others to protect Barbara, commented tersely, "Well, he did what he was paid to do, anyhow."

■ ■ ■

Cinderella Story: Gloria Dickson, age twenty, came out of a tent show in the West, where she'd been collecting about one dollar and a quarter per week. She graduated to a part in "The Devil Passes," a WPA Federal Theatre project in Los Angeles. A talent scout from a studio saw her, and shortly afterwards, she graduated to a big role in the flicker, "They Won't Forget." Now WPA players are full of high hopes, not without reason. For Gloria's the first of their number to be singled out for moom pitchers. And we all know how Hollywood producers love to play follow the leader!

■ ■ ■

Flash: Janet Gaynor returned from a vacation in the Canadian Rockies bearing a wildcat skin. But the real news of the item is this: Miss G. positively admits that she didn't shoot the thing herself. She bought it with hard-earned cash.

■ ■ ■

At the "Firefly" preview, Irene Hervey must have been reminded of the days when Bob Taylor was her escort, for the fans descended en masse on Allan Jones. It was really a swell tribute to a grand performance, for Mr. J. really killed the people in a role that will undoubtedly mean stardom for him. It was the sort of break an actor prays for.



If three dates a week means a romance, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks are certainly sentimental. Here they are at the Cafe La Maze.



The handsome lad with Anne Shirley is John Payne, hubby-to-be. They're previewing "It's Love I'm After." Why? They have it!

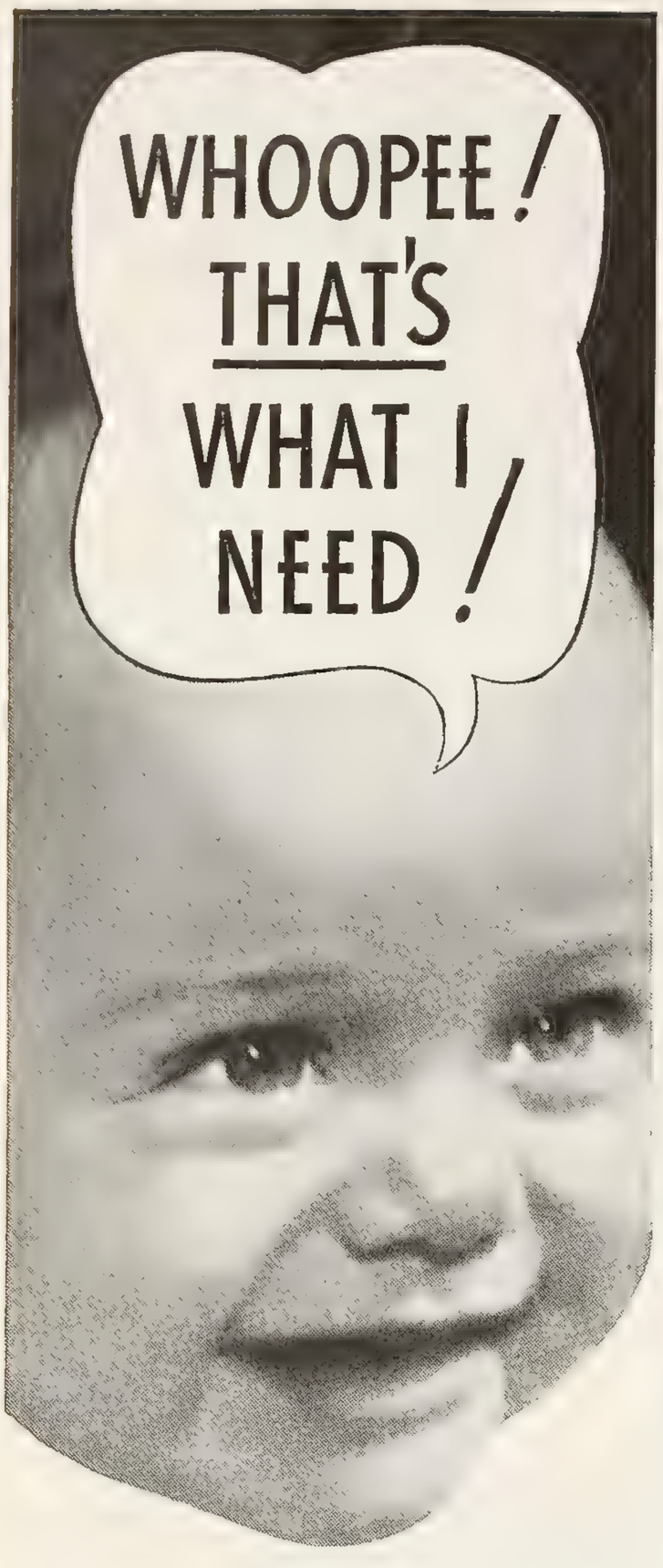
Taste...*as keen when the day is done*

because **an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.**



Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**

America's finest 15¢ Cigarette



Good-bye Germs!
–here comes Mennen Antiseptic Powder

"Boy, it tickles me when I see mummy comin' with my Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It chases germs away — because it's antiseptic. My doctor says it helps to keep my skin safe from infection—and he must be right, 'cause I've got the smoothest, healthiest skin you ever saw. Gee — I'm sorry for kids who just get *ordinary* baby powder. I wish I could tell *every* mother that the *antiseptic* kind of powder — the Mennen kind—keeps a baby's skin comfy, free from chafing, and that it fights off *germs*. Gosh, there ought to be a law!"

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that's what a recent survey shows. Is any other powder good enough for your baby?

MENNEN BORATED POWDER -ANTISEPTIC

THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

Favorite Recipes of the Stars

BILLIE BURKE APPLE PIE

6 greenings
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
¾ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons boiling water
¼ cup chopped, blanched almonds
½ cup seedless raisins
rich pastry for 1- or 2-crust pie

Peel and core apples. Slice thin into a bowl. Add lemon juice, grated rind and the sugar mixed with cinnamon. Melt butter in the boiling water and add to apple mixture. Add chopped almonds and raisins. Mix together thoroughly. Turn mixture into pie plate lined with uncooked pastry. Moisten edge of pastry with a little cold water, adjust top crust. Press firmly around edge with floured fingers to form a fluting, or press down with floured tines of fork. Cut slit in top crust to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and continue baking 25 to 30 minutes longer or until apples are tender.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS: This may be made into a Deep Dish Pie by turning mixture into a deep baking dish, omitting the under crust, filling dish solidly with the apple mixture and adjusting top crust over the fruit. This will probably require an additional 10 minutes baking. By using a glass baking dish you can keep track of the baking more easily.

Brush top crust with unbeaten egg white before baking. After brushing crust with egg white, sprinkle with ¼ cup finely chopped blanched almonds, if desired. Or beat an egg yolk with 1 tablespoon cold water and brush entire top surface of pie with this mixture.

APPLE CORNFLAKES PUDDING

3 tart apples
½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup brown sugar
¼ cup melted butter
1½ cups corn flakes

Pare and core apples. Cut in halves. Place in greased baking dish, cut side down. Combine granulated sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over apples. Add lemon juice, cover tightly and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes. Meanwhile combine flour, salt and brown sugar. Add melted butter. When thoroughly blended, work in cornflakes evenly. Sprinkle this mixture around and over cooked apples in baking dish. Return to oven and bake, uncovered, 20 minutes longer at moderate heat (375°F.). Serve hot or cold. The Lemon Sauce is also good with this, or it may be accompanied by slightly sweetened whipped cream.

MOLDED WALDORF SALAD

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup peeled and diced, tart apples
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup walnut halves
1 dozen pitted, pasteurized dates
lettuce
mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in apples and celery. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with walnut halves and dates. (Stuffing the dates with softened cream cheese is a grand idea.) Garnish with mayonnaise or pass it separately.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING

1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon butter
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1½ cups strained, unsweetened "pink" apple sauce
1 cup orange juice

Bring water to a brisk boil in the top part of a double boiler, over direct heat. Add sugar, salt and tapioca. Bring to a brisk boil again over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add a small amount of tapioca mixture to egg yolk, combine slowly with mixture in double boiler, stirring vigorously. Cook 3 or 4 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter. Fold a small amount of mixture into stiffly beaten egg white. Combine with remaining tapioca mixture. Cool slightly. Add grated rind, apple sauce and orange juice. Blend thoroughly. Chill. Serve with the following Lemon Sauce.

LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add boiling water very slowly, stirring constantly. Cook 15 minutes in top of double boiler, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened and then occasionally. Remove from heat. Add butter and lemon juice. Stir until blended. Add cornstarch mixture slowly to stiffly beaten egg white. Serve cold over Apple Tapioca. Serve hot with hot Apple Pie.

(*Continued from page 13*)

more about later. Just now I want to give you Miss Burke's suggestions for making "pink" Apple Sauce. According to her no other method of preparation can compare with it, for flavor as well as appearance

FIRST, you take large, firm apples, the kind with bright red skins. McIntoshes are splendid for this purpose, so ask for them by name. Scrub them well and remove both the stem and blossom ends, but do not bother coring or peeling. That's welcome news, isn't it? Now cut the apples into thin slices, skin and all. Place in saucepan and add just enough water to prevent burning. Not too much, mind you, probably a couple of tablespoons to begin with, because you can always add more water after you see how dry or juicy the apples really are. Add a slice of lemon or a little grated lemon rind for flavor and cook the apples gently until soft Now, after cooling them slightly, force through a sieve, which removes the cores, peels and seeds, but of course, not the pinkish color.

A regular purée sieve may be used or better still one of those easily operated "food mills" which do such a lot of work with so little effort. But let me urge you not to use a mesh strainer. It takes too long and there is always the danger of breaking some of the wires into the sauce.

Now add sugar and a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg. I can't tell you just how much sugar will be needed. Miss Burke refused to specify because apples vary so greatly in tartness, but I'll go so far as to suggest approximately one cup to one quart of raw apples. Stir until sugar has dissolved and, of course, chill until icy cold before serving, or before using for the Apple Tapioca recipe.

A crisp and crunchy Apple Cornflakes Pudding supplies a third dessert dish for you to try out. That, too, is both pictured and printed here in recipe form. Originally given to me by Edna May Oliver, this recipe should not be omitted from any collection of sweets, featuring Autumn's most popular fruit.

IN discussing apples, as we have been doing, it would be wrong to give the impression that they are strictly a dessert fruit. That, of course, is not the case. Slices of apples, for instance, with the core removed but the skin left on, can be sprinkled with sugar and fried in butter to make a marvelous meat dish accompaniment. Apples are also about the most inexpensive of all fruits for a fruit cup. Combined with canned grapefruit segments, sliced bananas, and white, seedless grapes, they make a splendid, quickly prepared first course that will look dressy without taxing the budget.

Let us not forget the salads which feature apples, notably the Waldorf Salad, which combines celery with the apples and is usually served with a garnish of pitted dates and walnut halves. I'm giving you a somewhat novel version of this perennial favorite, by the way, a Molded Waldorf Salad. This is quickly made and just the sort of thing to appeal to the girls of your bridge club or sewing circle.

I can't say that the foregoing covers the subject thoroughly, for, after all, apple ideas are too numerous to mention, and the story of apples goes far back into the very dim days of unrecorded history. Certainly, this fruit was one of the first known to man, appearing symbolically in the story of the Garden of Eden and pictorially on the walls of Egyptian and Assyrian tombs. But we'll have to content ourselves with enjoying the Hollywood-inspired apple dishes of today.

GEE, MOM, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL GOOD COOK!





Flash!

MOTHER MAKES GOOD WITH SEVEREST CRITIC

WELL, mother, you deserve his praise. You picked Franco-American because children and grown-ups too, love its delicious flavor. That zestful tomato purée sauce, smoothly blended with golden mellow cheddar cheese, makes a dish entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Families that have once tasted Franco-American are never satisfied with anything else. And no wonder!

Franco-American Spaghetti is just *packed* with nourishment. It saves you hours of work, too—because it is all ready to heat and eat. And at its usual price of ten cents a can it costs less than 3¢ a portion. No wonder women buy more Franco-American every day.

Here's a delicious healthful luncheon your children will love. It's quick, easy, and economical:

POACHED EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

Dice and parboil one green pepper. Mix with 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti and heat in saucepan. Poach four eggs. On each hot luncheon plate make a nest with a quarter of the spaghetti. Place egg in center, sprinkle with salt and pepper and garnish with parsley. Serves 4—costs 38¢. Good for Sunday night supper, too. Serve with mixed fresh vegetable salad; fresh berries or preserved fruit and cookies for dessert. But be sure it's

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 610
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."
Name (print)_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



DRY SKIN
Smoothed Nature's Way

New Cream Releases Precious Ingredients That Act Like Youthful Skin Oils To Combat Dry, Rough Skin—Shiny Nose

Dissolves Dry Scaliness First Application. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths, Softens. Powder Stays On



THE SAME GIRL

See how old and unattractive dry, rough skin makes you look

See how pretty and appealing smooth, soft skin makes you look

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream

Here is the amazing beauty cream that's bringing new skin beauty to thousands. At last a way has been found to aid nature combat dryness, roughness, blackheads, premature lines and help re-supply vital lubricating oils like the oils of youth do to help smooth and soften your skin. Thousands praise it! Beauty editors are writing about it! The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, which is both a cleansing and a night cream, releases precious ingredients triple whipped, that quickly cleanses and dissolves dry, scaly cells that cause roughness and your powder to flake off. It lubricates dryness. Stimulates underskin. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Powder stays on. Make-up goes on smoothly. You look younger, more attractive—vastly more appealing and romantic.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits! Get a jar of TAYTON'S CREAM. Cleanse with it and also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, softer and does not look fresher and more youthful the first day your money will be refunded.

Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM at drug, department and 10c stores. If your dealer can not as yet supply you, insist he order for you from his wholesaler or headquarters.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage. New ravishing colors in matched tones give you that glamorous appeal. See TAYTON color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON'S POWDER, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, EYE SHADOW.

At Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

So You Won't Dance!

(*Continued from page 33*)

and, as he dies, gasps out his last orders to me. But me, I'm a heroine. I refuse to live without my husband. The Indians would have got me anyway, but I was too busy being noble to think of that. I creep 'round the table, fish for the knife in his back pocket, hold it over my chest for a minute like Juliet, then stick it through, and I'm dead. I was so terribly sorry for myself that when the curtain fell, I couldn't get up. They came in and picked me off the floor, sobbing. Someone who should have known better said, 'She's a real little actress.' That must have been when the poison took effect.

"But the funny part of it was that I took it all for granted. I never got excited over the idea of acting. I just knew that some day, when I was grown up, I'd probably be an actress. I didn't go 'round moaning about the theatre and wanting to emote, as a lot of youngsters do. I was more interested in playing. I still am," she announced serenely. "I haven't changed a bit. Then it was baseball and blindman's buff and hide-and-seek. Now," she pulled a solemn face, "it's tiddledewinks."

ANOTHER funny thing about Ginger's screen career is this. She was the toast of Broadway in the musical, "Girl Crazy." She was asked to make a test. While she was making it, Monte Bell, then a director, walked in and watched. They were using the same kind of material which had made her and her show the season's smash hit. Yet the test was not successful.

But Monte Bell saw something in her that hadn't registered on the screen. He asked her, "Have you read Katherine Brush's book, 'Young Man of Manhattan'?"

Ginger hadn't. "Well, there's a part in that I'd like to test you for. I still think you've got a screen personality."

Those who saw the picture will remember Ginger's finished performance of the flip little charmer, highlighted by her "Cigarette me, big boy," a phrase the current collegians picked up and made their own. The musical test was a flop, the dramatic test was a wow. Which proves nothing, except that you never can tell.

But when she came out to Hollywood on a three-picture contract, no one asked her to dance. Except for a step or two in one of the "Golddiggers" series, she played straight comedy roles. You've probably taken it for granted that she was cast in "Flying Down to Rio" because her reputation as a dancer had gone before her. But you're wrong.

"How would you feel about dancing in a picture with Astaire?" they inquired.

She'd known Astaire in New York well enough to have discussed with him the possibility of their doing a show together some day.

"I'd love it," she answered promptly. Then, as they still seemed dubious, she informed them gently, "I *have* danced on Broadway, you know."

Their faces brightened. "In what?"

"Well, pardon me," Ginger apologized, "but I was in a Gershwin show."

They were distinctly relieved. "And I was a little hurt, I must confess, that they didn't know about it. Now," she chuckled, "I get hurt because they know too much about it."

Only once did she take any active step toward realizing her dramatic ambitions. And that was done more in a spirit of banter than anything else. Pan Berman, casting "Mary of Scotland," was at his wits' end to find an Elizabeth. Ginger bumped into him on the lot one day.

"How about testing me?" she asked. "Because there's only me and Shirley Temple left. And you can't use Shirley."

Berman smiled, patted her shoulder like an uncle and went his way.

"I wasn't working," said Ginger, "I had nothing to do, and I thought I'd play. I'd gone to a costume party as Queen Elizabeth and had my picture taken, so as a joke I sent a copy over to his house, with a name I'd made up on the back."

A friend was having dinner with the Bermans and saw the picture.

"That's Ginger," he said.

"What are you talking about?" said Berman. "Ginger who?"

"Ginger Rogers. I took her to a party when she had that outfit on."

"Aha," said Berman, "I smell a mouse."

Mrs. Berman was in on the gag. They waited for the producer to make some sign, but Berman was having fun in his own way. "He knows it's you," his wife wailed to Ginger over the phone, "and he won't even tell me he knows it. He won't open his mouth."

Ginger went to John Ford, the director. "I want to play this joke on Pan. Do you think you could test me for Elizabeth?"

He considered her for a moment. "Seriously, do *you* think you could play the part?"

"Why not?" she said, and they put their heads together.

Next day, in a state of some excitement, Ford approached Berman. "Lady Ansley's here."

"Who's Lady Ansley?"

Ford looked pained. "Mean to tell me you don't know the great English actress, Lady Ansley?"

"Never heard of her."

"That's hard to believe, Pan. She's one of the best."

"Know her well?"

"I visit at her home whenever I'm in London."

"Well, I don't know how I missed hearing about her, but if you say it's so, it's so. What about her?"

"She's just passing through on her way to China to join her husband, stopping with Mary Pickford. You know, she played Elizabeth on the stage in London."

Berman bit. "Why didn't you get in touch with her, and ask her to make a test?"

"That's what I wanted you to say, Pan. I've always thought an Englishwoman should play the part."

"Let me know when you make the appointment, and I'll be there."

But Ford dissuaded him. The lady might be flustered by his presence. Besides, he'd be able to get the effect better if he waited to see the test run off.

TWO DAYS later a brown-haired woman walked onto Stage 8, where the tests were being made, and was introduced as Lady Ansley. There were present a number of people who knew Ginger Rogers well. Not one recognized her. Yet she had used no startling make-up—a brown wig, some shadowing of the eyes,

a thin mouth line. One man stared and whispered to his neighbor, "She reminds me of someone. I can't think who." That was all.

Katharine Hepburn, who was in on the hoax and enjoying it to the hilt, helped matters along by her breezy chat with the stranger, pitched loud enough for all to hear. "Oh, Lady Ansley, I understand your husband's been shooting lions and tigers in Asia. I've heard such nice things about you from my friends in England, Lady Ansley."

She played a scene with Hepburn. A writer, who has spoken with Ginger a hundred times, was on the set. He's the cool and critical kind, repressing enthusiasm as a matter of principle. But when the scene was finished, he hurried over to the director in a glow of enthusiasm. "There's your Elizabeth—she has everything, poise, style, queenliness—and a fine actress." A girl who has been an intimate of Ginger's for years squealed in admiration. "I've never known it to fail. It takes a Britisher every time to play a Britisher."

"When she learned the awful truth," said Ginger with a guilty look, "she wouldn't speak to me for weeks."

Next day they ran the test off for Mr. Berman. Ginger, of course, was not in evidence. "I don't know yet how I kept away from the audience. I was in agony. It was like playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Berman was impressed. He told Ford to follow through with a more extensive test. The first had been made without sound.

Ford shook his head. "I don't know. The lady's pretty cagey. I've had a talk with her. She wants $3000. a week if she does the part, a four-week guarantee and equal billing with Hepburn."

"How about a couple of studios thrown in? Can't you talk turkey to her?"

"I've done all I could. Maybe you could do something with her agent."

Berman phoned the agent—Ginger's agent who'd been primed in advance. He was very sorry. Those were the terms Lady Ansley insisted on. She wasn't too anxious to stay in Hollywood, you know. She wanted to join her husband in China.

The terms were left in abeyance, pending another test. In a stolen meeting with Ginger, Ford told her what had happened. The second test was set for Monday.

HOW the secret leaked out, nobody knows to this day. Hollywood seethes with snoopers, Ginger is news, and one of the few who were in on it must have whispered. On Friday some Hollywood Winchell broke the story. "Why is Ginger Rogers being so coy? She wants to play Queen Elizabeth, and is posing as a member of the British aristocracy to fool her producer."

Ginger could have wept. Not so much because the fat was in the fire, as because a good rib had been spoiled. "That story made the whole thing sound so sick, dull, unfunny and altogether stupid on my part. It was supposed to be comely, and they turned it into heavy drama. I went straight to Pan who had seen it, of course, and the way he took it made me feel better.

"He was grinning all over his nice face. When he saw mine, he started comforting me. 'What do you care?' he said. 'You set out to fool me, and you fooled me bette- than I've ever been fooled before.' Which was fun," admitted Ginger, "and that was all I ever intended it to be."

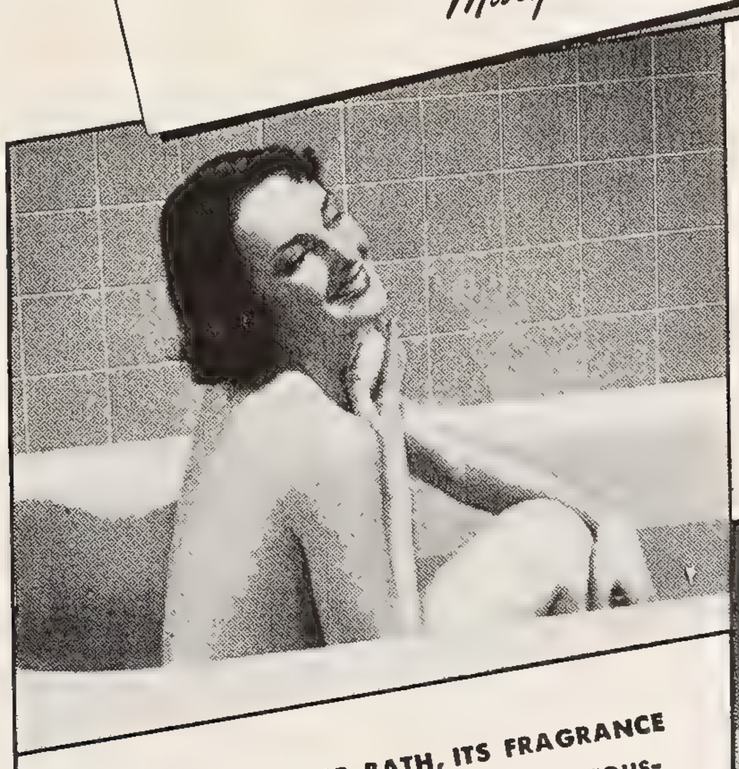
The question may arise in your mind, as it did in mine: fun or no fun, she did fool not only Berman but a score of others.

"and life is so much gayer now!"



Your lovelier way to avoid offending did the trick! I'm sure all the girls would be more alluring, if they bathed with this exquisite perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Sincerely,
Mary Moore

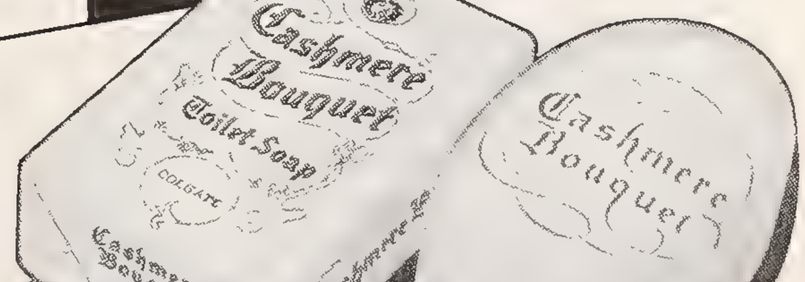


SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND, to guard daintiness this lovelier way. For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its deep-cleansing lather, removes every trace of unpleasant body odor . . . And besides, with its exquisite flower-like perfume, it keeps your skin alluringly fragrant! You're always completely safe from any fear of offending!



LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE LINGERS . . . surrounds you glamorously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

NOW ONLY 10¢



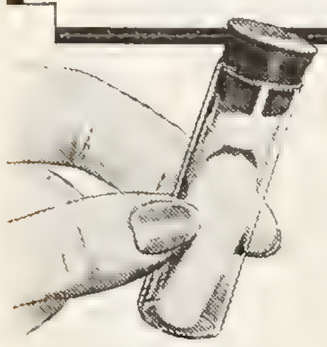
MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

THE TRUTH
ABOUT
Feminine Hygiene

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT



FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

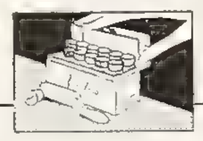
2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use . . . *greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 1045 New Brunswick, N. J.

EACH IN GLASS VIAL



$1 FOR BOX OF 12

Zonitors
3,125,600 Used in 1936
MADE BY ZONITE

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM



It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks **FREE** . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. GH, 395 B'WAY, N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

As Lady Ansley, an unknown, her performance of an exacting scene stirred the enthusiasm of a hardheaded group of people, whose business is the movies. Why then wasn't she seriously considered for the role? Granted she had the ability, what kept Ginger Rogers from playing Queen Elizabeth?

The answer lies with you, her movie audiences. What would you have said? Would you have said, "Go to it, Ginger, and more power to you." Or would you have frowned? "What's our Ginger got to do with Elizabeth? We want Rogers and Astaire." There was no way of finding out save by going through with it. And the change would have been too drastic, the gamble too great.

So they're experimenting more gradually. They've put her into "Stage Door" with Katharine Hepburn, where she plays what she calls "a bouncing, crazy girl—the kind of girl I played in '42nd Street,' but with a little more heart interest." Then comes "Vivacious Lady," the picture interrupted by Jimmy Stewart's illness, and here she will have a different type of role—a straight lead with some comedy and, for the first time, a chance at emotional acting.

That's what Ginger wants to do. Will you let her do it? You've taken her to your hearts as a lighthearted, lightfooted dancer. Will you have the vision to see in that blithe figure what others saw in Lady Ansley? Or will she have to do her acting in her own backyard with the chickens and ducks for audience? It's up to you. Ginger can only cross her fingers and hope.

Jean Arthur When—

(*Continued from page 41*)

really write it!'

"She acted as if it were the most extraordinary thing in the world for anyone to be able to write to order."

SHE WAS always surprised and pleased over things that most actresses would take as a matter of course—her first outfit from Hattie Carnegie, the view from her room in a hotel, the fact that someone actually recognized her. Until autograph fans taught her differently, Jean had an idea that when she appeared in person, she was in the deepest disguise.

She was always surprised when someone told her that he had liked some picture or play in which she had appeared. When a friend wrote that a picture she had made after her return to Hollywood was going to be shown in Radio City Music Hall, the largest theatre in New York, Jean made a gesture of disbelief. She couldn't get it into her head that after all these years, she was really a success.

One day Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Jaffe attended a preview of a film in which she was appearing. Jean sat there looking as solemn as an owl, while Mr. and Mrs. Jaffe roared with laughter. Finally, she looked at them in surprise. "Why, the picture must be funny," she said, "from the way you two are laughing."

It seems almost incredible that this is the same Jean Arthur who has antagonized grips, electricians, office boys and studio executives alike; that this is the same person who is reported to be eternally complaining about her roles in pictures.

Why should New York remember such a different side of Jean Arthur? Is it because sudden fame turned her head? Or is it because she distrusts and dislikes Hollywood?

Before you pass judgment, it is only fair to look at the records. When she went to Hollywood in 1923, Jean was a gentle, trusting, hyper-sensitive young person. She was sent to the Coast, not because she could act, but because she was one of the prettiest models in New York.

In spite of her prettiness, she was a rather negative personality. Many people met her one day and forgot her the next. Few of the photographers for whom she posed remembered her at all, and when I finally found one who did, Alfred Cheney Johnston, he recalled her only vaguely as a sweet, good-looking girl. "That's all I know about her," he told me. "Now if you were to ask me about Norma Shearer, who also posed for me, that would be different. There was an outstanding personality. I could tell you a great deal about her."

Instead of training Jean Arthur gradually for pictures, her studio cast her at once in the lead of an important dramatic film, "The Temple of Venus." Because she was inexperienced, Jean was elated, and did not realize what a responsibility had been placed upon her until the company started making scenes on Santa Cruz Island.

Conscientiously, Jean had studied her lines, and it pleased her to think how delighted the director would be when he found her letter-perfect.

But he was anything but delighted. Though she knew every line, Jean didn't know how to put those lines across.

The director gave Jean her instructions again and again. Repeatedly, she tried to follow them. But because she had nothing of her own to give to the role, because she knew nothing of the art of acting and was only trying to follow instructions slavishly, the things she said sounded hollow.

Finally, the director lost patience. "It's no use," he told her. "You're not ready yet. We'll have to get somebody else. I'll send for Mary Philbin, and you can go back to the studio tomorrow."

BUT JEAN couldn't bear the thought of meeting the actress who was to have her part. All she knew was that she wanted to leave the island, to put her ugly failure far behind her. When she learned that the only boat on which she could leave that day was a fishing smack, piled high with fish, she didn't hesitate, but left on board.

Because they had lost faith in her potential abilities, the studio shoved her into ridiculous roles, as leading lady to slapstick comedians, to cowboys in Westerns, and once, for a whole year, she played opposite three monkeys who made pictures for Fox.

At the expiration of her contract, Jean started to free-lance, making pictures on Poverty Row. For a time it looked as if her career might end there, until Paramount, believing she had talent, signed her up. There the same story of frustration and failure was repeated. Again and again, she was cast in unimportant roles.

It was during this period of her career

that she met Julian Ancker. Depressed, discouraged about the turn her career was taking, she was in no fit state of mind to distinguish between real and counterfeit love. She and Julian were married in 1927, and the marriage was dissolved two years later.

Newspapers said she had given him up because her contract forbade marriage. She branded the stories ridiculous. "The studio had nothing to do with the annulment," she told a reporter. "I'd marry a man I loved this second, and count my career well lost. But I made a mistake and realized it. I thought it best to correct it before it muddied my mind with bitterness."

In Hollywood the breaks continued to go against Jean Arthur. The magnificent roles she was promised never materialized. One day she said bitterly to an interviewer, "Oh, I'm hard-boiled now. I don't expect anything. It took me a long time to get over hoping and believing people's promises. Everyone is such a good promiser in this business."

Jean stuck it out for eight years. But it wasn't until she went back to New York and made a success on the stage that Hollywood accepted her as a star.

When Hollywood did an about-face and began to treat her with kid gloves, it was too late. The girl who returned and made a sensational success wasn't the same girl who had come there originally. Some of the bitterness and humiliation Hollywood had thrust upon her remains in her heart to this day.

Jean once said, during those early days when she was trying to get a break, "Anybody who sticks it out in Hollywood for four years or more is bound to change in self-defense."

However, there are many ways in which Jean hasn't changed at all. There is one trait that endears her to those who know her well. When Jean is with friends, it is always tacitly understood that the conversation will be about her friends.

When people try to ask questions, she gets red and changes the subject. She is more uncommunicative than Garbo, and this is not something new that has grown upon her with success, but something that has been true of her all her life.

An agent, who appeared in what he believes was Jean Arthur's first picture, an independent film made in Syracuse, New York, told me, "She was a very unassuming person. She never spoke much and weighed everything she said. She never confided in any of the other members of the company. I always had the idea she came from a small town, because there seemed to be a sort of small-town wholesomeness about her." Actually she was born in New York.

WHEN she and Frank Ross, Jr., decided to marry, she was appearing in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." They told no one of their plans, and the producer of the play, L. Lawrence Weber, knew nothing of it till the day he read about it in the newspapers.

Hollywood, today, marvels at the shrewdness with which Jean Arthur handles her affairs and is skeptical as to whether she is the real power behind the throne or whether it's really her husband who decides everything. Though she turns constantly to her husband for advice, she makes the final decisions. This has always been so.

In "The Curtain Rises" Jean Arthur played a dowdy spinster, who fell in love with an actor and hired him to teach her how to act. As in most Cinderella stories, before the play ended, the spinster was transformed into a beautiful woman.

One day everyone in the cast was going out to be photographed for publicity pictures. Jean said, "I'll be glad to take any photographs you want me to, except in the costume I wear in the first act. Whatever happens, I will not allow myself to be photographed in that make-up."

"Why?" Mr. Kaye asked.

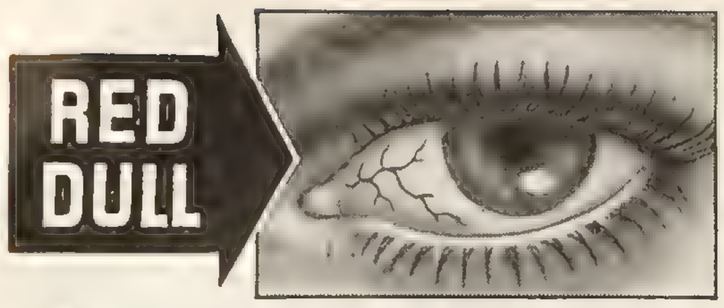
Jean's eyes flashed. "I intend to go back to movies some day," she said. "How do you think I'd feel if someone were to publish that as a photograph of me? Some producer might say to himself, 'So that's what Jean Arthur really looks like. I had no idea she was such a frump.' I don't want any pictures of me floating around that would have to be explained."

Jean is always afraid of meeting people, and if there are three new people in a room, she will find someone she knows and dash into a corner with her. She dislikes parties, goes to them rarely, and leaves as early as possible. That is not new with Jean either. When she was appearing in "The Bride of Torozko," the play was tried out in Westport, Connecticut, and several parties were given for the cast. Almost invariably, Jean sent her regrets. On the occasions she did attend, she stayed just about ten minutes.

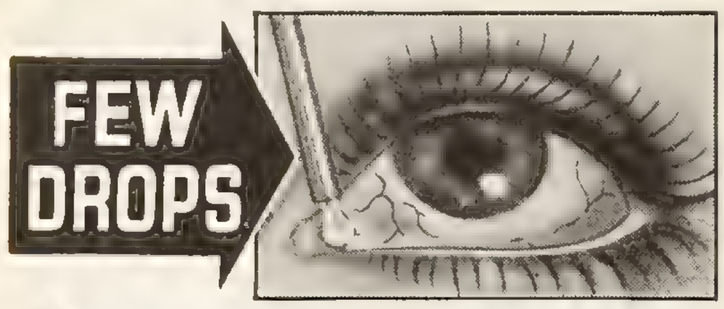
"The only time," Mr. Jaffe told me, "Jean ever stays up late is when someone is having a musical evening. She is crazy about good music. She has a whole collection of the 'Porgy and Bess' records and will play them over for hours."

Perhaps some day Jean Arthur will get over the childish resentment she cherishes against Hollywood. And when that day comes the conflict in the girl's character will be resolved, and she'll be the Jean Arthur New York knew and loved.

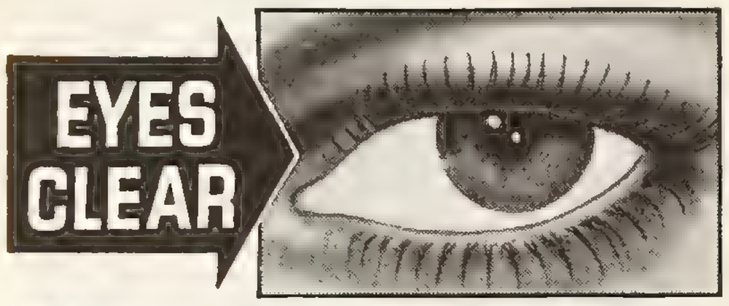




● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are *so* prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined . . .



● Quick! A drop of *Eye-Gene* goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion . . . perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion . . .



● In just a few seconds, yes, almost instantly, your eyes look clear and white. So much more beautiful when free from prominent veins! Sparkling, too. And *so* refreshed.

NEW DISCOVERY

● *Eye-Gene!* Now used by thousands before every "date" to make eyes clear and lovely. Marvelously refreshing to tired, overworked eyes. Not like old-fashioned lotions and washes. Stainless, too. At all drug and 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE Accepted and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau



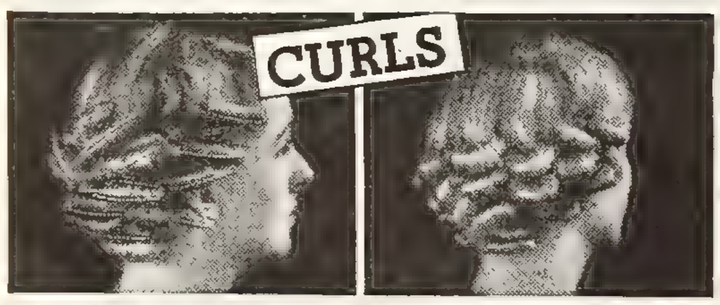
Mercolized Wax will make your skin smoother, clearer, younger-looking. This lovely cream sloughs off the outer layer of skin with all its superficial blemishes, in tiny invisible particles. Then you see the underskin revealed in all its fresh, clear loveliness. Bring out this hidden beauty and keep your skin young-looking with Mercolized Wax.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingling, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing unwanted hair quickly. Easy to use.
At drug and department stores everywhere.



THE OLD WAY THE SHELBY WAY

New, truly invisible curlers — worn anytime, any place; comfortable to sleep in. Curl either wet or dry hair, with or with out a permanent.

4 *for* 10c
AT 10c STORES
Directions on card

Lady Shelby **INVISIBLE** END CURLERS

She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 37*)

the shouting about? A star reborn, tish, tosh. Janet just used that shrewd little brain of hers again.

Nearly two years before Frank Borzage saw in her the perfect Diane for "Seventh Heaven," she had told a reporter, and it had been printed, that some day she wanted to play "a worried little slavey, tormented and harassed, dirty, disheveled and downright ugly." Maybe she didn't know then about "Seventh Heaven," or maybe she did, but anyway she was shooting at the mark. When she hit it, she was overnight turned into a star of first magnitude. Now that's figuring things out in advance.

It is interesting to remark in this connection that when signed for the role of Diane, Janet was an unknown actress. She was a little middlewestern girl, totally different in ancestry, looks, background from the French waif of the Austin Strong drama. Yet, she did a whale of a job as that waif. The highly touted French flash, Simone Simon, who recently did the 1937 version of "Seventh Heaven," is of Gallic origin and should have been a perfect choice. Yet, compare the two performances!

TO go on with Janet's career. Although Frank Borzage had chosen her personally and taken a chance that she could come through with a performance, although he had poured all the directorial genius he could muster into making her do a fine job, it wasn't long before she decided to change directors. She heard people saying that, without Borzage, Gaynor would be nothing. So she went to Sheehan and told him she wished to make no more Borzage pictures. The studio was shocked. Borzage was hurt. But Janet set her foot down and won her point.

Later, she disagreed with Fox about her stories. This was in the days before sit-down strikes, but Janet staged her own run-away-to-Honolulu strike. She stayed away too, until she won. When she came home, the studio was so pleased, they gave a party for her.

Always this little girl with the large brown eyes and appealing ways has known exactly what she wanted. Talk to her a few minutes, and you'll see what I mean. I did.

Interviews always vary in color and shading according to the personality. A Pola Negri may stamp her Russian boots and alternate between bursts of temper and extravagant politeness; Bette Davis will toss wisecracks about the Brothers Warner over the studio commissary table; Norma Shearer will receive you with gracious dignity in her Santa Monica drawing-room; Hepburn flatly bars you from the set; but Janet—ah, now . . .

I went to see her at her house, not far down the hill from the Trocadero. There wasn't a sign of life as I drove into the grounds. I rang the doorbell. No answer. Then suddenly from an upstairs window came a clear, high treble, "Hoo, hoo, is that you? I'll be down in a minute."

Came the sound of little feet pattering down the stairs, and the door was opened by a girlish, flushed, almost breathless Gaynor dressed in white flannel pajamas. Janet is definitely an organdy and blue girl; the effect was as strange as if I were seeing Mary Pickford in tailored pants.

Her mother was away, the servants were away, and she led me into a big, dark living-room where she curled up in a chair and looked shy and frightened and anxious to please.

She was scared. She said so. She never knew what to say about herself. What would I suggest? So we began with that taboo subject of age.

"How old am I? Well, officially, I am twenty-nine." (Mind you, she didn't have to put that word "official" in. But she did.)

Did she think she was too old to play any more ingenue roles? Had she changed deliberately into more mature characteriza-



It isn't often that Mrs. Roger Pryor (Ann Sothern to you) and friend hubby can stage a Hollywood reunion, but here they are wondering when their next date together will be. No, Mr. Pryor isn't a traveling salesman, he's a band leader with Chicago headquarters.

tions? Had her sweet heroine cycle passed?

"Well," she said choosing her words carefully, "you can't go on acting the part of a little girl all your life. It is true that the studios can do a great deal about making you look utterly youthful with lights and make-up and costumes, and there really isn't any necessity for a woman to look old on the screen, but—

"As you gain in years, you change mentally. Or at least, you should if you have anything inside your head. You must learn from life as you go along, and some of this shows in your face, in the expression of your eyes. This is a mental change, but people who know you and watch you can't help but feel it. Yes, I must do things of more mature value.

I DON'T think anyone can change an established screen personality overnight. You can't rush into something new and expect, boom! to be a new person. It isn't done that way. To be successful, you have to plan carefully.

"People may not have realized this, but I have been working at a change for a number of years. Look back at some of my pictures. Remember 'State Fair'? Then there was 'Small Town Girl' and 'Ladies in Love,' and in pictures before that I tried to make subtle changes.

"I didn't want to re-do 'Seventh Heaven.' I don't think, and I didn't think, anyone can ever repeat successfully. That film belonged to another stage of my career."

Why, for all these years, has the legend of "unsophisticated little Janet" been built up about her personal life? Is it true that when she wanted to smoke a cigarette she locked herself in her dressing-room so that nobody—not even a studio employee—saw her smoking? Is it true that the studio deliberately built her publicity so that parents held her up as a model for their daughters?

Janet laughed. "That's not all quite true. I really didn't ever smoke. I didn't like it. I only learned when my friends said I was a sissy. But it is true that that fact was not supposed to be known to the fans, although I never sneaked around corners to get a puff of a cigarette. The idea was, in publicity, that I personified a good, unsophisticated girl. Fans had certain illusion about me, and it was thought best for the box office to maintain those illusions.

"You know how people love to talk about motion picture stars. Well, the general idea was that we didn't want them saying, 'Oh that Janet Gaynor! Always playing those goody roles! Why, I know somebody that knows her who says she smokes like a furnace. Think of it, my dear!'"

How about marriage? How about all those rumored romances? Has she somebody in mind?

"No, not now," she replied. "Oh, you know how it is. There will probably always be some man that I'll like and see and go out with and perhaps fancy, but I don't seem to like them terribly well or for terribly long at a time any more.

"I'll marry again, if I fall in love. I'd like to be in love. I'd like to be married, but—" and she grew thoughtful for a moment.

"Romance and happiness are not easy things for a girl in my position to find. That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Because I'm a movie star and have money, everything should be easy. But I've had more success and earned more money than the average man of intelligence and charm.

"The men I like are frightened away by my money and my career. I don't meet them. Certainly, there are fortune hunters—at least, I suppose there are. I haven't met many of those. And there are



actors and studio executives, but they're Hollywood.

"I think the nicest romance of all is the Cinderella one. The little girl who wins riches and a handsome husband to love her. That's impossible for me. I can't be Cinderella any more."

Honestly, I felt sorry for her. Janet who has played Cinderella so many times, earnestly yearning to be Cinderella in real life and prevented from being it by the fruits of her own shrewd little brain.

It was, it is said, her career which played the major role in wrecking her marriage to Lydell Peck, tall, blond, young lawyer, who forsook a growing law business in Oakland to live in Hollywood near Janet's work. Lydell tried to establish himself as a writer in the studios, but it didn't work out. He became known as Mr. Gaynor, just as Fredric March was known as Mr. Lester in "A Star is Born."

When finally "unhappy ending" was written after her romance with this boy who had originally worshipped the ground she walked on, it was revealed in the divorce complaint that he had come to hate her work. She charged that he was suspicious of her, was jealous and gloated over her unfavorable fan mail. Janet has never married again.

We were still talking about Hollywood and its various ramifications when the doorbell pealed. It was nice, quiet, shy Phil Scheuer, of the *Times,* bent on an errand similar to mine. Janet has only known Phil as long as she has me, which is ten years, but—

"Please stay," she implored, helpless little girl again. "I'm frightened. I never know what to say. Help me talk to him."

No, I left 'em. I figured she'd do all right. She always has in matters of business.

They're Goin' Places

(*Continued from page 10*)

pressionable, this sudden success proved too much for him. Being a little frightened by it all, Bob assumed an arrogant pose for protection, probably. And so, the studio decided to pay this youngster off and send him back where he came from.

Back in New York, Allen again turned to modeling and working in stock groups for experience with a view to returning to California. As time wore on he began to give up the idea, and with his wife started to build a little house in Darien. Bob was making good money posing and the house came along fine. In fact, no sooner was it finished than a friend came out for dinner. Now this friend, if you haven't already guessed, was a producer from Hollywood. During the course of the evening Bob told about his dreams to act and about how he fell down when he had the opportunity.

However, much to Bob's surprise, the producer gave him another chance at celluloid and sound tracks. This trip he would profit by his earlier mistakes and, with this in mind, he went back to Hollywood. He was immediately put into top-notch pictures, playing opposite Grace Moore in a very short time. Now Bob is doing leading roles in Western and it won't be long before you'll be clamoring for him.

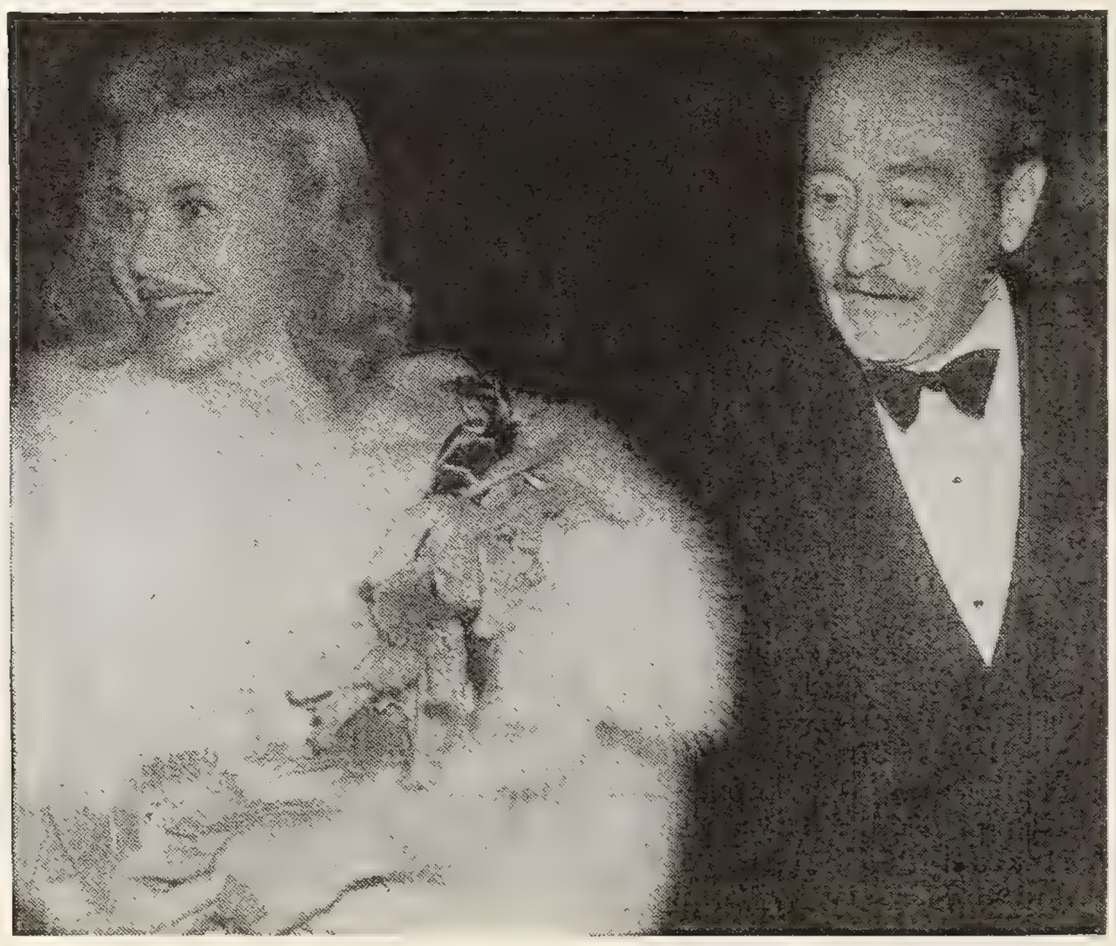
Robert Baldwin is another one of the newcomers who is destined to become tomorrow's favorite. Baldwin was what is known as an up-and-comer in the modeling profession, a hard worker. When he wasn't busy before the cameras, he was making the rounds of the agents on Broadway. As a result he did any number of small jobs in second companies.

Each time he was in a play he would call the movie companies and ask them to "cover" his performance, hoping for a chance to get a break. Luck finally came his way and while playing in a company of "Sailor Beware," he was picked up by those ever-present gents, the talent scouts.

Baldwin has been doing supporting parts in several pictures and has recently played the lead in Karen Morley's picture, "Scotland Yard." It seems great plans are being made for him and early stardom seems destined to be his lot.

Maybe you don't think it too admirable for these young men to use their good looks to get an acting chance, but as Robert Taylor said, when asked if he expected to get by on his looks forever, "Well I can only hope that my luck holds out until I learn to act."

Like Taylor these young men hope their looks—and luck—will hold out until they can learn to act and be of value to the industry. Anyway, they're going places.



Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou snapped at the Screen Writers' Ball. It was a gala occasion and Miss R. was up to it—what with orchids 'n' all.

"IT'S WHAT I CALL REAL FLAVOR"



"Honest—you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste—smooth as custard—a real up-and-doing flavor!"

"Let me tell you something! Beeman's is fine for digestion, too! When you can't resist one of those rich, indiscreet desserts—top off with Beeman's! It comforts your digestion!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...



At twenty-three, Wayne Morris has made a big dent in Hollywood and all points north, east, south and west. His fight scene in "Kid Galahad" was the best ever staged in the movies, say they who know. His next flicker is "Submarine D-1."

Public Cowboy No. 1

(*Continued from page 43*)

the popular cowboy stars have been stars for fifteen years—some of them even longer than that."

He may never reach the Metropolitan, but it is apparent that Gene can't make pictures fast enough to suit his audiences throughout the country. He recently signed a new contract, which put his salary up in the high brackets. More money will be spent on his eight pictures a year; more money paid writers for his stories, for the songs he sings in them and on production.

THREE YEARS ago, before Hollywood became radio conscious, Gene was the star of two big programs broadcast from Chicago. One was a barn dance, sent out over the national network every week; the other program was called "The Roundup Club" and was broadcast for children every morning.

"My, I had fun with that," he will tell you. "I had different kids come up to the station and sing and talk on the program. I told stories and played my guitar and sang."

It was this program that taught him what sort of entertainment children like, but it was his barn dance that got him an offer to incorporate it in a Ken Maynard picture, "In Old Santa Fe." This one appearance was enough to tell a smart

Short-cut to Reno



A short, but frequent, story . . . "Lysol" disinfectant made the ending happy.

JUDY and Bill grew up together . . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "*They'll* be happy".

But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". . . . But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them *both* into the world, discovered the *real* story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman *seldom knows* she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how *not* to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleansing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant



FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 10-M.S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Beauty in her Eyes—
Hearts at her feet—

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS
ONE SIMPLE SECRET

● A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto! —straggly, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe — the very essence of romantic charm.

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature. No longer need you deny them the beauty advantages of mascara. Maybelline ends that bold, artificial, "made-up" look, which gummy, lumpy, mascaras cause. Try the thrilling new Cream-form—or the popular Solid-form. Both are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Reasonably priced at your favorite cosmetic counter.

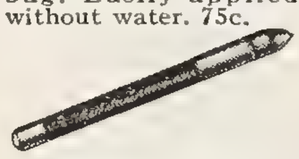
Have you often wished the color of your eyes were deeper, brighter? Accent their color and sparkle—shading your lids with a subtly blended tint of the exquisite, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow.

Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish — use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of all the Maybelline harmonized Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at 10c stores. Be *beauty-wise* when choosing your all important eye make-up—*insist* on Maybelline.

Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Tested and Approved — 4847 — Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

producer that here was something new for pictures — a singing cowboy — and he was given a contract to star in his own pictures for Republic. Between pictures he is in demand for personal appearances.

A story couldn't be written about Gene Autry without including Champion, his horse. Champion accompanies him on trips and appears in all Gene's pictures, as well as on the stage with him.

When Gene starts out on one of these jaunts, his train resembles a caravan. Gene, driving his own car and carrying two boys who work in his act, goes ahead. Behind him is the car with the boys who look after the scenery and other details.

Next comes Champion in his elegant travelling stable, which is the last word in trailers. Champion rides in solitary grandeur, along with his $1500. worth of saddle and bridle—hand-tooled and virtually covered with silver mountings—in his private car. It is electrically heated, has a built-in water trough and feed bin and a cork floor, because so much riding might make his feet sore.

Following the trailer is the truck, loaded with the necessary scenery and props.

Gene always arrives far in advance of his caravan because he drives like a demon and thinks it a waste of time for a cowboy to sleep more than three hours a night.

"In Milwaukee recently, the girls who were on the same bill with me were crazy about Champion," he told me proudly. "They were nicer to him than they were to me. Yes, sir, they sure were nice to that old horse. They would kiss him and leave lipstick all over that white strip down his face."

He told of one night when there was panic backstage for a few minutes when Champion was missing. He had been in his stall quietly munching a carrot and a moment later he had vanished.

"And we found that vain old horse in the wings watching himself act on the screen," Gene laughed.

"What's the matter with Champion's tail?" Gene asked the boy who takes care of him. "It's getting shorter every day."

"I should think it would," the boy replied. "Yours would, too. The kids pull the hairs out of his tail for souvenirs."

After each trip Champion's trailer must be turned in for a paint job. "It's so covered with the kids' autographs by the time we finish a trip that you can't tell what the original color was," Gene explained.

"Lord," he exclaimed. "I'm so busy on these trips that I don't get time to breathe. People are awfully nice. They invite me to dinner and to their homes when I could really use a little sleep. On this last trip I was invited to one dinner that I thought would never end, there was so much good food. I could hardly move after dinner, and when I got back to the theatre and climbed up on Champion—I always ride him onto the stage for the act—he gave me the dirtiest look. I must have gained twenty pounds."

IN SEVERAL middlewest communities there are organizations of young boys who own their own horses and call themselves the "Mounted Patrol." Recently they were granted permission to call themselves "The Gene Autry Mounted Patrol."

Gene is not unmindful of the fact that to the youngsters he is a hero, and there are never any scenes in his pictures that parents wouldn't want their children to see.

"There's one thing about making pictures for youngsters," he said. "If they like you, they will remember you and continue to see your pictures after they have grown up. We try to keep adults as

well as children in mind when we make our pictures."

Gene doesn't drink or smoke on or off the screen, unless you call taking a glass of beer occasionally "drinking." He refused $3000. recently to endorse a certain cigarette.

"Anyway, how could I endorse a cigarette when I don't smoke them?" he asked, innocently.

Gene worries about his stories and about the songs he sings in them. He writes many of the songs himself. On his desk were several song manuscripts sent in by amateur composers.

"We buy originals sometimes," he told me. "We have two new ones that we bought from a couple of convicts that I think are going to be knockouts. You never can tell about a song, however, but if a cowboy song does make a hit, it lasts longer than the ordinary song."

This is true of "That Silver-haired Daddy of Mine," a song that Gene wrote years ago. He had sung it over the radio, on all his stage appearances and had made phonograph records of it, when a music publisher wanted to publish it because he had so many calls for it.

"But I haven't any music for it," Gene told him. "I just made it up. I've always intended to put it down on paper, but haven't had time."

"Well, take time," the publisher replied. Gene did, and is still receiving royalties from its sale.

Gene's startling appearance doesn't cause a ripple as he strides down a street here, but outside of Hollywood he is looked upon as something quite out of the ordinary. He says he doesn't feel right in anything but cowboy clothes.

"I don't own a suit, really," he declared. "I like to wear flashy clothes. There's a certain amount of advertising value in wearing them, and they are not only more comfortable but wear longer than ordinary clothes. I've worn this jacket for three years. My hats cost fifty dollars but they last forever, and although my boots cost fifty dollars a pair, I wear them about three years.

"I don't like shoes; they make my feet sore. These boots are made to fit me. See," and he pointed to a detail on one boot, "the arch is built right in the boot. They're comfortable.

"My wife thought I ought to have a pair of white shoes so I bought some, but they got lost in Chicago. She thinks I gave them away, but I don't remember," he said with a grin. "I had a tuxedo once, too, but I gave that to a fellow who really needed it. I have no use for such clothes. I don't like to go to social affairs."

Gene admits that his idea of a big night is to go to a picture show with Mrs. Autry, Smiley Burnette, the comedian in his pictures, and Mrs. Burnette. On the way home they sometimes stop at the corner drug-store for a few cans of beer; Mrs. Autry makes sandwiches and by eleven o'clock the lights are out.

THE AUTRYS live in a big house atop a Hollywood hill. The house must be large, for Gene has a family. Two younger sisters and a brother followed him to Hollywood, and Gene reckons they are his responsibility. Dudley, his 17-year-old brother, refuses to attend school as Gene, who had no opportunity to get a higher education, wants him to. He takes care of Champion. His sisters live with him when they are in town, but at present are seeking their own paths to glory by singing with a rival cowboy act on tour.

Like all cowboys, Gene has a fine collection of saddles. "My wife draws the line at having them in the house," he laughed. His only visible tribute to Texas is a pair of six-foot steer horns, which adorn the wall in his office. He laughed when it was suggested that he should wear them on his car.

"I couldn't keep anything like that on my car," he laughed. "I can't have any identifying mark on it, in order to keep the kids off it. It's bad enough for them to write all over the trailer."

Gene makes friends wherever he goes and never forgets a friend. He refuses to make a picture that doesn't have a part for his pal, Smiley Burnette. He has a memory like an elephant and never forgets a person who treats another unfairly. Recently his secretary was startled when he dictated a sharp letter.

"He never loses his temper," she said with a horrified look, "but a man who had mistreated him over a period of years wrote and asked a favor."

"Now I feel free to tell you just exactly what I think of you," Gene wrote, and then proceeded to tell him.

"You know, I'd like to travel in a trailer myself—a nice one like Champion's—but it doesn't seem right not to stay at the hotels in the towns where I appear."

He is accustomed to having the key to the city presented to him upon his arrival in a town, but when he reached Corsicana, Texas, recently and was given the key, as usual, he was also invited to ride his horse into the hotel. Into the lobby they went and then he was told that the room adjoining his had been stripped of furniture and was to be occupied by Champion.

"It's only in Texas that they'd do a thing like that," he said, singing the praises of his home state. "And that's what I call 'southern hospitality'."





Glowing Gold
OR SPARKLING HENNA

You, too, can add that enviable, youthful brilliancy to your hair . . . safely and easily.

Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring by accentuating the highlights. It thoroughly cleanses both your scalp and your hair -- and imparts a delightful golden sheen.



For those whose hair is darker, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo, made with pure Egyptian Henna. It takes away that drab, listless look from your hair and gives it a vibrant, alluring sparkle without changing its natural color.

10c for a package containing 2 shampoos, at all 10 cent stores.

For assured safety, always specify Nestle.

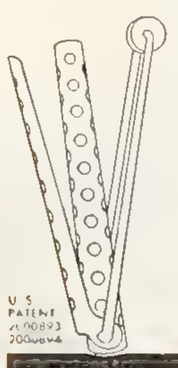
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Nestle GOLDEN SHAMPOO
HENNA SHAMPOO

HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS



When you *star* in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most becomingly...you can have them quickly, easily ...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on *Hollywood* Curlers.



3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

Accident Man

(*Continued from page 46*)

view, when he was surrounded by admiring fans, and a youngster held out a piece of paper to be autographed, Wayne blushed, grinned, stuffed the paper hastily in his coat pocket and said, "Thank you!"

"But my mother was even more nervous than I was. The next day someone called her on the telephone, and when she picked up the receiver to answer she began to dial a number."

He thinks his family's swell. "Why not?" he asks. "They've backed me every step of the way. They gave me all the rope I wanted when I was floundering around trying to decide what I was cut out to do. And after I signed my contract, and it looked as though I would be here for awhile, they packed up and moved over here so I could live at home and be near my work."

So the Morrises now live on one of the highest hills between Hollywood and Burbank in a big, rambling stucco house with plenty of room for Wayne and his younger brother and their various high-jinks.

"One of the grandmothers lives with us, too," he added. "It's swell, having a grandmother in the house."

His full name is Bert deWayne Morris. At home he is called Bert, and there is no need of confusion when a feminine voice calls on the telephone and asks for Wayne. And with his younger brother ever ready to cut in if given an opportunity! But one can hardly imagine that even losing his best girl to his brother, would make Wayne lose his temper.

RECENTLY I was in the publicity offices of his studio when he breezed in, fairly bursting with plans, and called out, "Well, goodbye, boys and girls. I'm off to Ensenada."

"What do you mean, Ensenada?" growled one of the boys.

"I'm going fishing. I don't have to be on location at Coronado for three days, so a bunch of us are going on down to Mexico for some swimming and fishing."

"But you can't," the publicity man retorted. "You have to be here all day tomorrow for pictures.'

You could have heard a pin drop. The smile faded from Wayne's face. But no tantrums followed.

"All right," he said quietly. And that in spite of the fact he hadn't had a vacation since he signed his contract more than a year before. Within five minutes his smile was back again. No wonder the public's that way about him.

His career has been carefully built. He was well prepared for his role in "Kid Galahad," although you probably can't recall his one close-up in "China Clipper," his one line in "Polo Joe," a slightly more important bit in "Here Comes Carter." Perhaps you didn't notice that he played the second lead in "The Land Beyond the Law," with Dick Foran. Next he played the leading role in a picture entitled, "Don't Pull Your Punches." He had a year's experience around the studio before he was given the role of the Kid.

Before he signed his picture contract he read the story of "Kid Galahad" in a national magazine and thought at the time that he would like to play the young prize fighter if the story was ever filmed. After he had started to work at the studio he learned his bosses had bought the story. He asked questions about it, millions of 'em. He followed its every move from scenario department to production office.

"I found out that Seton I. Miller was writing the adaptation for the story, so I went to him and asked him if he thought I would be good in the part. He said he thought I would.

"A few months later I learned that Mr. Bishoff was going to produce it, so I went to him and asked him if he thought I would be good in it. He said he thought I would.

"Later I learned that Michael Curtiz was going to direct it. I went through the



There's a back-to-the-ranch movement afoot in Hollywood these days, and Warren William's joined the trek in earnest. Whenever he gets time off, he makes a dash for his Encino ranch and his three prize wirehairs, Jack, Jill and Babs.

same routine with him. He said he'd like to have me play it, so I went to the casting director. Yep, I asked everybody. Gee, how I wanted to play that part.

"When Mike Curtiz began testing people for the other roles, he had them do scenes in which I appeared, and he always called me to make the tests with them. I almost made the picture before it was begun.

I THINK Bette Davis is a grand actress. It was simply swell working with her, and how grand she was to me, helping me and telling me how to do things, showing me short cuts to acting! And Mike Curtiz was just like a mother to me, honestly, just like a mother. No one could have been more patient and understanding."

On the set he is always behind the camera asking questions.

"I don't know how they put up with me," Wayne laughed. "I'm always bothering them in the cutting-room, or in the camera department, asking questions. I want to be a director some day, and I have to know what makes things click. I'm really getting my education now," he grinned, "and getting paid while I'm doing it."

Which brought up the subject of money. He is investing most of his salary in annuities and buying a new car. After those two obligations and income tax matters are taken care of, he chips in at home and keeps out exactly eighteen dollars a week for pocket money.

"That's enough," he declared. "I eat at home most of the time. I'm going to join the Y.M.C.A. I want some place to swim and work out, and the clubs are too expensive."

His idea of a big time is to go out dancing at the Biltmore Bowl or Cocoanut Grove about once a month. If there is one thing he dislikes more than a stiff shirt, it is a stuffed one. Although raised as any son of wealthy parents, he doesn't get a kick out of what he terms "the social life."

"I'd just as soon cut paper dolls as spend every night fooling around night clubs," he declared.

He doesn't drink, but smokes incessantly, at least during interviews. He likes tennis and golf, which he has recently taken up. He thinks the game would be improved by installing a hamburger stand at every hole. Recently he entered the studio golf tournament, and when he turned in his card with a score of one hundred sixty four on it, the referee said, "Oh, Mr. Morris, you were supposed to go around just once."

"That's right," Wayne replied. "I did."

He suspected a trick when he received a huge ham for low score, but his mother thought it a fine idea and asked him not to improve his game.

HE also likes prize fights. But, "You know," he said seriously, "there are some places that women belong and some places where they don't seem to fit. I don't like to see a woman at the fights, or in a poker game. Poker is a game where the men can unbutton their collars and take off their coats, and if they don't get good cards, they can let loose and swear. But not if there are women in the game."

And, speaking of women, Wayne declares that at the moment he is heart whole, but not quite fancy free. He would like to carry a torch for Olivia de Havilland, but thinks he doesn't know her well enough. He goes out occasionally with pretty little Lana Turner, a player at his studio, and the publicity heads, with an eye to business, are furthering this romance.

Help your skin BREATHE



and help it stay YOUNG!

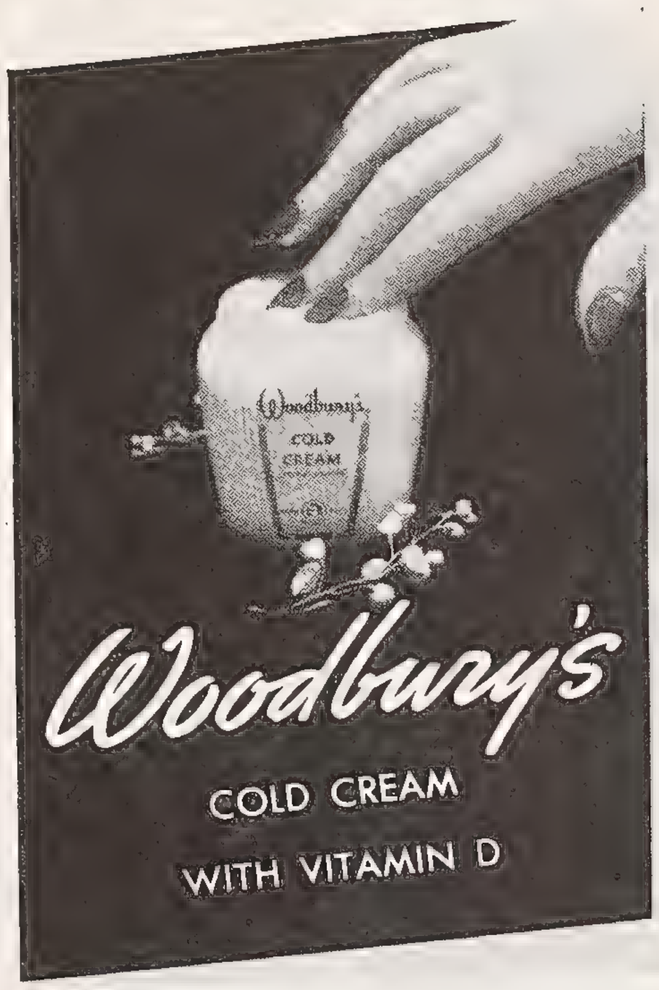
ALMOST two years ago, Woodbury's scientists found a way to put the "Sunshine" Vitamin D into Woodbury's famous Cold Cream . . . made tests that proved the elusive vitamin would work in this new medium. Beauty specialists foresaw a precious new aid to skin health . . . Two years of use have told the story —on the faces of pleased women! Today we know that

Vitamin D Stimulates the Skin's Breathing!

As you rub Woodbury's into your skin, the Vitamin D is absorbed by the living cells, quickens their respiration. Your skin begins to *breathe better!* The stimulated skin shows new vigor, can better resist fatigue and wear. This bland cream cleans, softens dry skin, helps protect from weather. And remember, Woodbury's Cold Cream is . . . and stays

GERM-FREE to the LAST

It will not harbor the bacteria that so often cause skin blemishes! Use Woodbury's Cold Cream regularly night and morning . . . and watch your well-cared-for face respond with flattering effect! At cosmetic counters everywhere, in 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and extra generous $1.00 jars that last for weeks. Your skin will thank you if you get a jar today!



SEND FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

Brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Co'd Cream (with Vitamin D) and Woodbury's Facial Cream; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 generous packets of Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6782 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



YOU don't have to touch a toilet with your hands. No scrubbing. No scouring when you use Sani-Flush. This odorless powder does the job as nothing else can. It is made scientifically to clean toilets.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush the toilet and the job is done. Spots and stains are removed instantly. The porcelain sparkles like new. The hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can clean is purified and safe. Odors are killed. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

GRAY HAIR? Correct it with PATRICIAN TINTBEST. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and natural looking. Easy to use, no experience required. Unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Send for FREE sample. State color of hair.

PATRICIAN LABORATORIES, LTD.
Dept. M.M., 17 East 48th St., New York



SWEEPERS RUN EASIER

There's nothing like a few drops of 3-In-One Oil to pep up sluggish sweepers, washing machines, sewing machines, children's toys, electrical appliances, etc. It is pure and free of gum. Specially blended for "triple action," it cleans, oils and stops rust.

3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES • CLEANS • PREVENTS RUST

"But I couldn't get married now. I'm not old enough. I'm not established yet. I haven't enough money. Why," he spluttered, as he floundered around for emphatic words, "it's ridiculous!"

He gets upset when he reads too much romantic gossip about himself in the newspapers, but he roared with laughter when he read that he was a descendant of both Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. "My mother was a distant cousin of one and my father of the other," he admitted.

Another laugh came when he read that he had knocked out five sparring partners while making the fight scenes for "Kid Galahad."

I DID knock out one fellow, and it's in the picture," he admitted a bit ruefully. "I didn't mean to. We had rehearsed it a dozen times and it was the fifth take. I don't know how it happened. Something slipped, I guess," and he looked a little shamefacedly at his stout fist.

The trainer, who put him in shape to make the fight scenes look like fight scenes, thinks Wayne is wasting his time as an actor.

"But I wouldn't want to be a fighter," he told me firmly. "I'm not even crazy about boxing."

The thing he has read about himself that he likes best is the opinion of a woman writer on a Pittsburgh newspaper, who said:

"He is the kind of boy whose first fan letters will be from mothers of sons."

"It isn't true, though," he admitted honestly. "My mail is from boys who compliment me on my work and from girls who ask for my picture."

"Do I read my publicity?"

His answer was interrupted by a loud whoop from a publicity man near us.

"Does he read it?" the old meanie yelled. "He buys two copies of everything that is written about him, so that when one copy is worn out, he'll have one left to show his grandchildren."

Wayne blushed. He is a cinch for baiters.

"Well, of course I read my publicity," he said, "but I don't believe it." And somehow, this rings true. For if there's one thing that stands out about Wayne Morris, it's this: Hollywood hasn't gone to his head, even though the film fans are now at his feet.

Maybe It's Luck

(*Continued from page 47*)

song at the top of her tiny voice. By dinnertime she had sold $100. worth of Thrift Stamps.

"Oh, well," she explained modestly, "everyone was feeling patriotic. It was 1919 you know, and they had dressed me in a tiny Red Cross uniform. Surely it wasn't because I could sing, for I couldn't. I never did sing when I was a youngster."

Perhaps, she couldn't sing, but the next outstanding event that she remembers was a few years later when she attended a moving picture theatre on amateur night.

"I'll sing," she volunteered to the manager, when she saw her little playmates marching up to the stage to do their acts. She was feeling remorseful for having done something naughty at home. If she won a prize she might reinstate herself in her mother's favor.

The manager took a look at the little black-haired girl with enormous blue-grey eyes and lifted her onto the stage. She put all of that will to win into her performance and carried off second prize, which was a huge basket of groceries. She didn't carry it far, however, for before she reached home a big boy stole it from her.

"I arrived home in tears. It seems funny now, but at the moment it was a tragedy. How we could have used that basket of groceries!" she laughed.

"Mother and I were alone from the time I was a little girl. My father was killed in an airplane accident, and although my mother was never trained to do any kind of work, she had to do whatever she could to support us. She was determined to keep me with her no matter what happened, and I've seen her take a job that paid only five dollars a week because it was all she could get to do at the time.

"She was determined that I should have an education and at night, after a hard day's work, she washed and ironed my little school dresses so that I could appear neat and clean. She worked so hard."

The memory of those hard days still hurts, and I knew she was sincere when she added, "My chief ambition was to grow up so I could help my mother.

"But now that Mother doesn't have to work, she can't stand the inactivity," Dorothy laughed. "She's going to school, taking a business course, so she can attend to my fan mail. It gives her something to do when I'm at the studio.

"We've just furnished an apartment, and it was more fun. Let's see," she said, counting on her fingers, "there are two bedrooms upstairs and a living-room, dining-room, bedroom and kitchen downstairs. I had one of the bedrooms made into a den and decorated it as an Hawaiian room. Some of the furniture is rattan and I covered the other pieces with strips of bamboo. The ceiling is covered with palm leaves."

ONE OF her outstanding characteristics is gratitude. An example of it concerns the little bronze statue of Venus, which was one of the prizes she won along with the title of "Miss New Orleans," and from which she wouldn't part for any amount of money. As a piece of bronze, there was no place for it in her new home, but it had to be there, so she had it painted gold to harmonize with the gold and white of her dainty living-room.

Dorothy still calls New Orleans home. It was there she went to school, and from the time she was ten years old, her chum was the late Dorothy Dell.

"The two Dorothys," everyone called them, for they were inseparable. Together they put on backyard plays and dreamed of some day being great stars of the stage. They swore eternal friendship, as children do, and they remained staunch friends until the untimely death of Miss Dell.

In 1930 Dorothy Dell won the New Orleans beauty contest and went on to Galveston and won the title of "Miss Universe," which brought several stage offers. She had consented to go to Galveston only if Dorothy Lamour would accompany her and refused to accept any stage offer that didn't include a job for her pal. Finally, they joined the Fan-

chon and Marco show and toured together for six months.

At the end of that time nothing offered itself, and Dorothy Lamour returned home to New Orleans where she arrived just in time to enter the 1931 beauty contest. This time she won the title of "Miss New Orleans," as her chum had the year before. However, as there seemed to be no further opportunity for her there, she took the little bronze statue and the money she had won and went to Chicago.

The friends she visited lived just outside Chicago, and they drove her into the city to help her find some sort of employment. Her first glimpse of the city aroused mingled emotions. As she stepped from the car and took one excited look about her, she felt something around her ankles. There, in a little mound around her feet, was her underslip.

"It was simply awful," she moaned at the memory of that embarrassing moment. "It was summer time and you could see right through my thin dress."

With outward poise she picked up the offending garment and raced to the ladies' room in the Civic Auditorium and from there proceeded about the business of finding work.

She tried to get a job as a model and went to the largest department store there. She asked to see the man in charge of personnel, applied for a job and got it.

"But after a short time they cut down on help, all the models were fired, and I was out of a job. I explained that I just had to have work, so they gave me a job as saleslady. I worked in almost every department in the store, and at Christmas time I ran an elevator.

"About this time Dorothy Dell came through Chicago with the 'Follies.' She decided that I should be a singer, as everyone said I was too short to be a show girl. She coached me in singing every spare minute we had. Through a publicity woman at the Morrison Hotel, I got a chance to sing in the supper-room.

"And when I was singing my first song, I was so frightened I forgot the words. I had to hum my way through the song."

APPARENTLY, Dorothy's humming was just what Herb Kay, an orchestra leader well known throughout the East, thought he needed. He heard her that night and offered her a job singing with his organization. She was his soloist for two years.

"He taught me everything I know about singing," she repeated gratefully. "And he always told me I should be in pictures. Now that I am in pictures, he laughs and says he would never be the one to say, 'I told you so'."

The little Southern girl promptly fell in love with Herb Kay, "but he didn't fall in love with me," she confessed. "I stayed with the orchestra two years, and still he didn't fall. I didn't think it was doing me any good to remain and see him all the time, so I went to New York and got a job singing for the National Broadcasting System. I had been singing over the air with the orchestra all the time, so I had no trouble getting a job

"That Hepburn-Rogers Feud!"

Are the girls really "at it"? You'll find out by reading November Modern Screen



WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By *Lady Esther*

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario). (37)



Millions of baby feet are RUINED in early years because mother buys expensive shoes, *and then lets baby wear them too long.* Most babies *outgrow* shoes long before they are worn out. Short, tight outgrown shoes twist and warp the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

It's better to buy *Wee Walker* Shoes, and change to new ones often. They're inexpensive, yet have every feature a baby needs. Made over live-model lasts (an exclusive Wee Walker feature) they are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, made of soft, pliable leather you can be proud of. They cost so little because of manufacturing economies, and because *sold in stores with very low selling cost.* Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H.L. Green Co., Inc. McLellan Stores G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.
Sears, Roebuck & Co. Charles Stores
Schulte-United Stores



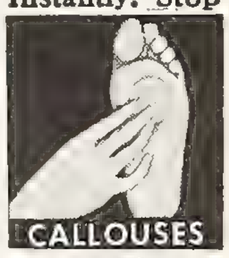


Stops Pain INSTANTLY!

Be careful! The feet are easily infected. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be SAFE. These soothing, thin, dainty, softly cushioned pads are medically safe and sure. End pain instantly. Stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, when used with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box, quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Also made with THICK soft felt for cases requiring more protection. If you need this kind be sure and ask for Dr. Scholl's THICK Zino-pads. Don't accept a substitute. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.





Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!



Bigger and better coolie hats and dark glasses protect the poor working girls of Hollywood from demon sun, whatever the season. Paulette Goddard and Helen Vinson caught having a good time for themselves at the tennis matches.

on the radio."

Always before when Dorothy wanted anything, she went after it with grim determination. This time, when the prize was something that meant her future happiness, she ran away from it just as grimly.

"It was the woman in me, I guess," she said shyly. And her woman's intuition was right, for two weeks after she left Chicago, Herb flew to New York after her. They were married immediately and after two years are more enthusiastic about each other than ever.

Dorothy stayed on in New York about a year, singing over the radio and taking a plane for Chicago and Herb almost every week. When she wasn't visiting him, he was visiting her in New York. It didn't seem like such a long-distance marriage, they were both so busy.

Then NBC offered her a job on the Coast, and there was a family conference. It meant she couldn't fly to Chicago every little while. Possibly, it meant pictures and a big career. It meant she could do more and more for her mother. But those long separations from her husband! In the end, he was the deciding force.

"You know, I've always said you should be in pictures," he teased. But, seriously, he knew it was her big opportunity, and he refused to stand in her way.

"I want you to go out, too," he told her. "You've got to be seen around. I don't want you to stay in nights just because I'm not there to take you out. You have lots of friends, and I want you to have a good time."

So Dorothy came to Hollywood, chin up, hopes high, her radio contract in her pocket and that bronze statue under her arm. She was able to fly back to Chicago frequently, her radio work was fine, but her motion picture career didn't materialize.

SHE ALMOST got the Helen Morgan role in "Show Boat" with Irene Dunne. She had offers from almost every company, but there was always some difficulty to prevent the completion of a deal. Six months passed, and Dorothy had a hard time keeping her chin up. Then Paramount began a search for a girl to play the title role in "Jungle Princess." Dorothy got the job.

She didn't get the role because she could sing or act, because when plans for the picture were being made those attributes weren't considered important. It was later, when they discovered her ability, that the part was built up into a starring role. She got it because her black hair is almost thirty inches long. A wig wouldn't do because she had to be in and out of the water a great deal. "And you never know when a wig may bounce off," she laughed. She shivers when she thinks how many times she had been tempted to bob her hair.

She was rushed into the picture so fast that before she knew it she found herself at work. The lot of a motion picture actress, she had always supposed, meant wearing fine clothes, silver fox furs, and expensive perfume. What a shock it was to discover she was the only girl on a location forty miles from Hollywood, living in a tiny cabin that had been built for her and working all day long for six solid weeks at the bottom of a deep ravine—most of the time in the creek, which ran along the floor of the canyon. Her fine clothes consisted of a sarong.

She was so much more than satisfactory in the role that she was immediately cast in "College Holiday," "Swing High, Swing Low," "High, Wide and Handsome" and then given the leading role in "The Last Train for Madrid." She will have appeared in five pictures when she finishes "Hurricane"—all in one year. It appears that she can't be spared long enough for a vacation, now that she's been discovered.

"I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to go out any place," she said gaily. "Now Herb is spending his two-months' vacation here with me."

Her voice, which, of course, you've heard, is a low, sweet contralto. It is not trained, but seems to thrill audiences just the same. "I'd like to study and be a 'good' singer," she says, "but I've been fooling around with popular music so long I don't think I can. I don't know one note of music from another and have to learn all my songs by hearing them," she admitted.

She simply adores fan magazines and reads everything that is written about the other stars. Lamour is her real name.

She must be lucky, all right, for she was in the right place at the right time, and she has everything it takes.

Beauty Gets the Job

(*Continued from page 45*)

If you are a more or less striking type, play down on make-up, costume and hair-do less'n you're after a model's job, mebbe. The potential employer, contrary to what we're led to believe in the more sizzling type of fiction, doesn't want a glamor girl or a hotsy-totsy in his office. It makes his wife ask too many questions. This advice goes double if it's a woman who has the power to hire you or send you about your business. This doesn't mean that you shouldn't look as nice and pretty as you can, but do it in a quiet way, with a dark costume, a close-to-the-head hair-do, a tailored type of hat, and make-up sparingly applied on a face as fresh and clean as you can possibly arrange to keep it.

A WORD about your attitude as you go in to apply for your job. It's not a bit of good telling you not to be nervous, for you probably won't be able to help it. Furthermore, a little becoming diffidence won't count against you. But try not to let your nervousness get the better of your common sense. State your case as directly and in as few words as possible. Don't lie in an effort to aggrandize yourself, but don't underestimate yourself either. If you are given a test of any sort, don't be afraid to ask a question or two if you don't clearly understand what the gent dictated or whatever is asked of you. You'll be rated as much on a generally intelligent and alert attitude as upon the sample work you do.

Give a thought to your posture. Walk well and sit straight. Don't fiddle with purse, handkerchief or gloves. Here's a little trick that will keep your tummy flat and your fanny in, the shoulders up and the chest forward: stand up and tighten the muscles of your thighs. That's all there is to it. Just tighten those large muscles and feel the middle flatten, the rear pull in. You simply can't slump if you'll do this.

I don't know what type of job you may be applying for. As I said, jobs aren't easy to find, and you may have to take what you can get. Okay—if it's in a factory or a mill or if it's a microscopically paid position in a local shop or whatever—take it, and do your level best to give satisfaction. But in the back of your mind (where your employer can't see it), keep this thought, "I'm not going to stay here. This is only a stop-gap." What money you can squeeze from necessities, put aside for better clothes, for cosmetic and grooming requisites and for self-advancement. If you're not equipped with shorthand and typing, make a beeline for a night business school as fast as you can. Shorthand and typing pave the way to untold interesting jobs and lucrative careers.

KAY FRANCIS began her career as a social secretary. Her good taste in dress and grooming, her poised, lovely manner and voice helped get her this job, and the job, in turn, helped win splendid contacts for her and gradually paved the way for her present glamorous career. I don't mean that good secretarial jobs are necessarily first stop on the way to Hollywood, but they frequently are first stop on the way to junior executive jobs in advertising, department store buying, and a dozen other fascinating and well-paid careers for women.

When you get your jobs, darlings, is when the test of your intelligence really begins. Unless it's a sales job you have,

ROUGH HANDS made youthfully soft

Your hand skin chaps and roughens—ages sooner—when water and cold weather take special moisture out of the skin cells. Jergens Lotion *soaks in* more effectively than other lotions tested—soon puts back the lost moisture.



WHEN your hands chap and roughen, they actually begin to age! Because they have lost some of the special moisture that keeps young skin supple and smooth. But Jergens Lotion replaces the lost moisture—gives back inviting young smoothness to your hands. Jergens *soaks in*—more effectively than any other lotion tested.

And it contains two remarkable softening and whitening ingredients, used by many doctors. Young hands are lovable, charming—an asset to every woman of any age. And Jergens can help you have young hands! Get it today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the special family size—at any beauty counter, and the $1.00 bottle now comes with a useful dispenser!

WALTER WINCHELL—every Sunday night—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network— Coast-to-Coast.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens *goes into* the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands!
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1634 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

*Name*_____
PLEASE PRINT

*Address*_____





A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this —that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "*the girl who needs Mum.*" Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

where you must make your personality felt, my advice to you is to be unobtrusive for a short spell. Do your work well and find out what sort of environment you're in. A book could be written on the subject of getting along with one's business associates, about tact and diplomacy, about means of gradually making your presence felt in an organization without pushing. But I've side-tracked from the beauty theme far enough already. I'll just say these few things:

You're going to spend at least six hours a day, at least five days a week, at your work. You might as well get enjoyment and interest out of it as well as that weekly pay envelope. Use your noodle and adapt yourself to your environment. Don't always be satisfied if you fulfill just the exact amount asked of you. Do a little more. Gradually, find out a little more about the business you're in. It may lead to a better job. You'll have set-backs and bad breaks, sure. Don't let them get you down.

THIS reminds me of Ann Sothern, who was let out of "The Follies" because she was too pretty and sang too sweetly. Well, mebbe not exactly that, but she resembled just enough the late Marilyn Miller, and her voice was similar to the star's, so it was soon a case of Annie doesn't work here any more. A friend advised her to change her type, to become hotcha instead of sweet, since the market seemed to be glutted with sweet types. But Ann sensibly decided that she just wasn't cut out to be hotcha, so she continued traipsing around to theatrical agents and went on with her singing and dancing lessons. And that reminds us of the famous old saying, "Be yourself. Don't try to be what you ain't."

When the good break comes, be ready to live up to it. Every day, think, "This may be the day!" Through a great tragedy, Alice Faye now has the chance of stepping into a very golden pair of shoes indeed. Hollywood mourns the loss of gay and gorgeous Jean Harlow, but nevertheless there must be someone to make us laugh and make our pulses quicken as the much-mourned platinum star was able to do. The logical person to wear Jean's mantle of gaiety and allure seems to be Alice Faye. Will she be able to do it? She must work, and work hard if she will succeed. In face and figure, not quite as lovely as Jean, she, on the other hand, has a better voice. Will the good breaks go to her head, as Jean's common sense never let them go to hers? These considerations and problems aren't so very different in essence from the problems and considerations which confront any girl when she is given something to live up to, something to work for.

Well, get back to your knitting and beauty advice, M. M. Give the girls some tips on looking their best while on the job.

TIME yourself on making up and hair fixing. Taking pains, but without dawdling, see how long it takes you. Then allow this much time every morning. Wear only essential make-up to business. Powder and lipstick. No rouge unless you're very washed-out looking without it. No mascara unless your lashes and brows are so light you look plain without it. Every morning, give your nails a moment's attention. They take hard punishment in the daily grind. If you're doing stenographic work, keep your nails just fingertip length. Remember that carbon paper has a horrid habit of combining with nail polish to give a very grubby effect, so change the polish every night if need be. The important thing is that the polish never be chipped and cracked.

Remember that you'll not have time to get a wave or a manicure in the daytime. You must take care of things

after office hours, and you'll be better off if you learn to do as many beauty tasks as possible for yourself. One night a week should be set aside for a swell shampoo, a bang-up manicure, and any other beauty and grooming tasks you need to do.

If you stand all day, you must wear good—not cheap—shoes. If you sit all day, you must wear a good, firm girdle. Once during the morning and once during the afternoon, take a few minutes for one of these refreshing and relaxing stunts. Take ten full, deep breaths, exhaling very slowly. (Excellent for that nervous, tense feeling.) Or let your head drop forward, limp, on your chest, and then slowly roll it in a circle, letting it go as far back as you can. Cup your eyes for a minute or two with your hands and try to "see black."

Keep that bottle of skin freshener in your desk or in your purse and take time to give the face a "once over lightly" before or after lunch. A small bottle of a good mouth wash is not amiss, either, so that you will never be guilty of what the ads warn you against.

Many is the working gal who must dress at seven in the morning for all day, and probably for an after-office date besides. Choose materials which won't wrinkle easily. Have as many washable blouses and neck gadgets as you can afford—they'll make your few basic costumes look different. After holding a job for awhile, it's so easy to slump and let down on keeping that there neat, well-groomed appearance. The other girls in the office don't seem to be so terribly fussy. The boss is an old codger of fifty—no point in fixing up for him. But that's the wrong attitood, Toots, the wrong attitood. *You* be the girl whose face is always fresh and sparkling, whose hair is always shining and becomingly waved, and whose costume, footgear and fingernails are always as spandy as you can keep them.

If you're overweight, the office lunch hour is a good time for that liquid meal and a nice brisk walk. If you're underweight, you must find some tearoom or something, darlings, where you can get a hot, nourishing meal, even though it strains the budget to pay for it. A swell idea, too, if you can send out in the middle of the afternoon for a glass of milk or a malted drink. But, of course, if the office frowns upon such deviations from starchy efficiency, you must go without.

Older women in business are so often shadowed with the feeling that their hold on the job is precarious and that a dozen young things are all ready to step in and take their livelihoods away from them. I have never quite understood why this should be so. It needn't be so if the older woman doesn't permit herself to slump and get in a rut. The experience and wisdom which the years bring us are even more valuable than the energy of youth. Most of the women who hold highly paid and responsible jobs aren't young, after all. If you feel that graying hair counts against you, have it dyed—well, and not cheaply. If you are on the plump side, you should, of course, endeavor to do something about it, but in the meantime, be prepared to pay more for your clothes than the thin folks have to pay.

See you all next month—and P. S., I hope you all get the job!

He's Learned from the Ladies

(*Continued from page 35*)

knothole in the fence. So I took my sax and joined a band. It was the first time in her life my mother had to depend on me. Think she worried about herself? No. She worried about being a burden on me. There was I, a big, strapping galoot, and she didn't want to be a burden on me. Never a word about her own pain and so forth, only about poor Fred and all the hospital bills he had to pay. Poor Fred, my foot." He was examining that extremity with great interest.

"I'm not saying she taught me a sense of responsibility. I never put it into so many words. Neither did she. But if she hadn't been the way she was, maybe I'd have been different too. How can you tell? I never read any books about it. All I know is that the best part of that job in New York was being able to send her some dough. At that, she was doing me a favor. Probably kept me out of a lot of trouble. Didn't have enough left to get into trouble with."

A publicity man came in with a MacMurray story. It described a scene that took place recently on a Hollywood street, and the lead ran, "MacMurray can't go out without being mobbed."

He took one look and flung it down in disgust. "Sounds like I'm a big movie star and very popular."

"Well, aren't you?"

"Not that popular." His annoyance was obviously genuine. "Can't you kill it?"

"Too late," and the publicity man made for the door.

"Hey, wait a minute." Fred started after him. "Put in another story," he bawled down the hall, "and tell 'em I can go out without being mobbed."

Once he'd been calmed, I asked him about the women he'd played with. "Does that mean I've cleared one hurdle?" he wanted to know, and shook hands with himself.

"Well, this part's easier. I've heard lots of times that women are bum sports, especially actresses. Not the ones I've worked with. Maybe you think I'm just shooting my mouth off this way, to pay fancy compliments. Well, I can show you different.

"I played my first picture with May Robson. I was trying to figure out how to be an actor. She must have seen I was hot and bothered, and she said, 'Just be yourself, and you'll get along fine.' Might have been her nice way of saying, 'Don't waste time trying to act,' but I put that thought behind me and took her advice. I've been taking it ever since. Sometimes when I'm being myself, the director seems to think someone else might be an improvement. But at least it gives me something to start off on, so I don't go flopping around like a lopwinged turkey.

"Of course, when I was really scared was the first picture with Claudette. Look who she was, and I wasn't. No use trying to describe my feelings. Put yourself in my place, and that tells the story. My first scene with her, I was taking her to the subway, and she felt my arm kind of going this way." He waggled it. "She looked up at me and smiled. 'What's all the shaking for?' 'Scared.' 'Of what?' 'The whole business.' 'You'll lick it,' she said, and she said it as if she meant it. Anyway that was the first time I thought to myself, 'Maybe I will. Why not?'

JUST TOUCH BUTTON
LATEST 18-TUBE MIDWEST TUNES ITSELF BY ELECTRIC MOTOR!



Only Midwest's Direct-From-Factory Policy Makes This Feature Possible At Amazingly Low Price!

YOU will be astounded at the lightning-like action of the amazing new 1938 MOTORIZED Midwest. Just touch a button (on top of the radio) . . . and its corresponding station zips in! The famous Midwest factory-to-you plan, (proven by 18 years of success) is just as exciting! It enables you to buy at wholesale prices—to save up to 50%—to make your radio dollar go twice as far — to enjoy 30 days FREE trial in your own home.



Let us send this MIDWEST to your home on 30 days FREE trial. Send no money now! It will delight you with its brilliant world-wide reception on 6 bands and range of 12,000 and more miles! You are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

Send for FREE 1938 Catalog

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. BB-137 Cincinnati, Ohio

PASTE COUPON ON 1¢ POSTCARD...OR WRITE TODAY!

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. BB 137, Cincinnati, O
Send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. (Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.)

Name
Address
Town State
User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money. Check Here ☐ for details
☐ Check Here for 1938 BATTERY catalog

AT 1/10 DRY CLEANING COSTS

DRUMS



Cleans Silk, Satin, Rayon

Dresses • Drapes • Hose
Clothing • Rugs • Upholstery
Lingerie—IN COLD WATER

Removes grease, fruit, perspiration stains and odors easily, quickly, safely.

Won't burn or explode, is odorless, won't fade, shrink, or harm anything cold water won't harm if used as directed. Old dingy fabrics made bright, soft and lovely. Thousands acclaim DRUMS the finest, safest, most economical cleaner ever used.

25¢ package makes three gallons of cleaner—10¢ introductory size will clean two dresses. Sold at 5 and 10, drug, and department stores.

Introductory supply sufficient to do $2.00 cleaning job sent upon request.

DRUMS 10-229 General Motors Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

"She could have kept very quiet, and no one would have held it against her. Instead, she went out of her way to give me pointers. And more than that. The first week some good friend told me I was going to be kicked out—which helped. I found out later that Claudette Colbert went to bat for me. 'I think he's okay.' she said. 'I want him in.' I was nobody, and she put up a fight for me. Pretty bum sport, yeah!

SAME way with Carole Lombard. My pictures with her were mostly comedy. You had to be light and easy. She'd kid between scenes. She likes to kid, but there was more behind it than that. I saw she was doing it on purpose, to keep me in the mood. Then before the scene she'd grab my hand. 'Come on, let's be funny,' she'd say and pull me on.

"She'd worry about my make-up, too; sit and look at me and say, 'I wonder how we can make you handsome?' One day she decided I should have a few eyebrows taken out. She pulled a couple and I yelled blue murder. 'You have to suffer to be good looking,' she said. That's another thing I learned from Carole," he grinned. "But I'd rather not suffer and not be good looking, I guess.

"Anyway, you can't tell me that actresses are this and that. Maybe some of them are. I told you before, I'm talking about the ones I know. And the ones I know I take off my hat to."

MacMurray's wife was once on the stage herself. They met while playing in the same Broadway show.

"Do I have to talk about Lillian?" he inquired plaintively. Seeing no sign of clemency, he drew a breath and plunged.

"Well, here's the principal thing I learned from her: that all this talk about no happy marriages in Hollywood is so much bologna.

"Not having been married very long, maybe you think I have no right to judge. But we got to know each other pretty well before we were married. One thing—it really happened before I had any idea I'd be in pictures." The slight flush, the way he hurried over the words, gave me to understand that "it" meant "falling in love."

"That gives you a little feeling of security, you know. With someone else, you might think being in the movies had something to do with it." He began to look very uncomfortable indeed. "Say, does that sound conceited? Do me a favor and don't let it sound that way. It's only that when I first came out here, different people would call and ask me out to dinners and parties. I'd say, 'Do you mind if I bring my fiancée?' Nine times out of ten they'd pull back. 'Awfully sorry, but we'd planned on just so many.' Well, you couldn't help feeling that being in the movies had something to do with it. See what I mean?" He seemed grateful when I said I did.

"One reason we get along is because we enjoy the same things, except one. She likes to dance, and I don't. So we don't dance. Well, that's not quite true either. Before she was ill, we did go out once in awhile. Only I don't like to dance more than she does like to dance. So she was satisfied with once in awhile. Suppose I'd married someone who wanted to go out all the time." He looked frightened at the thought of what he'd escaped.

SHORTLY after their marriage, Mrs. MacMurray was taken seriously ill. In bed for five months, she is only now beginning to regain her strength. Her husband's concern is all the more distressing to see, because he keeps his lips closed over it. Like all his emotions, his worries belong to himself.

"She's like my mother," he managed to say gruffly. "She always feels swell, even when she doesn't. On bad days she puts make-up on, so I can't tell. I have to ask the nurse all the time how she's getting along. Listen to her, and she'd make you believe she ought to be up and jigging."

The home in Brentwood they'd planned together was going up when she was taken ill. But her interest never waned. "Of course she couldn't watch it the way she wanted to, but I'd talk things over with her, then go ahead. Then I'd have to go out and take pictures and bring them back to show her.

"And that was another place where we found we agreed. For instance, we both thought we wanted a breakfast room. Somebody said to me, 'What do you want a breakfast room for?' So I said to Lillian, 'Say, what do we want a breakfast room for?' And she said, 'Yes, what do we want a breakfast room for?' So we have no breakfast room. The few times we didn't agree, I left it to her. She knows a lot more about decorating than I do. Like the dining-room paper. I saw it in a small piece and thought it was awful. She looked kind of downhearted. Well, nuts, if she'd wanted monkeys and giraffes climbing over the walls, that'd be all right with me, too. 'Put it in, anyhow, and see how it looks,' I told her. So it looks swell.

"I got to be quite a shopper," he went on, with a householder's pride. "I'd go down to this hardware place and bring up a bunch of doorknobs and lighting fixtures, and then I'd have them send samples of drapes and rugs, and she'd take her pick. Then a day or so before we went in, I brought her these pieces of cardboard, and

(*Continued on page 96*)

The perfect perfume for each occasion







GARDENIA – true essence of the exquisite flower . . . your friends will whisper "What expensive perfume you're wearing!"

No. 3 PERFUME – Oriental enchantment intoxicating as rapturous moments. To him, the very breath of love.



Women will envy the rich distinction of Park & Tilford Gardenia. while men will fall willing victims to the caressing spell of oriental No. 3, You need *both* perfumes so each occasion will have it's own perfect fragrance. At leading drug and department stores 25c

Smart tuckaway size for 10c in ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD Perfumes

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN



Just a bunch of regular kids get together! When Freddie Bartholomew threw a party in honor of the Bronx boy, Tommy Kelly, who was picked from 25,000 entries to play the title role in "Tom Sawyer," most of Cinematown's famous younger members turned out to give him a right hearty welcome. (L. to r.) Billy and Bobby Mauch, Jane Withers, Tommy, Freddie and Doug Scott. A swell time was had by all.

"MAY I BE VERY PERSONAL?" ASKS *Madeleine Carroll*

Star of "Personal History," a Walter Wanger Production



"THEN... CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE *Color of Your Eyes*"

BLUE AS THE SUMMER SEAS are Madeleine Carroll's eyes. And this lovely English star very wisely chooses makeup that accents their deep charm. It's makeup that *matches*... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara ...And it's makeup that matches *you!* For Marvelous Makeup is keyed to your own personality color, *the color of your eyes.*

DREAMS DO COME TRUE when you wear this new makeup, say 9 out of 10 girls who try it.

Ask at your drug or department store for *Dresden* type powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, if your eyes are blue; *Parisian* type if they are brown; *Patrician* type for gray; *Continental* type for hazel. Full size packages each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

YOUR OWN MIRROR, your own leading man, will *applaud!*

Harmonizing ROUGE · LIPSTICK · FACE POWDER · MASCARA · EYE SHADOW



COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Paris... London... New York... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Berlin



The joke's on you if you haven't tried Rit *recently*—new formula (patented 1936) makes ordinary dyes old-fashioned—gives you luscious colors every time. Rit contains "neomerpin" that makes color *saturate* the fabric instantly, evenly, beautifully. Even dark colors are FAST WITHOUT BOILING. Try Rit soon—and you'll "dye" laughing.



Never say "Dye"—say RIT!





(*Continued from page* 94)

she drew a plan of each room and where she wanted everything to go. That's decorating the hard way. When it was all fixed we took her there in an ambulance and left her downstairs, while we carried the bed up and got it made. Then we carried her up, and there she was, sitting pretty in her own house. Next thing I knew, she was laughing her head off. I turned 'round just in time to see the carpenter whisking the door away. It wasn't really finished, you know. I just wanted her to see it the way it was going to look.

"Anyway, she's improved much more rapidly since. We were in an apartment before, where she couldn't get out. Now she lies on the sundeck. Birds singing, flowers growing." He caught himself again. "Pretty fancy talk for an ex-saxophone player."

"Watch out, Fred. Someone might think you have a heart," scoffed a friend who had come in for part of this. "You make me laugh."

"I make myself laugh." He was at the door, poised for flight. "Listen, wasn't there a book once called 'Are Women People?' Well, you can say for me the answer's yes. Nice people. I learned about it from them."

College Course in Clothes

(*Continued from page* 49)

Phyllis Brooks' ensemble is of navy blue and luggage-tan wool crepe. Her dress has the new, casual, low neckline and the simple lines that are so magic in slimming a full figure. The very full coat makes the thighs appear narrow, and all trimming is concentrated in the accessories, as it should be in the case of all but willowy-slim girls. Her gloves are hand-stitched chamois, and her tiny hat shows the new jutting-forward line that is the outstanding angle of the new hats.

Mary Carlisle is so thin that even the most tailored wool crepe dress needs more elaboration, more fullness. It is introduced subtly, however, in the dress she is wearing under the box coat, flaring slightly from the hips so as to retain an air of utmost simplicity. It is the coat she is wearing that is most important for college girls. This one is made of stiff costume velvet of deepest blue. It is the sort of coat that college girls find indispensable, because they can wear it over tailored dresses in the daytime, softer dresses for informal evenings. In velveteen, or corduroy, it is equally good. If you or your mother are clever with a sewing machine, you can make a coat like this easily. And a tip from a star who makes her own clothes, and who always has a coat like this in her wardrobe, is to go to the upholstery department for your material. She buys upholstery velvet or velour for coats like this at much less than the cost per yard in the regular coat fabric department.

One ensemble like either of these, an extra wool dress that can be worn with the jacket, and a collection of skirts and sweaters take good care of a girl's daytime campus needs. After all, it is in her evening clothes that she will have a real chance to shine. And shine she must this year on all gala occasions by means of spangles, lamé, or shiny beads.

The evening dress that Mary Carlisle is wearing is of blue-gray chiffon, embroidered in crystal beads. The slip underneath is very tight to emphasize her slimness, the dress itself full enough to look comfortable and graceful. It is a very young and romantic dress, but it borrows a sophisticated touch from the sculptured, Grecian robes grown-ups are wearing—a tightly-draped bodice. The jacket is removable, of course, but who would want to take off such a chic and jaunty bit of frippery? Especially as it is transparent and not weighty at all. Note particularly the length of the skirt. It is just below ankle-length, comfortable for dancing, but with all the sweeping grace of the very long dresses of last year.

Middle-aged women can take up the new short-skirted evening dresses if they want to, and fashion writers can scream about the ballerina skirts, but college girls just won't have them. When they are dressed for gala occasions, they want to look just as different as possible from their everyday style, and long skirts give them that added dramatic sweep as they enter a ballroom.

Notice, please, that Mary is not breaking the neckline of the dress by wearing beads or a necklace, and that no earrings, clips, or flowers distract attention from the sumptuousness of the dress. If your dress glitters, forswear all jewelry except bracelets, lest you look like a Xmas tree or its understudy. Be sure, too, if you are wearing a dress of rather sophisticated lines, that you emulate Mary's freshly-tubbed, little-girl demureness by having your hair arranged very plain and fairly reeking with the healthy radiance that Beauty Expert Mary Marshall has told you comes with constant brushing.

NOW we come to what is fondly known as *the* dress. Every girl at college simply has to have a dark chiffon dress that can be worn with or without a hat to dress up dinner dates and informal dances. This one is black, but many girls prefer midnight blue or the very dark brownish red that is being called sherry this season. Colors are younger and, besides, some girls haven't the healthy skin and hair that black requires.

Selecting a dress of this type requires the utmost care, because if it is too plain, it will make you look like a poor relation. The very full skirt does a lot toward making it look frivolous, but the really giddy touch is the frou-frou of pink chiffon around the neckline. The puffed sleeves help, too.

Topping it all is the absurd little hat that proclaims a ranking mode of Autumn 1937. Trimming is massed in the front and high. A lot of girls are going to make a tiny skull-cap like this do multiple-duty by having flowers and feathers in many colors, changing the trimming to match various dresses.

While we are on the subject of hats, we might just as well sum up the major points of the new millinery fashions. First, the trimming juts forward as it does on this one and on Phyllis Brooks' daytime hat. Most of the new hats look as if they were just poised on the head temporarily, ready to be catapulted off into space like an airplane from the S.S. Lexington.

Hats are not moored on with elastics any more. The crowns fit very snugly

around the back, and isn't that going to be a relief on the days when your hair is a little unruly?

Berets are in fashion—and when were they not?—but the new berets are larger, softly draped, and tilted up on one side.

Black hats are being worn with suits and dresses of almost all colors this year, but they flaunt little feathers or ribbon ornaments of sharp colors. Rarely does the trimming match the dress you are wearing. It is more apt to be the same color but a much brighter shade. One of the most striking new color combinations is worn in private life by Marlene Dietrich. It's a smoky gray ensemble with a scarf and hat of piercing sage green.

Now let's go back to dresses. The outstanding new line in frocks is called the corselet line, which simply means that dresses are closely fitted from bust to hip line. Many of the day dresses are of princess style, unbelted. When there is a belt or sash, it is part of the bodice draping and high, as in Mary Carlisle's beaded evening dress, or rather low as in the dark chiffon frock. Skirts on day dresses range from the boxy, straight type to gores of moderate fullness, to umbrella-like circles with pleats stitched down over the hips. Evening dresses must be decidedly one extreme or the other—very slim and sleek or extravagantly full. No halfway measures when you are dressing for a big occasion.

New coat and woolen dress fabrics go to extremes heretofore unknown. Either the surface is so nubby and rough that it is almost as uneven as a piece of curly Persian lamb, or it is so smooth that it looks and feels like suede. The latter is more popular with college girls. Even when they are buying sports coats, they prefer lustrous velveteens, or silky-haired coatings that have a beaver-like finish to the rough ones. When it comes to dresses, the more the wool feels like suede or satin, the better they like it. It's more feminine, they will tell you. A girl who is competing with men all day in the classroom just has to look especially impractical and enchanting to make him forget that she knew the answers that he didn't.

FOR the last, I have saved what is perhaps the shrewdest, most calculating and most becoming of all the outfits Mary Carlisle is modelling for you. That black outfit with the little-girl, ruffled organdy blouse is a velvet lounging pajama, just the costume to wear at a cat party in the sorority house or dormitory. It isn't a bad idea at all for a college girl to have tucked away in her wardrobe a knockout outfit to be worn when just the girls get together. It makes them feel that she isn't a siren who just dresses up to please men, but who holds the good opinion of her girl friends in high regard.

The blouse is flesh colored. Clothes fashions are much more colorful this year, and instead of using lingerie touches of white, the new clothes introduce collars, blouses, or neck ruffles of delicate, light colors. Flesh color is ideal for Mary Carlisle because of her pale blond hair and creamy skin. Brunettes with olive skin find pale, clear amber more becoming. Ash blondes who get so tanned in Summer that they retain a burnished glow all Winter, wisely select a rosy apricot color. The paler shades look innocuous on them.

Maybe you have noticed that I haven't said a word about tweeds or about those three-piece suits that have been the college girls' stand-by the last few years. Well, the college girls just aren't wearing them any more, not if they are style conscious. Along with their older sisters, they have gone in for clothes that are more smooth, more luxurious, more opulent.



The Beauty Bath

THAT SOOTHES LIKE A LULLABY

When the God of Sleep is playing hide-and-seek and you just can't seem to get your much-needed rest, there is one pleasant way to entice him.

Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world's *most pleasant remedy* for *fatigue* is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 21*)

going on in the Astaire-Rogers pictures, whether it be Mrs. Astaire, the producer, or Fred himself. It really is nice for a change to witness a film in which falling all over the leading lady's neck is forbidden. Of course, it takes good acting to portray a love scene without actually kissing the girl, but it can be done as this famous dancing couple prove. So, here's to more and better pictures of this type.—Betty Barbara Long, El Paso, Tex.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Ten-Year-Old Prefers Gentlemen

I am ten years of age. I like Clark Gable and William Powell. Clark is a very good actor. He is the kind who should take gambling parts. He has a good speaking voice and a nice smile.

William Powell is a very good actor, too, and he also has a nice smile. What's more, he's a gentleman. I hope he is a gentleman whether he is playing on the screen or not.

P.S. I guess Clark Gable is a gentleman. —Beverly Campbell, Montclair, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Stars Aren't Plain People

It's unjust, that's what it is, this talk you so often hear about "picture stars being just plain ordinary people, and why all the fuss over them!" True, they're people, but *not* plain, and certainly not ordinary, or they couldn't be where they are today. It's an achievement indeed to be so pleasing in personality, looks and manner that people all over the world will sit for hours to watch your movements and listen to your voice.

And they haven't all arrived by simply having pull, either. They've worked hard; they've struggled valiantly for their places in the sun. True, some stars have had pull to be brought to the attention of producers, but they've had to come across with the goods once they were before the public, or else do a pretty swift exit from pictures.

I take off my hat to the stars. They're great people.—Alice Johnson, Hollywood, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Janet Gaynor Is Tops Again

Since seeing "A Star Is Born," I realized why time is so greatly needed to make the best pictures for movie-goers. Miss Gaynor is far more appealing in this picture; everything about her was just right. She is more beautiful than when she played in "Seventh Heaven," and her face is so much more expressive.

Fredric March played his part in the picture so perfectly that as I sat in the crowded movie house, living their joys and sorrows, I felt that I wasn't looking at a picture of life, but at life itself.

The return of lovely Janet Gaynor proves to me that we are right in demanding better pictures, thus allowing the stars more time to make them. Give us the stars we know and love, and place them in stories worth while, and we'll never grow tired of them.—Mrs. Grace Gardner, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Menjou Is Better Than Ever

This is in lieu of a few pats on the back for an old favorite who is showing signs of being more up and coming than many a newcomer, namely, Adolphe Menjou.

He may have been a big star once, but he's so much better now than in those days when he was "the best dressed man" and twirled a moustache. I used to regard him as a fascinating villain, even when he wasn't inclined to be Cassanova-ish. But now—well, today there's a warmth, a real feeling for his roles that seemed lacking in the earlier pictures. It makes one wonder if it isn't a mistake to hurry the old-timers off into the limbo of forgotten people.—F. K. Beckwith, Seattle, Washington.

Another Autry Rooter

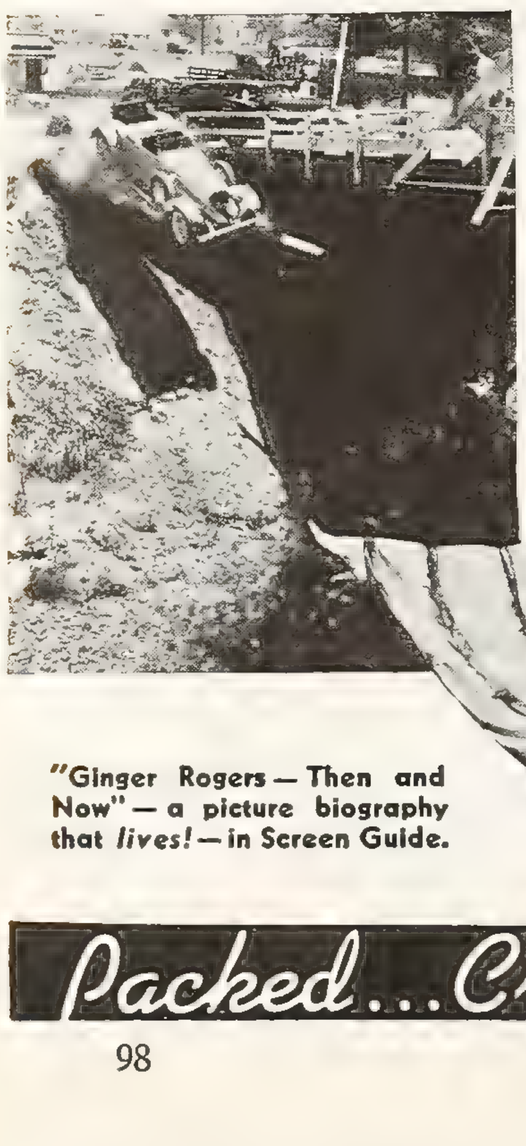
Gene Autry's renditions of those haunting cowboy songs on the screen have always proven most enjoyable, and without a doubt his voice is exceedingly charming.

Just recently I had the pleasure of seeing him in person, with Champion, and was so impressed by his pleasant personality and entire naturalness, not to mention two especially delightful songs, "Mexicale Rose" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," that he now rates high on my list of favorite stars.

Here's hoping for even greater recognition for Gene, more publicity and many more of the better type of Westerns to suit his combined acting, riding, and singing ability.—Grace Agnes Horning, Kenosha, Wis.

HOLLYWOOD'S ONLY NEWS-PICTURE MAGAZINE

SCREEN GUIDE
OCTOBER ISSUE
OUT NOW 10¢



"Danger—Thrill in the Making!" Read Screen Guide and see why the "stunters" don't break their necks!



"Ginger Rogers — Then and Now" — a picture biography that *lives!* — in Screen Guide.



Jeanette MacDonald — far from San Francisco and Maytime — just as her new hubby sees her! Get Screen Guide.

Jean Parker — housewife! A host of candid shots off the lot and without make-up! See Screen Guide.



Pages and pages of movie life behind the scenes! Intimate candid camera shots by the hundreds. See the homes and haunts of the stars and glamour girls! Never before — such startling truths in photographs. *Know* Hollywood life as you know yourself. Buy Screen Guide — only 10c at newsstands!

Packed...Crammed... WITH STARTLING CANDID PICTURES!

They Can't Be Natural

(*Continued from page 50*)

for La Hepburn than she began to do her stuff. She represented what the press termed a problem child, for it took more than calculation to get pictures or a few words with the star.

However, every dog has his day and theirs wasn't long in coming around. It was in the winter season that signs screamed, "Katharine Hepburn in 'The Lake'." Such reviews as, "Wet as the water in the lake," weren't too encouraging, but on she went. Even though surrounded by an excellent cast, Katie fell down on the job, and during one scene, the curtain was slowly lowered on her emoting, the management probably believing that kindness should be acted upon and not talked about.

Undaunted, Katie returned to Hollywood and continued her feud with certain fellow players.

Then there were little tricks she employed to get publicity. Seems she isn't considered the good copy now that she was in her palmy days. On a recent trip, she resolved to be nice to the press and informed them she was taking skating lessons at Madison Square Garden. This didn't avail her of many reporters, so before long she started from Hollywood to New York by plane and announced a little wager of one thousand dollars that not a soul would get her picture from West to East. Needless to say it worked and one smart cameraman got her picture, but I haven't heard whether the bet was settled or not.

ANOTHER popular star who can't seem to be natural is Carole Lombard. Not, however, in the same way as our aforementioned thespians. Carole is witty and has many friends. If she is with strangers, however, she just can't be herself and is the first to tell you why.

She's a great ribber and one of the few that can take kidding as well as she can give it. In fact, due to a little joke of hers, she is now romancing with Clark Gable. Most courtships can be summed up with: they met, he gave her a bracelet and she gave him a tie; he gave her a ring and everything is set.

Not for Carole Lombard, because in her case it was different. They met; she gave him a broken-down car; he gave her a corsage of vegetables, and all Hollywood laughed. Carole had run into a gent with a sense of humor equal to hers.

An amusing incident, that Carole isn't sure even now wasn't a joke on her, happened recently when "Idiot's Delight" played Hollywood. Carole was so thrilled with the acting of Lunt and Fontanne that, after the play, she went backstage to congratulate Lynne Fontanne. Everything was very nice. Miss Fontanne said, "You're English, aren't you?"

Carole said that she wasn't and a bit later, Lynne wrinkled her brow and asked, "Just *what* is it you do?"

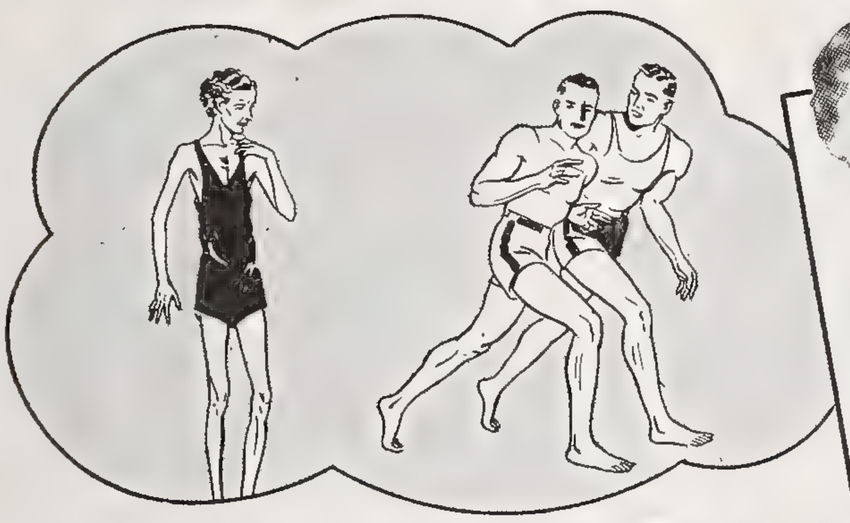
"Oh, nothing. I just hang around out here," Carole answered, not knowing whether she was being kidded. But if she and Miss Fontanne meet again, the situation may be entirely different, you can bet!

As a matter of fact, there is an actress in Hollywood who pays for her pranks—the hard way. Margaret Sullavan is the gal. A broken arm and several months in New York with a specialist attending the fracture was the result of one laugh-inducer.

Seems there was another comedian in one of her pictures. He also had a sense of humor, for when Margaret started to spray Jack Oakie with a siphon of fizz water, he returned the gag. Maggie ran for her life and in flight tripped over a cable. Before you could bat an eye, she was out for the count and came to with her arm in a sling.

Then there was the time when Margaret was playing in "So Red The Rose." The company was on location for shots of a battle scene and, while she wasn't facing the camera, Miss Sullavan sneaked away and went to work on her own. Each and every car, she locked, pocketing the key. Carefully closing the windows she placed under each auto a little item commonly called a stench bomb. While the fumes went all through the cars, she took the one remaining motor, drove some few

THE MEN IGNORED HER—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!





Ella Craig "When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you and you never have a date. I no good until I got Ironized tried everything, but Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."
—*Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.*

Posed by professional models



— *then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK, new popularity*

New IRONIZED YEAST tablets give thousands 10 TO 25 lbs. — *in a few weeks!*

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before have recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh, glorious new pep and popularity—*in just a few weeks!*

They've taken this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast, which although developed and perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets which cost you only a few cents a day!

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, scrawniest people quickly to gain just the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

SOS

Distress Cry of American Women

Save Our Stockings!!

- RUN-R-STOP to the rescue!
- In the BLACK & RED Purse Vanity.
- Designed to protect tube in purse.
- 10 cent tube stops 50 runs or snags.
- Stops runs permanently. Won't wash out.
- Save Embarrassment—and Stockings!
- Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping (as advertised therein). Ask for it today at all Chain, Department and Shoe Stores.

RUN-R-STOP

Camille, Inc., 49 E. 21st St., New York



Bad days

Reduce the pain
Save your nerves

Salicon TABLETS

At all druggists or send for free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., 76 Jamaica Plain, Mass.



Won't you try this Wonderful Facial Brush?

Such a brush! You'll be amazed at the way its 250 flexible "finger tips" work your facial cream into the pores — how magically it cleanses and wakes up the skin. A delightful massage, and no messy fingers either.

You don't have to shop for this grand little brush — it's now packed with every bowl of Sevilo Cream — that fine old formula, blended with pure olive oil. Remember: Sevilo Cream does triple duty—cleanses, massages, serves as powder base. The dainty opal bowl holds enough cream for 15 to 20 facials. That's economy.

Ask for this combination at the better 5c and 10c stores, or mail 25c direct to:

LEON SEVILO, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



Brush and Cream Complete 25c

Sevilo OLIVE OIL Cream

V6

miles down the road to a farm and hid it under a hay-stack, with each of the other automobile keys hidden throughout the stack. Some fun, eh?

Maggie then returned to the scene of her crime as though nothing had, or could, happen. When dusk arrived, bringing quitting time around, butter would have melted in her mouth. The entire company formed a posse and the hunt was on, but to no avail. Locksmiths from a nearby town had to be called in to make keys, once the cars had been aired out. This all comes under the head of fun because Margaret in the end showed them the car she had hidden. And a lotta people think Maggie hasn't a sensayuma, can y'imagine?

Speaking of "So Red The Rose," Maggie wasn't the only member of the cast who seemed big for her age. In fact, Randolph Scott proved larger by several inches.

SEEMS there was a scene on the battlefield where Randy had gone to find Maggie's stricken brother. With the boy's body in his arms, he made for the little old wagon and the camera, for a close-up. Just as they walked into range for the shot, the corpse suddenly jumped. Even an actor like Harry Ellerbe can't remain dead when pinched while in a precarious position. Next time around, it was Harry's turn and the panic was on! However, the director's patience only lasted some six or seven pinches. Then the shot was made.

Another amusing situation occurs frequently around Santa Monica. Seems that out at one of the smarter clubs there appear a couple of male fashion plates, namely, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, who give the customers a treat.



The crowd gapes while Charles Boyer and the Missus, Pat Paterson, step up to the box office and get their tickets for the preview of "The Life of Emile Zola." These happyweds don't do much tooting about being an ideal Hollywood couple, but their actions seem to prove it.



No sooner had Jean Parker finished "Life Begins With Love" than she darted eastward to break the good news to Hubby George MacDonald.

Each Sunday noon they arrive, sartorially resplendent, and make their entrance. Just at the head of the stairs to the beach they pause, then proceed slowly to their destination. The outfits they wear, not of conservative ilk, recently just about got two youngsters down. The result was that everyone turned one bright sunny afternoon to see Messrs. Grant and Scott, but to their amazement, saw two young men making the entrance to end all entrances.

One was clad in soft slippers, loud-checked shorts, topped by a ridiculous polo sweater of the noisiest variety and a long plaid scarf tied around his neck. Perched at a cocky angle on his head was a rough knit skull cap with a pom-pom to finish it off. His running mate was attired in an equally racy outfit. Heavy brogues, fawn colored slacks, black shirt and a checked windbreaker that put the proverbial Solomon's coat to shame. The finishing touch to this little ensemble was a beret and an oversized handkerchief to brandish in the wind. Needless to say, everyone was in stitches, bursting with laughter, so that when our two actors arrived they found their show stolen.

In all fairness to these personalities we must admit that it would be a hard job to be natural, for in the picture business there is a belief among the head men that if an actor has no temperament he can't have much ability. This follows with the press agents who continually coin stuff that their players are supposed to do, for they must have color. Consequently once these people arrive, they have to make certain they will remain there. If it means putting on a show, they are all up and ready at any time of the day.

Now I'm sure you'll agree that, even if the stars wanted to act their age and be themselves, they couldn't and run the risk of being colorless and forgotten. So, they're taking no chances this season because "they won't be natural."

Manuel, the Lovable

(Continued from page 39)

executive, who clinched it. He told Tracy, "Unless you take the part, I won't make the picture."

So Tracy took it. And throughout the shooting of the picture, though he gave his best to it, remained unconvinced that his best was good enough. Time and again he said, "I wish they'd call it off."

Now he concedes, "Well, I got away with it. Want to know why? Because of Freddie, because of that kid's performance, because he sold it 98%. The kid had to believe in Manuel, or Manuel wasn't worth a quarter. The way he'd look at me, believe every word I said, made me believe in it myself. I've never said this before in my life and I'll never say it again. Freddie Bartholomew's acting is so fine and so simple and so true that it's way over people's heads. It'll only be by thinking back two years from now that they'll realize how great it was."

ON THE night of the Hollywood premiere, Tracy spoke to the radio audience. He said, "This is Freddie's night, and that's as it should be." Any of you who heard his voice, quiet with suppressed feeling, will know that he meant what he said.

He didn't think he could play Manuel. Those responsible thought that nobody else could. They must have had some basis for their belief that Tracy bore within himself certain qualities that would make him understand the character and portray it credibly. Manuel's essential traits were simplicity, honesty, and a core of sweetness under his rugged strength. Let me tell you a little about Tracy, and decide for yourselves why Sam Katz said: "If you don't play it, nobody will."

To know Tracy, you must know his background. He was born to parents in comfortable circumstances, the second of two sons. You have only to see his white-haired mother, with her soft voice and gentle ways, to know that he came not out of a house but from a home. She lives near him now. On the days when he can't drop in to see her, he telephones. At least once a week he takes her out to the Cocoanut Grove or the Trocadero, as much for the kick he gets out of it himself as for the pleasure it gives her.

He was a child of warm affections and a hasty temper, shy about displaying the former, quick to regret the latter.

In early times his allowance was five cents every other day. Sometimes he'd ask for a nickel on the off day.

"No, Son, you can't have one this morning. You had one yesterday."

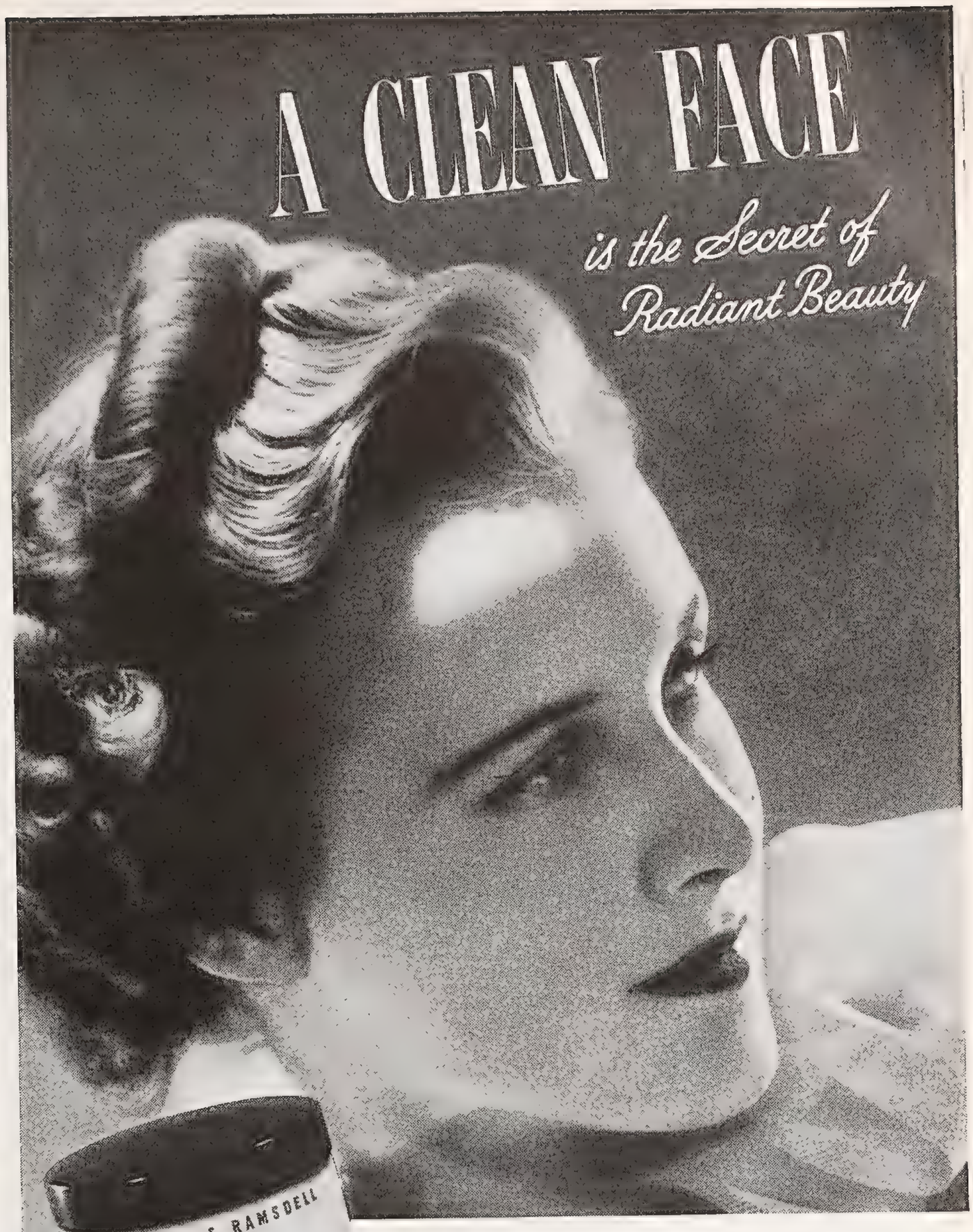
Spencer would storm out, slamming the door. Five minutes later his mother would hear the door closing stealthily and small feet mounting the stairs to his room. Then her son would appear, mutter something about the book he'd forgotten, and kiss her good-by. A big seven-year-old, he couldn't of course let her know that it wasn't a book but her kiss he'd come back for.

He was always bringing young ruffians home with him. Occasionally his mother would protest. "Son, where did you ever get hold of that boy?"

Spencer would flare up. "Well, just because he's poor—"

"No, I don't mean that. But he doesn't look clean—"

"Well, maybe they don't have water where he lives. Say, Mother, can I give him one of my suits?"



See how your skin responds to the cleansing and invigorating action of Golden Cleansing Cream [*it contains colloidal gold!*]

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing*. It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream. ☆ For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful. ☆ Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

MM-10B

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell





The Gary Coopers expect an addition to the hearthside this month. Meanwhile, we see them taking in "The Firefly" showing.

MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts† which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

†*functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

He got into the scrapes of all normal boys, blackened eyes and had his own blackened in return, ran away to come back with blistered feet and fling his arms penitently round his mother's neck, played hooky with Pat O'Brien, his friend then and now, and got the maid who adored him to write notes of excuse over his mother's name Still, cheating made him uneasy.

One morning his mother left Spencer at home with a playmate while she went to church. Returning, she found the fire engines at the door, quenching a merry blaze. "How did it happen, Spence?" Spence had no idea. Several months later he appeared before his mother, blue eyes clouded. "We had the story of George Washington in school today," he informed her, foot scuffing at the carpet. "He couldn't tell a lie, so I better tell you that we lit some papers in the cellar that morning just to watch them burn; then we got scared and ran away." Hearing that story, there flashed through my mind the memory of Manuel's shining eyes fixed on Harvey, as he told Long Jack who it was that had snarled his line.

It was a household ruled by love and peace. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy belonged to different churches, but respected each other's faith. Spencer served as an altar boy, and though he never talked about religion, even to his mother—still doesn't—on those days when he was due in church at nine, he was up and ready by seven.

They bought a car before they could well afford it, because "it will keep the boys with us," Mr. Tracy said. And if they passed five flat tires on the road and, having stopped to help four, drove past the fifth, an indignant Spencer would fume for the rest of the day about "that poor fellow we left in the lurch."

HE WAS studying medicine when the acting bug hit him. His father raised strenuous objections. His mother thought, "If that's what he wants to do, he ought to try it." So she made it possible for him. Thinking back, she smiles a

little ruefully. "It's the only time I can ever remember Mr. Tracy being provoked with me." But it wasn't long before Mr. Tracy was convinced that Spencer had chosen wisely.

Later the family moved to New York. Mrs. Tracy was lonely at first for her friends in Milwaukee. "Aren't you?" she asked her husband.

"Well, no, Mother, I can't say that I am. I just walk down Fifth Avenue and look at those wonderful buildings and stop in at that beautiful cathedral, and—well, what is there to be lonesome about?" And again as I listened I was reminded of something—Manuel's face bent over his rielle, and his voice saying, "My fader, he feel beaudiful inside."

When Spencer was playing on Broadway, his father would meet him at the theatre every night. They'd have supper together and talk things over. Till Mr. Tracy fell ill. Then Spencer would stop in on his way home. "Well, Son, how did it go?" And Spencer would tell him. They knew how ill he was, but tried to keep it from him. He knew, and pretended not to, for his family's sake. He had his faith to sustain him. If he didn't believe in a fisherman's heaven, he did believe.

Then came the time when Spencer had to leave for the theatre, not knowing whether his father would be there on his return. And one night he was gone.

His father's memory is as dear to him as ever the old fisherman's was to Manuel, though being the child of a more complex race, he is less articulate about what he feels. Under any circumstances, Tracy is a pushover for an outstretched palm. To such a degree that Carroll, his brother and manager, must keep check on him.

Recently, a petitioner appeared who said he'd worked for Mr. Tracy in Milwaukee. "The man's a phoney," Carroll protested. "I've investigated. He never worked for Father in his life."

Spencer turned stubborn. "Well, maybe there's just a chance he did. And if there's any chance, I want to give him something for Father's sake."

The Tracy home in San Fernando Valley has that same livable quality which you know his childhood home must have had. A low, rambling house, set back from the road, with gardens in front and orchards behind, it's the kind of place you pass and wish you belonged to. Half a dozen red setters try to clamber 'round your shoulders in welcome as you walk up the drive. The front door opens on a huge living-room—not the interior-decorated home of a star—but a living-room in the real sense of the word. Simple rugs that won't be bothered by dirt, cretonne-covered sofas and a squashy yellow chair made for lounging, an immense fireplace, at one end a piano and bookshelves, at the other a refectory table with chairs to match, for this is the dining-room, too—brass and copper and Delft chinaware gleaming from a Welsh dresser and mantel; photographs of the children—John, redheaded and a mass of freckles like his father at the same age, a blonde little girl with mischievous eyes, named Louise for her mother, but called Susy; and a photograph of Freddie Bartholomew, too, in the oilskins of "Captains Courageous."

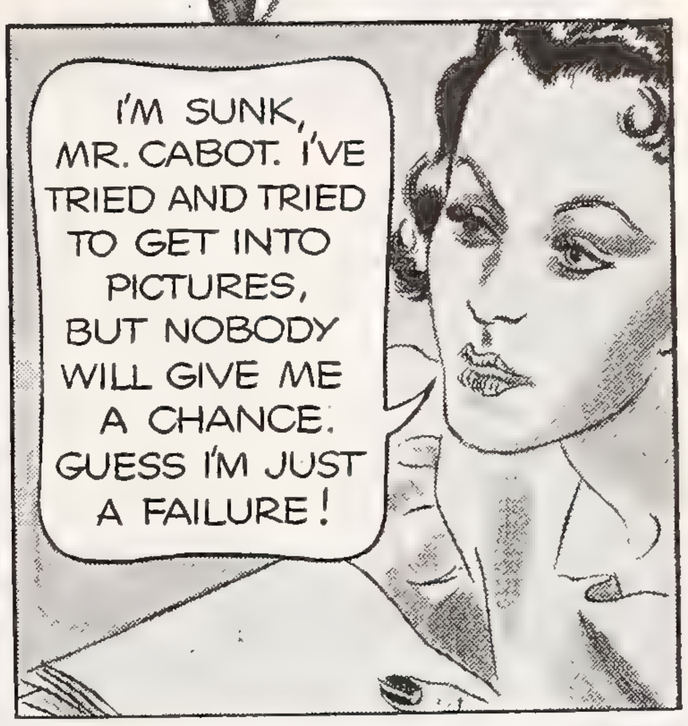
THE MASTER of the house, hair rumpled and overalls dirt-streaked, has just left for the stables. He thinks it's a treat when he has time to wash the dogs and groom the horses he loves. Not long ago one of his mares bore a colt. Tracy took it hard. A dozen times he ran from the stables to the house, streaming with perspiration, to phone a friend experienced

a word to the wise from Bruce Cabot



Bruce Cabot — don't fail to see his new Grand National picture, "Love Takes Flight"











EVERY GIRL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FOR "LIP APPEAL" HER MOUTH MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH—RADIANTLY YOUNG

The Beauty-Cream base of Kissproof protects the lips against drying and cracking while it gives a warm, lasting color. Kissproof is a girl's most precious aid to loveliness.

Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry) Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades

Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.



Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

MOTHERS ATTENTION!



STRAINED FOODS by HEINZ

GIVE BABY Heinz delicious Strained Foods—the kind he *enjoys* eating! They're scientifically cooked to preserve the fresh flavor, the natural color, the vitamin and mineral content of prize fruits and vegetables grown specially for Heinz. All 12 kinds are ready to heat and serve. Heinz Strained Foods save you time and money, yet you pay no premium for their *extra quality!*

12 KINDS—1. Strained Vegetable Soup. 2. Mixed Greens. 3. Spinach. 4. Carrots. 5. Beets. 6. Peas. 7. Prunes. 8. Cereal. 9. Apricots and Apple Sauce. 10. Tomatoes. 11. Green Beans. 12. Beef and Liver Soup.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

Guard your baby's health with these two safety seals

57

ELIMINATE LOOSE WIRES WITH JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIPS



Quick—easy to install. No tools needed. Set of 8 Push-Clips to match your lamp cords or woodwork, 10c.

8 FOR 10¢

FOR SALE AT YOUR 10-CENT STORE

"I Get 10 Window Shades for the Price of ONE!"



Millions End "Shabby-Shade" Nuisance With 15c CLOPAYS

● Why have shabby window shades? Women everywhere win compliments of friends on lovely 15c CLOPAYS. Look like linen, won't pinhole, crack or fray. Wear 2 years and more. Attach to rollers in a jiffy—no tacks. *New roller and brackets 15c extra. See CLOPAYS in smart, new patterns and colors at neighborhood and 5 and 10c stores. Write for FREE color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1256 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GUARANTEED by Good Housekeeping



First Joan was laid up with a wrenched shoulder, then Dick was in the hospital. But now all's well on the Blondell-Powell domestic front.

in such matters. "She's just so far," he'd pant, describing in detail the mother's symptoms. "What'll I do now?"

"Calm down," his friend finally advised him. "Who's having this baby anyhow, you or the horse?"

Chestnut-haired Mrs. Tracy has the charm of simplicity and intelligence and the same dislike of pretentiousness which marks her husband. Anything that smacks of showing off makes them both wince. At the breakfast table one morning, five-year-old Susy took a notion to go smart-aleck. "I know what Daddy has," she chanted, pointing. "Daddy has a cantaloupe, Daddy has a cantaloupe."

Daddy eyed her gravely. "I suppose you want to be an actress when you grow up?"

"Yes," she agreed, enchanted.

"Well, then, suppose we leave that kind of talk till we're on the stage."

Only for a moment was Susy nonplussed. Then she proved she could take it. "O.K., Daddy," she said. "I think I get you." And a moment later, a very demure, good girl: "Do you like your cantaloupe, Daddy?"

The children are the heart of the house. What both parents have suffered because twelve-year-old John is deaf and because his leg has been affected by infantile paralysis, can be left to the imagination. They have been deeply distressed by a story which has got about to the effect that John has regained his hearing—distressed not for their own sakes, but for the false hopes it has stirred in others. Letters have come pouring in by the hundreds, begging for advice and information. Mrs. Tracy has tried to answer them all herself, but the task is beginning to overpower her.

What actually happened was this. They had believed John to be stone deaf, but an audiometer test some time ago revealed that, with the use of the machine, he had a very slight degree of hearing—fifteen per cent in each ear. The discovery so excited the child himself that at a birthday party a few days later he cried to the other children, "I can hear." So the story went abroad. Fifteen per cent of hearing is better than none, yet has little practical value, and both Tracy and his wife would like to have it known that no miracle has been worked upon their son.

THEY have schooled themselves to face the fact and, through every channel open to them, to make the boy compensate in other ways, training him toward useful manhood. One thing they are brave and wise enough not to do—foster in him any sense of self-pity. Luckily, he has a naturally happy temperament. Sometimes, however, he loses patience with himself, crying as if it were his own fault, "I can't hear, I can't run, I'm very terrible."

However their own hearts may be wrung, they betray no sign of it to John. They point out to him instead that everyone can't do everything. "You're a better swimmer than any of your friends," they remind him. "You ride beautifully and play polo with Father, and have your own horse. Nobody else you know has a horse." John's face brightens. He knows these things are true—they're not saying it just to make him feel better, and presently he's his own sunny self again.

He has his dreams, however, which include another world. And though he's a sensitive child like his father before him, the thought of death holds no terrors for him.

"You just go like this," he says, closing his eyes, "and then you wake up and you're in another world, and everything you don't have here you'll have there. I'll hear, and my leg will be fine, and I'll be very happy, and everyone will be very happy."

As comforting as a fisherman's heaven. What Tracy believes about that other world he keeps to himself, though he remains staunch in his father's faith. On Manuel's creed he allowed himself just one comment. "It's the thing everybody'd like to believe. To think you had the courage to kick off like Manuel with a smile on your face and the thought that you were going fishing with your dad—not bad, that," he smiled.

Manuel's essential traits were simplicity, honesty and a core of sweetness under his rugged strength. What Tracy's are, you'll have to gather for yourselves.



Big date night for Allan Jones and his Missus, Irene Hervey. Occasion? "The Firefly" preview. It was Allan's night, for he co-starred in the picture with Jeanette MacDonald.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 25*)

wears a gold chain about his neck, etc. But, he says, he has no superstitions! He dislikes spiders, alarm clocks, but craves thunder storms and the sound of wind and rain. Old nature making whoopee is like tom-toms beating on his heart. He likes red meat and cooks it himself. Doesn't diet, and keeps fit by breathing through his nose. Swims, rides, plays tennis and is a champion boxer.

He's six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and was born in the north of Ireland June 20, 1909. Went to Lycee Louise le Grand in Paris and St. Paul's School in London. His father was professor of biology at Queen's University and Cambridge. He's a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, leader of the famous mutiny on the Bounty.

By the way, his first part in an English film was in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Later he played on the English stage in "A Man's House," "Othello," "Another Language," and "The Constant Nymph." Also in stock companies in what the British call the provinces (one-night stands in American jargon).

Then the movie bug bit him again. Hollywood beckoned and this boy dashed there without any quibbling. On the boat over, he met perhaps his biggest and most baffling adventure to date, Lili Damita. This couple have been reported about to split up more often than any other pair in movie circles, but both deny the rumors and continue their long-distance marriage arrangement.

You'll see him soon, if he can stay put long enough to finish his latest movie, in "The Perfect Specimen."

ATTENTION, FAN CLUBS! GET YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN MODERN SCREEN'S NEW FAN CLUB DIRECTORY. We're busy on a Fan Club Directory which is going to list the name and address of every club in the country. We'll then be able to provide a service that can find fan clubs for the fans and fans for the fan clubs. We depend on *your* help to make this an accurate and up-to-the-minute directory. So, if you haven't already sent us the name of your club, told us about your branches, and most important, let us have your address, do so right away!

ROBERT TAYLOR (Last printed June, 1937. Total number of requests since then 613.) Well, fans, that Taylor man's here again! His Barometer rating indicates he's simply got to have his past reviewed once more in these columns. By this time you should certainly know the bare facts of his young life, but to please our many readers, we'll go over them briefly. Filley, Nebraska, was his birthplace, and the grand event took place Aug. 5, 1911, at five o'clock in the morning. 'Tis said infants born in the wee hours aren't inclined to be as husky as those born, say, around noon, but Bob makes this theory sound a bit cock-eyed. His real name is S. Arlington Brugh, or did you know that? He changed it to a snappier one for good and sufficient reasons, all spelling those magic words, Box Office.



As a youngster he enjoyed his own company, as most kids with imagination seem to. But he wasn't the bookish sort. Baseball and horseback riding were tops with him. He also went in for tennis, and later won some fancy champ cups. Now he plays some pretty swell sets at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, with lots of women admiring his game—and complexion (the finest in all of Cinematown). Back in his childhood, somewhere, he also picked up piano and 'cello playing, and these accomplishments have stuck with him, too.

In school, he showed a flair for oratory, but even when he got as far as Doane College, didn't have the yen to act. In this, he was a very unique young man. His interest in dramatics was confined to arranging trips for the dramatic troupes of his school.

LLOYD'S of LONDON
Back Fitch's Guarantee to
REMOVE DANDRUFF
with the first application



Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. Now you can remove dandruff by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyd's of London, world famous guarantors for over two hundred years . . . your positive assurance that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.

LABORATORY TESTS
PROVE Fitch's Efficiency

1 This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



2 All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely removed by Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.



KILLS GERMS . . .
Removes all Dandruff, Dirt and Foreign Matter

Tests made by some of America's leading bacteriologists have shown striking results. Their findings prove that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a true germicide, certain to destroy bacteria as well as to remove all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter. *Try it today* and enjoy the thrill of a really clean and healthy scalp. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.



Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
TRADE MARK

Copr. 1937 F.W. Fitch Co.

Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Toronto, Canada



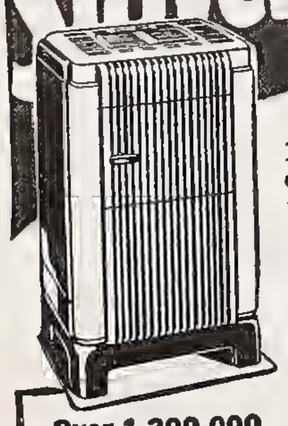
I WANT YOU— Work for "Uncle Sam"

Start $1260 to $2100 a Year
MEN—WOMEN. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. G265 Rochester, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 10318-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,400 C. P. A.'s

Stoves AT FACTORY PRICES!



SALE CATALOG—FREE

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces at FACTORY PRICES. Easy Terms—as little as *12c a day.* Write today for this FREE CATALOG. New styles, new features, new colors—30 days free trial—24-hour shipments. The Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Co., 405 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Over 1,200,000 Satisfied Users
37 Years in Business
Write for FREE Catalog

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

BLONDES



More Fascinating With FAIR SKIN

HAVE IT IN ONE WEEK! Blondes . . . brunettes . . . don't let dull, blemished, freckled skin ruin charm! Gentle Golden Peacock Bleach Creme . . . removes dull film, surface freckles and pimples, blackheads almost overnight! Gives you clear, flawless, younger looking, alluring skin. At any drug or department store . . . or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. P-205 Paris, Tenn.



New GRIFFIN BLACK DYE

Time to dye your white and colored shoes with GRIFFIN BLACK DYE...a new formula that guarantees a jet black finish which will not wear off. Easy to use...non-poisonous...leaves no odor. Gives you a new pair of shoes at practically no cost. *For sale at 5 and 10 cent stores and shoe repair shops.*



10c BOTTLE

GRIFFIN MFG. CO., INC.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR *and Look* 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.



Maybe it was because Pomona College, his next move toward the higher education, was only an hour's ride from Hollywood, that he decided finally to be a movie actor. Maybe the girls, who've always had their eyes peeled on this handsome guy, even when he was trying to concentrate on trigonometry, whispered sweet nothings into his ear, and more than hinted that he'd give quite a lift to that sleepy little Hollywood town, if he took it into his head to raid it.

Anyway, he appeared in a school rendition of the play, "Journey's End," and with miraculous luck, was at once spotted by a casting agent from, you've guessed where, Hollywood. But once under a puny weekly salary he became that lowest form of acting life, a "testing horse." Whenever an actress was wanted for a part, Bob took a test with her. She got the part; Bob got another test. He wasn't so sure about his movie future in those not-so-long-ago days, for he kept right on with his studies at Pomona all the while, and graduated, specializing in philosophy. He needed plenty of that.

After weary months, there came the dawn, however, and Taylor landed in the "Crime Doesn't Pay" series and proved to his bosses that he, at least, did. His brawny charm has since been in constant demand, and with his success in "Camille" and "Broadway Melody of '38," he's tucked his philosophy books into the farthest corner of his library and doesn't even bother to take them out when company comes.

His mother says he's not as much of a hand with the ladies as you'd think; that he's very shy in their company. She expects him to marry a girl who's musical 'cause Bob's got rhythm. And a girl who's home loving and well educated. And a girl who's a small brunette. Ho, hum. At the present writing, Taylor's still the constant flame of the flaming Barbara Stanwyck. And she's not a small brunette!

FERNAND GRAVET (First printing. Total number of requests 464.) Here's one actor who had to be pleaded with to go to Hollywood. This slim, black-haired young man with a profile like the Duke of Windsor's, was already a top-notcher in European studios, where he'd made twenty-four pictures in French, German and English, when highly lucrative offers from the American gold coast began pouring in on him. He ignored 'em all at first. The reason? Was afraid of being typed in nondescript roles. But Mervyn Leroy, who had seen some of Gravet's interesting portrayals in Europe, must have been even stronger minded than Fernand. He conferred with him for four hours in Paris and continued to sales talk him by telephone as he sped from Paris to Cannes. Finally a contract was drawn up with the result that you saw him in his first American picture, "The King and the Chorus Girl," under the personal supervision of Leroy.



Money has never counted much with the temperamental Continental. He has always shown an idealistic strain in his make-up. Once when he was under contract to UFA, the leading lady took seriously ill. This meant that the picture on which they were both working would be held up for at least two months. Gravet's contract gave him every right to demand a steady salary during this period, but instead, he bowled over his employers by offering to waive his salary and accept only his living expenses, so that he could be an assistant cameraman for one month and a film cutter for the second month. He explained that he wanted to learn about pictures from every angle.

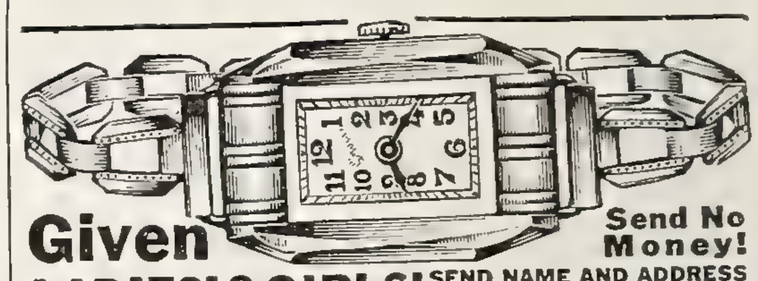
Born on Christmas morning, 1908, in Belgium, he toured all over Europe with his parents, both of whom were of the theatrical world. In 1914, the German armies swept through Brussels, his birthplace, marooning him, his parents and his sister. An elder brother, Maurice, then in France, became a soldier in the French army. Gravet's father managed to obtain a passport so that they could reach Holland and then England. There Fernand entered St. Paul's School, later becoming a British Marine cadet and spending ten months



Modern Life Demands

special care for the eyes. Your eyes are subjected daily to light glare, dust, smoke, strain from reading, sewing, working. Help nature protect your most priceless possession by cleansing, soothing and relaxing your eyes with the daily use of Murine. Healthy eyes are beautiful eyes. For over 40 years Murine has helped keep eyes healthful and rested.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



Given Send No Money!

LADIES' & GIRLS' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS Latest Shape High Grade

7-Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. **Yours** for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of 40 gifts for returning only $3. Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for White Cloverine Salve.
WILSON CHEM. CO. Inc., Dept. 10-H, Tyrone, Pa.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price



Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over ⅓ Mfg.'s Orig. Price on all standard up-to-date office models.

SEND NO MONEY

Sensational saving on all late models completely refinished like new. **FULLY GUARANTEED.** Big Free Catalog shows all makes in full colors. Send post-card for lowest prices.

10-day Trial

SPECIAL PORTABLE BARGAINS—

Brand New FEATHERWEIGHT—Latest Model Portable—up-to-date streamline features—now offered at amazing low price. Fully Guaranteed—10 day trial—only 10c a day. Full details sent free!

Free course in typing included.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1061, Chicago



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

learning the ways of the sea.

But the theatre was in his blood, and it was natural that during the post-war years, he turned to the stage. Natural, too, that he made an instant hit with the public, as his father had done before him.

His father died while making his final appearance in "Romance" with Doris Keane. It was in this same production that the youthful Fernand was introduced to Paris. During the next three years, he married the golden-haired Parisian star, Jane Renouardt. And after all this time, they're still that way about each other. You'll see this charming gent in "Food for Scandal" next.

Reviews

(*Continued from page 7*)

★★★ The Singing Marine

Pleasant, but not startlingly original, is this new Warner musical, featuring Dick Powell and the U. S. Marines. Mr. Powell, whose screen career has taken him profitably through West Point and Annapolis, now extends his activities into another branch of government service. If ever a war breaks out, it would seem logical from a standpoint of experience alone that he be given command of all our country's armed forces—and let who will write its songs, as the saying goes.

Story concerns a bashful marine who goes on parties with his pals because his singing voice helps get their girls into a romantic mood. Our hero is placed on an amateur radio program, and his adventures begin.

Several singable tunes are featured in the proceedings, notably "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Kissed" and "Night Over Shanghai." Dick Powell's performance is smooth and effective, even though the picture around him doesn't offer the type of support to which he has become accustomed. Best in the supporting cast is Hugh Herbert, as a radio impresario. Other good performances are furnished by Lee Dixon, Allen Jenkins and Powell's new leading lady, Doris Weston. Directed by Ray Enright.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ Saratoga

Jean Harlow's last picture can be classed among her best. Her performance, full of the vital and particular charm that was hers, will stand as a monument to her career. "Saratoga" is fast-moving, hard-boiled comedy, and the excellence of Miss Harlow's work in it, in spite of its hilarity, serves to accentuate the tragedy of her passing. She leaves a niche in screen entertainment which can never be filled.

"Saratoga" is a story of a racing family somewhat down on its luck, a tough bookmaker, and a wealthy sportsman. The daughter of the house (Jean Harlow) is engaged to marry the wealthy chap (Walter Pidgeon) until her meeting with the bookie (Clark Gable) changes her plans. On this framework is built a rip-snorting comedy which will please all audiences, with the possible exception of morbid curiosity seekers.

Paralleling Jean Harlow's splendid performance is Clark Gable's portrayal of the bookmaker. It is the "hard guy" type of role at which Gable excels. Walter Pidgeon is capable as Miss Harlow's fiance, and the supporting cast, headed by Lionel Barrymore, Una Merkel and Frank Morgan, is swell. Also recommended is a song, "The Horse With the



MONTHLY martyrdom to functional periodic pain is out of style! It's now old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is a dependable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. The principal ingredient of Midol is one that has often been prescribed by specialists.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

HAIR KILLED FOREVER



KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body, with maximum speed, without harm to skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Your home electric current not needed. Price $1.95, complete. Postpaid or C. O. D.

CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 7-H, 2675 Broadway, N. Y. C.

BUY! Engel Pocket Art Corners



The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Neat, easy to use for mounting prints tight or loose. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10¢ today for pkg. of 100 and free samples.

10¢ BUYS 100

Engel Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill., Address Dept. 63Y - 4717 North Clark St.

Unless you wear *NUVO sanitary belts, you are not as *comfortable* as you could be!... *Ask for* Kleinert's

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

NUVO *belts at any good notion counter.*

TORONTO, CANADA...485 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y....LONDON, ENG.



GOLDEN GLINT BRINGS *NEW BEAUTY* TO EVERY HAIR SHADE!

Tested and Approved — 4804 — Good Housekeeping Bureau

Enhance the natural beauty of your hair with delicate overtones and youthful sunshine tints! Golden Glint Rinse transforms dull, spiritless hair with fascinating highlights that add charm to your make-up and a new interest to your individuality. *As necessary to a smart appearance as lipstick and rouge.* No shampoo alone can do full justice to your hair. It needs the youthful freshness and sparkle imparted by Golden Glint.

BROWNETTES, BRUNETTES, BLONDES and all in-between shades find that it is the only rinse flexible enough to accurately highlight their individual shade without changing its natural appearance. Not a dye, not a bleach. Millions use it regularly.

SILVER GLINT—A rinse created especially for white, platinum and very gray hair. Imparts sparkling silver highlights, leaving the hair amazingly soft and manageable. Adds beauty to permanent and natural waves.

THE PRICE IS SMALL—THE EFFECT PRICELESS! Golden Glint Rinse at 10c drug, and dept. stores. Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at drug and dept. stores, Silver Glint Rinse at 10c stores.

GOLDEN GLINT

BRIGHTENS BROWN, BLONDE AND DARK HAIR



NAC QUICKLY CLEARS THE SKIN

Tested and Approved — 4871 — Good Housekeeping Bureau

No Laxatives — No Yeast
No Harmful Internal Drugs

"Pimples caused by germs in the skin require a penetrating antiseptic external treatment. It often takes NAC Prescription Cream you rub on at bedtime and NAC Powder that you use during the day to get the skin cleared up quickly."

NAC Cream 35c-$1.00
NAC Prescription Powder 55c-$1.00
At All Drug and Dept. Stores
Purse Sizes 20c at 10c Stores

"NAC Has the Knack of Quickly Clearing the Skin." Don't Delay. Get Your NAC today. Satisfaction is Guaranteed or Money Back.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
For a free sample of NAC Prescription Powder (☐Rachelle ☐Natural) write—
NAC, Dept. 10 Winnetka, Ill.

Dreamy Eyes." Directed by Jack Conway.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Easy Living

Here is a good picture which should have been a swell one. Its main assets are Jean Arthur and a sparkling script. This is probably Miss Arthur's finest performance, and she's given ample opportunity to demonstrate her delightful flair for light comedy.

Story is patterned on the current vogue for goofy farce. Everything gets under way when a banker (Edward Arnold), angered by his wife's purchase of an expensive sable coat, tosses the garment out the window. It lands smack in the lap of Miss Arthur, and when she tries to return it, Mr. A. takes her out and buys her a hat to match. This information gets to a scheming hotel owner, who immediately sets Miss Arthur up in a de luxe suite, hoping by this process to blackmail her new-found friend. The hotel suite, incidentally, is the last word in ultra-swank, and features a bath tub even beyond the wildest dreams of Cecil B. DeMille.

A swell comedy idea is dampened by the ardor of Director Mitchell Leisen, who allows a number of the scenes to go slapstick. Had Mr. Leisen relaxed, "Easy Living" might well have been up at the head of its class. Edward Arnold is satisfactory, but not outstanding, as the blustering banker, and Ray Milland is effective as his son. Luis Alberni is guilty of too much overacting. The picture, of course, belongs entirely to Jean Arthur, with credit for able assistance to Preston Sturges for his well-written script.—*Paramount.*

★ One Mile From Heaven

One of its studio's minor excursions into the field of melodrama, this proves to be about the same distance from first-rate entertainment. The picture stars Claire Trevor as a girl reporter, and divides its time between her victories over rival men reporters and the finding of the parents of a white child "mothered" by a colored seamstress in Harlem. The Harlem interludes in the film are its high points, for they afford Bill Robinson, playing a dusky policeman, several chances to exhibit his famed tap dancing. It might be said that Mr. Robinson dances away with the picture, although acting honors go to Fredi Washington, in the role of the seamstress. Miss Washington, who looks amazingly like Sylvia Sidney, is a beautiful and accomplished actress.

Claire Trevor does well with her reporter role, especially in the comedy sequences. Rival reporters are played by Chick Chandler, Ray Walker and Russell Hopton. Sally Blane and John Eldredge are seen briefly as the child's parents, and Ralf Harolde is effective as the villain. "One Mile From Heaven" was obviously made for the double-feature trade. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*20th Century Fox.*

★★ Wild and Woolly

The adjectives in the title role belong, of course, to Jane Withers, the only gal on the lot who could rightfully claim them as her own. And Jane lives right up to that old reputation, even outdoing it in a few instances in this picture. In short, this is her best job to date, because an astute director has seen to it that Jane's repertoire of tricks is not too obviously cute, so she emerges a likable, if roisterous, youngster. Her antics are staged against a small-town background with believable Western flavor.

The supporting cast leaves little to be desired. Chief among them are Walter Brennan as Jane's grandfather, Berton

"Listen, Mother!"

HOW ABOUT MY OLIVE OIL POWDER!"



MOTHER, if you want the utmost in comfort, freedom from chafing for your baby, use the baby powder made with *olive oil*. Because of the olive oil, Z.B.T. is smoother, longer-clinging, superior in "slip"—hence more effective against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin irritations. Z. B. T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping Bureau *and by your baby*. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

For FREE SAMPLE
send postcard to Z. B. T., Dept. K-7,
80 Varick Street, New York City

Z.B.T. Olive Oil BABY POWDER

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 422 Des Moines, Iowa

RELIEVES TEETHING PAINS within 1 Minute



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Churchill as the inexpressibly stuffy leading citizen of the town, Jackie Searle, his son and a chip off the old block, and "Alfalfa" Switzer, late of "Our Gang" and Jane's chief side-kick. There's a thread of romance carried out with just the right touch of sentimentality by Pauline Moore, the school marm, and Robert Bailey, a shining example of upright, ambitious American manhood. There are some meanies, of course, to pep things up, and these characters are ably and menacingly realized by Douglas Fowley, Lon Chaney, Jr. and Syd Saylor. If you like a good homespun tale for a change, you'll not go wrong on this picture. Directed by Alfred Werker.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ On Again—Off Again

Those hardy perennials, Wheeler and Woolsey, are back again, and their new venture should provide many merry moments for their loyal followers. This time the pair has been handed a script which is slightly superior to the sort of thing they've been getting lately, and the boys proceed to make the most of it. While many of their gags are as ancient as expected, some of them have been dressed up in newer garb and the final result is more satisfying than the average run of Wheeler-Woolsey comedies. Their slapstick is less broad and their sets look more expensive than usual, all of which makes their antics less painful to those in the audience who aren't wildly enthusiastic about them.

Story concerns a couple of battling business partners who decide to settle their grudge with a wrestling match, the loser to turn over the business to the other for a year, in addition to acting as his butler. Wheeler loses, and the rest of the picture is devoted to the paying off of the bet.

Besides the two principals, there are agreeable performances by Marjorie Lord, Esther Muir, Patricia Wilder and Russell Hicks. Directed by Eddie Cline.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ She's No Lady

Cops-and-robbers comedy melodrama, "She's No Lady" suffers from trite handling by director, players and scenarists. What emerges is decidedly minor entertainment, something you can see and forget almost at the same time.

Ann Dvorak lines herself up with a gang of thieves who plan a jewel robbery at the swank home of Aileen Pringle. She goes to the party with a man whom she has just met (John Trent), and after she grabs the jools, her companion whips out a revolver and takes them from her. From there on it turns out that everyone concerned with the party is after them there diamonds, and at the end of the general mêlée everyone but Miss Dvorak and Mr. Trent are tossed into jail. You see, they weren't really crooks at all, just insurance investigators out after the real thieves. Since they're the only members of the cast not behind bars, they get married.

The performances of the two leads are disappointing, neither of them doing well with their supposedly sophisticated roles. Aileen Pringle is acceptable as the owner of the jewels, and there are good comedy performances by Guinn Williams and Harry Beresford. Directed by Charles Vidor.—*Paramount.*

★★ Confession

"Confession" is listed as Kay Francis' latest vehicle, but it is not the star who contributes the picture's better moments. Such moments are in the capable hands of Basil Rathbone and young Jane Bryan. As the heavy of the piece, Rathbone is at his suave best, and Jane Bryan, as a young musician infatuated by his charm, plays one of the season's finest ingenue roles. The early part of the film, which follows the romance between the worldly composer (Rathbone) and the young girl, is excellent drama, beautifully directed by the European, Joe May. It is when Miss Francis arrives on the screen, in a blond wig and singing at a honky-tonk cafe, that the drama's pace slackens and eventually loses the advantage of its fine beginning.

Climax of the picture is a court-room scene, with Kay Francis on trial for the murder of Rathbone. In a series of flashbacks she is allowed to tell her life story, as well as parade a series of Orry-Kelly's gowns.

Ian Hunter ably fills a small and thankless role as Miss Francis' husband, and there are other good performances by Dorothy Peterson, Mary Maguire, Donald Crisp and Robert Barrat. But the picture belongs to Mr. Rathbone and Miss Bryan. —*Warner Bros.*

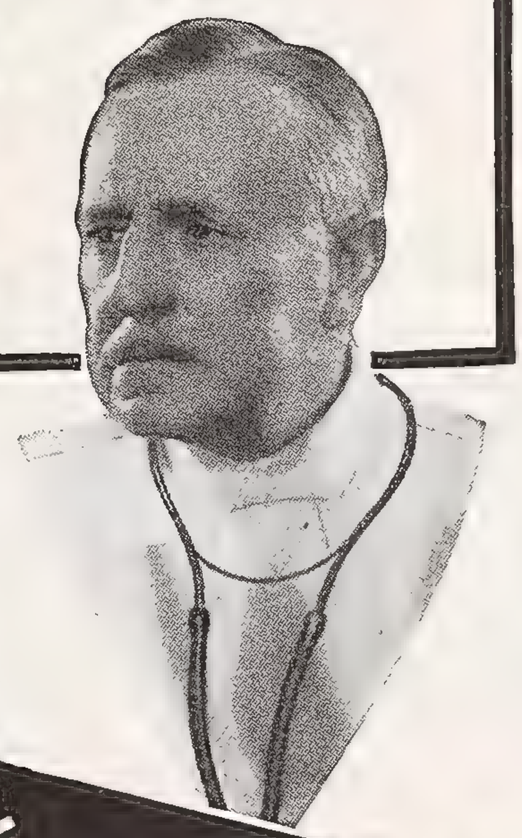
★ London by Night

All London, according to this film, is up in arms searching for a mysterious murderer who is given to carrying an umbrella. Since carrying an umbrella is an exceedingly practical hobby in fog-bound London, you can readily see what Scotland Yard, as well as George Murphy and sundry other characters, are up against.

"London by Night" is a routine, and, for the most part, dull mystery drama due to the fact that its story contains nothing new. The script is so painstakingly unoriginal, for instance, that most audiences will have the finger on the real villain long before Reporter George Murphy **reveals**

Yes, *Constipation* Is Serious, But It Can't Poison You!

SAY DOCTORS



Modern doctors now say that the old idea of poisons getting into your blood from constipation is BUNK. They claim that constipation swells up the bowels causing pressure on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure is what causes frequent bilious spells, dizziness, headaches, upset stomach, dull, tired-out feeling, sleepless nights, coated tongue, bad taste and loss of appetite.



Don't suffer hours or even days longer than necessary. You must GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES TO GET RELIEF. Flush the intestinal system. When offending wastes are gone the bowels return to normal size and nerve pressure STOPS. Almost at once you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, and life looks bright again.

That is why so many doctors are now insisting on gentle but QUICK ACTION. That is why YOU should insist on Adlerika. This efficient intestinal evacuant contains SEVEN carminative and cathartic ingredients. It acts on the stomach, as well as the entire intestinal tract. It relieves stomach GAS at once and often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No violent action, no after effects, just QUICK results. Recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years.

WARNING!

All REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS know that Adlerika has no substitute. Always DEMAND the genuine.

Adlerika

MORE THAN A LAXATIVE

FREE

Adlerika Co., Dept. M.M.M.S. 10-37
St. Paul, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation your FREE Trial Size of Adlerika. Limit one to a family. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Sold in Canada by leading druggists

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



A New Freedom FOR WOMEN!

APPROVED SANITARY PROTECTION

to be Worn Internally ...

NO PADS
NO PINS
NO BELTS

Once you have known the glorious freedom and comfort of Holly-Pax, the modern method of sanitary protection, you'll never go through a period without it.

Worn internally, Holly-Pax is never felt, and never shows. No fussing with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Feminine Hygiene. Package of Four, 10c.

THE WIX COMPANY
Minneapolis — Los Angeles

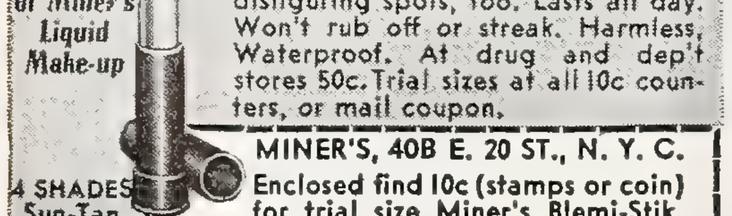
holly-Pax
AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

AURORA HAIR CURLERS

AURORA BOBBED HAIR PIN CURLER — Replaces old methods. No heat; no long waiting. One curler makes a lovely head of curls. This type curler has sold as high as one dollar. Price 10c, with set of pins.

LOVELY CURLS IN 20 MINUTES

THE AURORA WAVER CURLERS—Abolish old style overnight method. Quick, heatless way to new hair beauty. Gives stunning short end curls or ringlets; keeps wave smartly in place. No springs, no sharp edges. Set of 4 on card, 10c. Fashion-minded girls everywhere insist on Aurora Curlers.



AT 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

PERIODIC BLEMISHES?

COVER THEM WITH *Blemi-Stik* by MINER'S

When periodic pimples threaten your good time, dab Miner's Blemi-Stik on each ugly blotch. Add powder, then rouge and your skin looks perfect. Blemi-Stik conceals freckles, rings under eyes, birth marks and other disfiguring spots, too. Lasts all day. Won't rub off or streak. Harmless, Waterproof. At drug and dep't stores 50c. Trial sizes at all 10c counters, or mail coupon.

By makers of Miner's Liquid Make-up

4 SHADES
Sun-Tan
Light
Medium
Brunette

MINER'S, 40B E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial size Miner's Blemi-Stik.
Name.....
Address.....



Douglass Montgomery is back in circulation, cinematically and romantically speaking. He's in "Life Begins with Love" by day and out with charming Anita Louise at night.

the culprit's identity to Scotland Yard. And that sort of thing, it must be admitted, makes a murder mystery pretty weak.

George Murphy is acceptable as the romantic lead, and a newcomer, Rita Johnson, shows real possibilities. Leo G. Carroll is fine as the villain, and there are good minor parts by Virginia Field, Montagu Love, George Zucco, Eddie Quillan and Corky. The last-named is a dog. Directed by William Thiele.—*M-G-M.*

★ The Big Shot

A mildly diverting gangster comedy. "The Big Shot" will find its most receptive audiences among the family trade. The basic idea is amusing, and had the screen play lived up to it the result would have been a highly pleasing and considerably more humorous picture. Plot concerns a small-town veterinarian (Guy Kibbee) who inherits a fortune from an uncle in the big city. The country doctor moves to the big town to take over the uncle's business, but he doesn't learn until later that his lamented relative had been a big-shot racketeer. Members of the gang make the innocent vet the nominal head of their mob, and their victim spends a goodly portion of the uncle's estate in a campaign to stamp out vice. The amusing twist is that his crusade is aimed against himself.

Highlight of the picture is a coming-out party for the doctor's daughter attended by an exclusive set of gangsters and their molls. Guy Kibbee is his customary self, and Dorothy Moore, as the daughter, is a newcomer with promise. Cora Witherspoon, as the newly-rich wife, is guilty of over acting. Directed by Edward Killy.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Super Sleuth

The movies kid the movies in this one, but they're so self-conscious about it that what was intended to be an hilarious farce emerges as something considerably less than that. Comedy centers around Jack Oakie, a screen detective so impressed by his cinema sleuthing that he is given to hurling insults at the police in his off-

NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLOND HAIR!



New Shampoo-Rinse Safely Prevents Light Blond Hair from Darkening—Washes Brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter without Bleaching!

Bring back the golden glints of childhood with this fascinating new Shampoo-Rinse which, in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, gives ordinary dull blond hair a brilliant beauty and life you never knew it had. Safely, too. You will be delighted with the new, shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, its glorious, new, natural radiance. This amazing Shampoo and Rinse (both in the same package)—called New Blondex—hitherto used only for blondes is just as effective with browns, chestnuts and "near blondes", whose hair has grown dull, dingy and lifeless. Start New Blondex today. Not a bleach or dye. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE



SHEET MUSIC

Amazing musical values. Hundreds of favorite songs in full size sheet music. Colored title pages, words, music, piano acc., ukulele and Guitar chords, including a special Hawaiian guitar solo. Over 100 piano solos. Ask for CALUMET MUSIC.

5¢ A COPY

At most 5 and 10c Stores

CALUMET MUSIC CO. 201 E. 26TH ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36M, Providence, R. I.



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

screen moments. This practice is deeply resented by the uniformed minions of the law, so when Mr. Oakie is confronted by a series of threatening letters, there is great competition between him and the police to be first to apprehend their sender, especially after the mysterious gent has murdered a man with a bullet intended for Oakie. Vastly concerned in the proceedings is Ann Sothern, studio publicity gal, who tries valiantly to keep her eccentric charge out of the public prints.

The villain, played by Eduardo Ciannelli, is much too sinister for purposes of comedy, all of which serves to spoil the denouement. Edgar Kennedy is amusing as a detective, and Joan Woodbury and Paul Guilfoyle help out in supporting roles. Ann Sothern is attractive and capable in the feminine lead, and Jack Oakie, who used to be funnier before his income went to his waistline, is mildly amusing as the dumb hero. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—*RKO-Radio.*

★Hot Water

If you like your movies served up family style, this is your dish. All the Jones family are back again—Papa Jed Prouty, Mama Spring Byington, Grammaw Florence Roberts, the children and all their tricks. In fact, we could say that if you've seen one of these family flickers, you've seen them all. But in all justification we should have to add that box receipts on past Jones Families have proved that many people have the Jones Family habit—due, no doubt, to the fact that they are such true picturizations of the average American home life. Of course, the family is always getting into "hot water," and this particular time it's because of Papa Prouty's political aspirations. Most ardent worker in his campaign is George Ernest, who thoroughly annoys everyone as usual, but proves again that he has a monopoly on all the Jones brain power.

Then there's June Carlson again furnishing some good laughs with her love of the "drahma," Billy Mahan still out for ice-cream cone bribes and Shirley Deane and Kenneth Howell to add some



Grand blowout! It's the Screen Writers' Ball and practically everybody in Movietown turned out. Luise Rainer and Fredric March trip the light-you-know-what.



Kay Francis and her "steady," Delmar Daves, take in a moom-pitcher together. Yes, Kay's up and about now. Y'know she was hospitalized for awhile there. And she wasn't alone in her misery, for the cinema celebs have had more than their share of illness lately.



Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope, but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 419-B, Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.



GET THIS FOR 9¢ POSTAGE STAMPS

DRESS YOUR HAIR BETTER THAN IT WAS EVER DRESSED BEFORE

A DE LUXE HAIR DELIGHT



Send 9c in stamps to cover postage. Will send you a liberal size bottle VEG-E-LAY, the hair dressing de luxe for you to try. A revelation in hair preparations. Corrects dry hair. Checks loose dandruff. Stimulates the scalp. At Druggists or Barbers —or send at once to

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. 23 Kansas City, Mo.

VEG-E-LAY
HAIR DRESSING

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Splendid opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Easy plan. No previous experience needed, common school education sufficient. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Photography", particulars and requirements.
American School of Photography
Dept. 2367
3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Stops Perspiration Odor

ask for Hush



Cream
Liquid
Powder

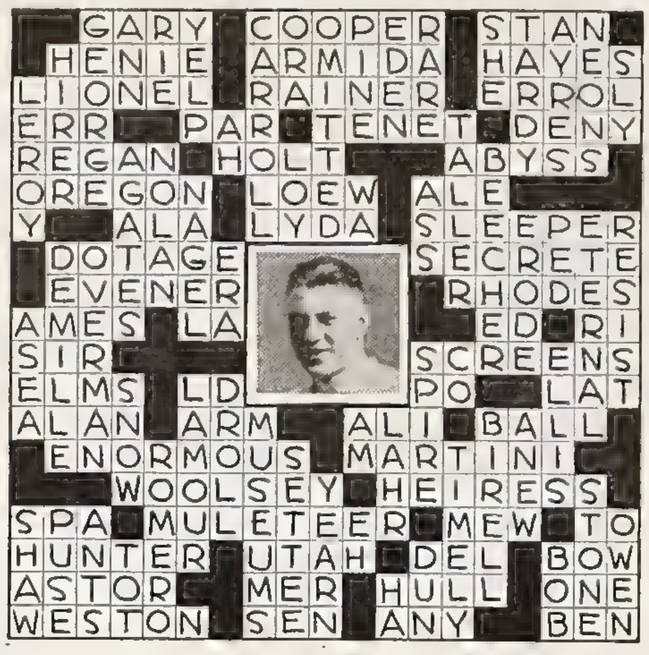
10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

SPECIALLY MADE FOR Curls & Stray ends



Solution to Puzzle on Page 22



romatic interest. Plot and production are of relative unimportance in these pictures, compared to the true-to-life characterizations of the cast, which could hardly be improved upon in any case. Directed by Frank Strayer.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ King Solomon's Mines

With the rumble of tom-toms and the overpowering voice of Paul Robeson and, it must be confessed, little else, this British offering comes to America. The action takes place in a kingkongish atmosphere which suggests that the title be changed to "It Can't Happen Anywhere" and gives you a fair idea of what the fourth dimension might be like.

A screwy Irishman (Arthur Sinclair) and his pretty daughter (Anna Lee), equipped with nothing beyond a shamrock each, decide to trek across the desert in search of the fabled mines of King Solomon, reputed to be somewhere near dead center of darkest Africa. Anna's good looks help enlist the aid of a British hunter (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), a retired naval captain (Roland Young) and a titled young heart-breaker (John Loder). The vicinity of the mines is inhabited by a tough crowd of savages who decide to do a job on our valiant group and its native guide, Paul Robeson. Just as the Britons are about to have their eyes gouged out and splinters stuck up their finger nails, there's an eclipse (stop us if you've heard this one), and the blacks, thinking the whites have turned off the sun, forget about their little killing party and let them into the mines. No sooner do they make their triumphal entry than a volcanic eruption traps them in a cave. Of course, you don't worry very much, because you know that faithful Robeson is hard at work on the outside. Sho' nuff, he pushes aside several tons of rock (he was captain of the Rutgers football team, you know), and Anna and the boys escape with enough diamonds to balance the budget.

The singing of Paul Robeson and the savage antics of the natives carry the picture. The rest of the cast is not at its best—for which the poor scenario is entirely to blame. Directed by Robert Stevenson.—*GB.*

★★★ You Can't Have Everything

Concocted by the same writers and tunesters, it is in the mood and tempo of "Wake Up and Live." What we're trying to say is that if you liked "Wake Up and Live" you'll like this one.

The story is highly unimportant (if there *was* a story), so let's skip directly to the cast and its contributions. In the starring role is Alice Faye. Miss F. is

"I LIKE SITROUX TISSUES, because they're softer and more absorbent"



... says lovely JOYCE COMPTON Grand National Feature Player

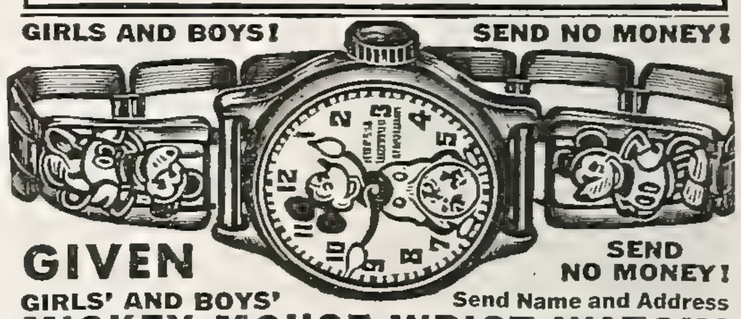
Stars of stage and screen . . . beautiful women everywhere prefer Sitroux Tissues! So delicately soft, their touch is like a caress—yet so much *stronger*, they *hold together;* won't "come apart" in the hand! That's why they're so ideal for cleansing the skin. Why not care for YOUR complexion the way Joyce Compton does—with SITROUX tissues. Get a box and try them today!

10¢ AND 20¢ SIZES IN THE BLUE-AND-GOLD BOX

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

. . . Read about James Stewart, Sonja Henie and other favorites, in November Modern Screen

GIRLS AND BOYS! SEND NO MONEY!



GIVEN SEND NO MONEY!

GIRLS' AND BOYS' Send Name and Address
MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH!

with Chrome Finish Case and metal bracelet as shown. Or Big Cash Commission --YOURS for Simply Giving Away FREE Big Colored Pictures with our Well Known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of 40 gifts for returning only $3. Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for Salve.
WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 10-K, TYRONE, PA.

DANGER



Corns come back BIGGER— UGLIER

unless removed Root* and all

● Home paring methods risk infection—only affect the surface of a corn. The root grows back bigger and uglier than ever. Don't take chances. Use the new double-action Blue-Jay method that stops pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay today.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shades of Rose, Rust and Tawny Red. Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



In case your store cannot supply you, send this advertisement and 10 cents in stamps to Lady Lillian, Dept. M-5, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. State the shade you prefer.

ITCH

··STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.··

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

The Perfect **MASCARY**



When you try the new EY-TEB creamy Mascary, you, too, will know why we say it's perfect. Ey-Teb Mascary is always ready to use—*because no water is required!* It's safe, water-proof, tear-proof and positively will not smudge. Try *Ey-Teb Mascary today—you'll find new magic in your eyes!*

Three shades—Black, Brown, Blue— 10 cents each at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere

10¢

New **EY-TEB MASCARY**

by the Makers of Ey-Teb Artifical Eye-Lashes

making rapid strides in her histrionics as well as in her vocal work. In the male lead is Don Ameche, who does a first-rate job in spite of the fact that the make-up department did strange things with his eyebrows. Also present are the Ritz Brothers, and what can you say about that dizzy trio except that they're very funny? Well, they're very funny. Gypsy Rose Lee, whom the studio prefers to call Louise Hovick, makes her screen debut as the villainess. Miss Hovick didn't seem a bit embarrassed at having to wear clothes, and carried off her role with high humor. Then there is Rubinoff and his ever-present violin, Louis Prima with his trumpet and his band, and Tip, Tap and Toe, all of whom furnished swell musical moments. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ High, Wide and Handsome

This can be set down as the year's most puzzling picture. Listed as a musical, it contains bits of everything, from industrial drama to downright melodrama. It starts out as a comedy, with Irene Dunne, of all people, dancing in a medicine show. From there it goes to straight drama of the Pennsylvania oil fields, and reaches its climax in a mob fight scene that is as exciting as it is fantastic.

When Irene Dunne marries Randolph Scott she discovers herself playing second fiddle to his work. He's busy organizing his farmer friends in a fight against the railroads, who are charging excessive rates for hauling the farmers' oil to the refinery. The farmers decide to build a pipe line, and the rest of the picture is concerned with their fight, against numerous odds, to run the pipe to the refinery within the contracted time.

Irene Dunne is not at her best when she's called upon to sing, but she handles her acting assignment ably. Randolph Scott turns in one of his best performances as the young farmer, and Dorothy Lamour is good as a purveyor of torch ballads. Other good performances are supplied by Akim Tamiroff, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Patterson, Ben Blue and Raymond Walburn. Jerome Kern's score contains no outstanding numbers. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.—*Paramount.*

★★ Exclusive

An exciting and, at times, superior newspaper film, "Exclusive" will please some audiences and prove highly aggravating to others.

Story concerns the battle of a respectable newspaper with a yellow journal, owned by the king of the city's racketeers. Charlie Ruggles and Fred MacMurray, reporter and city editor of the decent sheet, find themselves in a heated rivalry with Frances Farmer, star reporter for the gangster's paper. The fact that Miss Farmer is Ruggles' daughter and MacMurray's fiancee complicates the situation and serves to weaken the picture, for the character she plays will be difficult for most audiences to comprehend. Miss Farmer furnishes most of the picture's most glaring inconsistencies, for instance, when, for $200 she double-crosses her father and her fiance to sell some information to the gangster chief.

Despite her role, Frances Farmer does a first-rate job which should entitle her to better things from the powers-that-be in the future. Fred MacMurray gives an honest portrayal of the city editor, and Charlie Ruggles, in his first serious role, almost steals the picture. Best in the supporting cast are Lloyd Nolan, Ralph Morgan and Fay Holden. Directed by Al Hall.—*Paramount.*



When Beauty Counts- **SKIN BLEMISHES** *Count Against You!*

So Easy Now to Conceal Permanent and Occasional Skin Blemishes

IN ONE minute's time you can make an ugly blemish disappear from sight! You can conceal it under a veil of marvelous "HIDE-IT" that will not rub off, peel or crack. Water or perspiration cannot affect it. Lasts all day until removed. So, why tolerate a conspicuous birthmark, scar, vaccination, brown spots, freckles, pimples, bruises or any discoloration? Get "HIDE-IT." Comes in four perfectly matching shades. $1 at leading department and drug stores.

MAKE THIS TEST

(1 Minute)

Apply "Hide-it" on blemish. Dust with face powder and proceed with usual make-up.

Now! See how perfectly blemish is concealed. Your skin looks smooth, flawless!

10c At Ten Cent Stores

Hide-it

HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 15-K, Chicago
I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." ☐ *Cream* ☐ *Stick*
Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ SunTan

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------



BE A NURSE

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 38th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 2310 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name ----------

City ---------- State ---------- Age ----



Lustrous Color for

FADED HAIR

(Test Bottle **FREE**)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST ~We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2322 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name

Street

City State

Color of your hair?

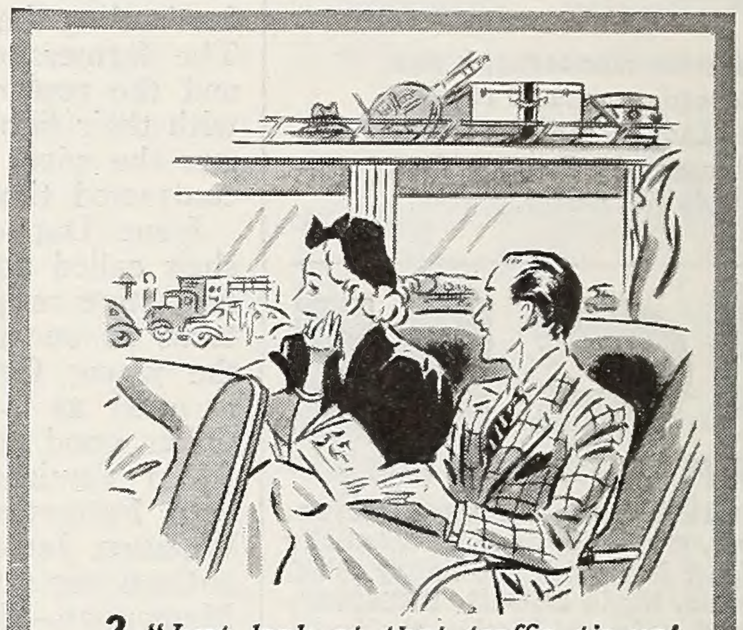


THE WISE VS. THE FOOLISH WEEK-ENDERS

. . . proving that it's smart and economical to **"GO NEW HAVEN"** *to New England*



1. *"How foolish of Marge and Bill to insist on driving, instead of having a leisurely breakfast with us . . . and going by train later. They probably started at dawn."*



2. *"Just look at that traffic tie-up! Thank goodness we had sense enough to come this way. We'll be there long before our 'speed demon' friends."*



3. *"Hello, there! No, Marge and Bill are driving . . . They'll be along later. But what a grand trip we had! And so inexpensive! These new streamlined day coaches are marvelous."*



4. *"So here you are at last! Why, we've already had luncheon and played a couple of sets. Take a tip from us . . . 'go New Haven' next time!"*

IT'S SMART TO RIDE IN NEW HAVEN COACHES

● A week-end gives you just so many hours. Make the most of every one! Don't waste time and energy—travel the quick, easy, safe and *in-expensive* way. Travel in big, cool, comfortable New Haven coaches —at 2¢ a mile!

For illustrated booklet "Vacation in Southern New England" write Vacation Bureau, Room 3617, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. Tickets and information at Grand Central Terminal, Consolidated Offices, 17 John St., New York or 155 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. Phone VAnderbilt 3-7705.

THE NEW HAVEN R. R.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Truly Great!



GretaGARBO&CharlesBOYER

two great stars in a mighty drama of love and emotion

CONQUEST

GARBO as Countess Marie is magnetic—alluring—warm with the fire of love!

BOYER as Napoleon is daring—impetuous—walking arm-in-arm with adventure.

Together they are perfect sweethearts—reckless lovers whose romance roars to a surprise climax that will take your breath away!

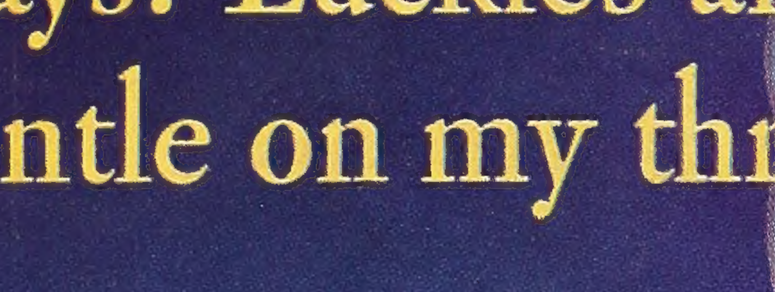
WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS GREAT EPIC IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

SCREEN ROMANCES

THE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN • ON SALE NOW

Richard Crooks

says: "Luckies are gentle on my throat"



"*The rôle of* Lieut. Pinkerton *in 'Madame Butterfly' is the only part in opera where the tenor smokes a cigarette on the stage. As I sing the aria, 'Amore O Grillo', I smoke—and it's always a Lucky. You see, I discovered long ago that Luckies are a light smoke—gentle on my throat—and my throat is naturally my first concern. I have smoked about a pack of Luckies a day ever since* 1920."

Richard Crooks

STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA AND RADIO



Men Who Know Tobacco Smoke Luckies 2 to 1

Richard Crooks' preference for Luckies is borne out by the verdict of independent tobacco experts . . . men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Sworn records open to the public show that among these independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who know tobacco best . . .

it's Luckies—2 to 1

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Compan